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## THE FIGHTING FORCES OF GERMANY.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.



GERMANY awaits from day to day the signal to mobilize her troops and march to the frontiers. The signal has been successfully postponed through great efforts of great men; but great men grow old and do not always leave behind them successors equal to their tasks. Bismarck has labored in the cause of peace until even he will be forced to admit that Imperial kisses, like promissory

notes, can not always be taken at their face value. France had to fight Germany alone in 1870; this time she is counting on a Muscovite ally. Germany has prepared herself, therefore, to send part of her army against Moscow, another part against Paris, and the balance to keep the Danes from interference or watch the Socialists at home. The first cost of putting the nation on a war footing will be met

by the coin treasure stored in the vaults of the Spandau citadel, close to Berlin, a treasure, by the way, largely paid over by France as indemnity for the last war.

To reduce wearisome figures to their least objectionable proportions, the active war strength of

Germany means:

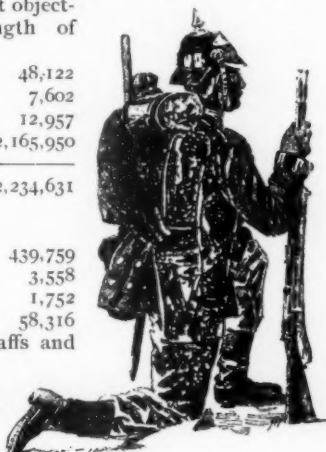
Officers . . . . .	48,122
Medical officers . . . . .	7,602
Miscellaneous officials. . . . .	12,957
Non-com. officers and men . . . . .	2,165,950

Making a total of . . . . . 2,234,631  
of all ranks.

To which we can add:

Horses . . . . .	439,759
Field guns . . . . .	3,558
Siege guns . . . . .	1,752
Other carriages . . . . .	58,316

The above figures do not include the staffs and



NOTE.—The illustrations are from photographs of German army manoeuvres by Naumann & Schroeder, Leipzig, and from drawings by Chr. Speier in *Unser Volk in Waffen*.

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personnel of the stay-at-home army establishments, the seven hundred thousand trained men of the Second Reserves, called Landsturm, and the railway staff, made up largely of old soldiers, amounting to about three hundred thousand men—for I have not been able to get official figures on this matter.

We may analyze these figures of Germany's warstrength in this way—and these figures, I may add, are not merely on paper as they were once in France, to her cost.

551 Battalions  
31 Companies } of Infantry and Rifles.



EXAMINATION FOR THE ARMY.

573 Squadrons of Cavalry.  
593 Batteries.  
74½ Battalions of foot Artillery.  
208 Companies of Pioneers.

37 Companies of railway troops.  
341 Ammunition columns.  
55 Divisional bridge trains.  
19 Corps bridge trains.  
25 Telegraph sections.  
287 Commissariat columns.  
94 Bearer columns.  
41 Bakery columns and detachments.  
19 Horse depots.  
341 Field hospitals.  
19 Depot *Abtheilungen*.

THE RECRUIT.—Every German is bound to assist in the defence of his fatherland, not merely by the pay-



MOLTKE AT HIS DESK IN THE GENERAL STAFF BUILDING.

For such as wish more detailed information on this subject I cannot too highly recommend "The War Strength of Germany," by Captain Grierson, of the Royal Artillery, an officer who is regarded in Germany, and at home, as an authority of the first rank in military matters, and to whom I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness for the verification of nearly all the statements not coming within my personal experience.—P. B.



ment of taxes, which we all do, but by qualifying himself to take his place in the ranks and spill his blood, like any other soldier, when war breaks out. We all recognize the propriety of a free man defending his person, his family and his house from attack; but Germany is the first nation of modern times that has carried this view to its logical conclusion, and organized the whole people in the manner most likely to protect it against assault from all quarters. The burden is heavy, but appears to Germans less grievous than to us, for they have faith



THE BENEDICTION.



HUSSAR OFFICER.

in the good which results from their sacrifice; they know that the weight falls on all, rich and poor alike; their fathers consented to it because in that way only could they resist the tyranny of the first Napoleon, and it is not fair for the men of to-day to complain when they remember the wonders they did in the war against Napoleon III. Many grumble at the military rule of the German Kaiser, and not without cause, but no greater mistake can be made than to think that the German people in general are dissatisfied with universal service.

From his 17th to 25th year the army has a lien on every German—during these years he cannot emigrate without special permission—and that this permission is difficult to procure may be inferred from the fact that in the recruiting returns of 1885, no less than 18,000 were noted as having escaped their obligations by emigration.

The ordinary man has to serve three years with the colors, as that time is considered necessary in order to make a real soldier of the average coun-

try lad. Those, however, who have passed high academical examinations, and show that they are of superior mental capacity can be free at the end of one year, although for this privilege they have to clothe themselves and take care of themselves as well. Of course good physical health and build are assumed. No soldier is accepted less than 5 feet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches high, and the crack-regiments make 5 feet  $6\frac{1}{8}$  inches, their minimum, excepting for light cavalry, where weight is limited to 142 lbs., the heavy cavalry allowing up to 153 lbs. Such as do not come up to the "fighting requirements" are relegated to garrison work of practical if not glorious character.

EXEMPTIONS.—Special reasons sometimes release a German from serving in the army—or at least obtain for him a postponement of service—as, for instance, if he is :



STAFF OFFICER AT WORK.

1. The only son of destitute parents.
2. The son of a farmer or manufacturer who would be unable to superintend his work without this son's services.
3. The next eldest brother to one killed in war, or of one who has lost health while on duty, if by such postponement the lot of the latter is ameliorated.
4. Those engaged in the study of art as a profession, whose career would suffer damage if such studies were interrupted.

And one or two others in the same spirit.

The State, in other words, recognizes no distinction between rich and poor, noble and peasant, in the matter of defending the common fatherland ; and where an exception is made, it is obviously on the principle that no man should be withdrawn from industrial work if the community in general is to be a sufferer in consequence. No man in Germany is rich enough to buy a substitute, or too poor to claim immunity if he shows legal ground.



COUNT WALDERSEE.



A TRUMPETER.

RECRUIT EDUCATION.—The German military year closes with the last day of the grand Fall manœuvres, when the soldiers who have completed their period of service return to their homes, and the recruits of the year are called in to fill their places. Patiently and slowly they are taken in hand and taught the elements of their profession, their instructors knowing well the importance of what they are about, and the searching inspection they will have to stand when the new men are passed as fit to march in the ranks. All of the Winter up to March of the following year is given to individual and elementary instruction. March and

April are devoted to company drills, battalion drill coming in May. June and July give the recruits a chance to see field service. In August come regimental and brigade work, and last of all, September, they take part in their first grand manœuvres.

The great importance which the Germans attach to the education of their soldiers must be my excuse for dwelling a little on this point. To begin with, then, the raw recruits are distributed fifty to a company, and placed under the entire charge of a specially selected officer, who has under him four or five under-officers and the same number of lance corporals



AT THE AUTUMN MANOEUVRES.

as assistant instructors. Each under-officer gets from ten to thirteen men to instruct. Whoever has seen West Point cadets drilling the freshly-arrived plebes, can form a picture of what constitutes most of the early training of the German recruit.

His work commences light, but is soon increased to three hours in the forenoon (8—11) and two hours (2—4) in the afternoon, the evening being devoted to an hour's theoretical instruction. As at

West Point and Annapolis, the most important early work consists in making the muscles supple by a variety of gymnastic movements, with the rifle as a club.

The third week brings promotion to the use of gymnastic appliances, such as the vaulting horse, parallel and horizontal bars, poles, ladders and ropes; and these exercises are also applied to real war by making the men climb walls, vault ditches, and work their way up difficult slopes—in all these exercises the instructor setting the men an example, a good rule that is observed at West Point.

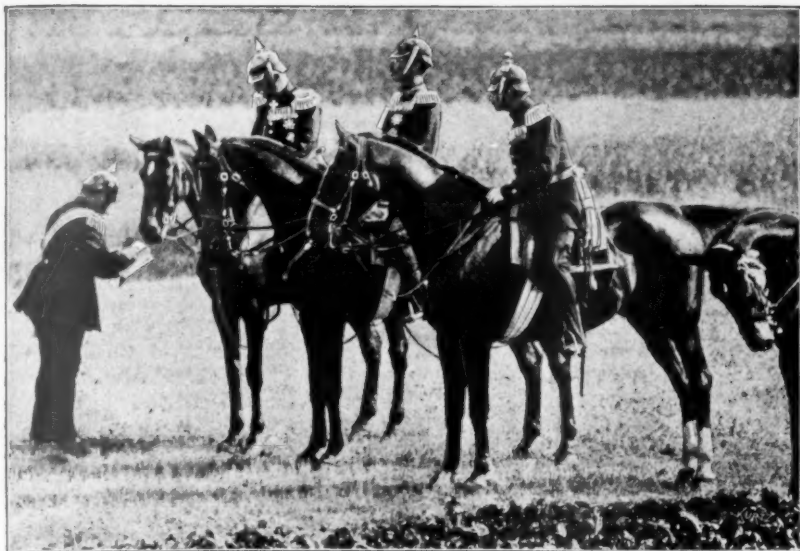
The rifle is given to the recruit in the fourth week, and the manual commences and continues until, in March, the new men are considered fit for inspection, which is always an occasion for some festivity, when the captain of the company presents the newly-trained men to the regimental commander in the presence of the officer who has had them under his special care. Each man is put through his drill, the whole squad then march past, are drilled together, the commander makes a short, encouraging speech to them, and they are placed formally in the ranks of the company.

By the time summer comes around they are taken on long tramps into the country, are taught to choose their ground with judgment, to throw up earthworks, build a camp, skirmish, do outpost duty and reconnoitre. Every man is taught to swim, and gymnastics are not neglected.

Much importance is attached to the verbal explanations which officers are expected to give their men in regard to that which they are learning in the field. When a boy I remember well seeing in



J. V. VERDY DU VERNOS, MINISTER OF WAR.



RECEIVING ORDERS AT THE MANOEUVRES.

the fields about Potsdam the troops incessantly drilling, and particularly the little groups of soldiers about their officer, who, with some rude tracings in the sand, was illustrating a short lecture on field fortifications.

Thus the education of the soldier goes on hour by hour, step by step, until the fall of the year comes around once more, and with it the field exercises on a large scale, which imitate real war in many respects, and inure the men to the work of forced marches, camping out in all weathers and overcoming real obstacles.

The German Emperor, as actual Commander-in-Chief, takes active part in these mimic wars, sometimes commands a division of cavalry, sometimes a complete army corps. He is the first on the field, the stimulus to all exertion throughout the day, and the last to rest. He is never satisfied with what has been, realizing that new inventions in war are as much to be taken into account as any other force, and that to have the best army in Europe he must have also the most enterprising body of officers. At last year's (1889) manoeuvres he ordered experiments with smokeless powder and portable steel forts, the latter by no means a welcome innovation to the average artilleryman.

**SOLDIER PAY**—The army is not, in Germany, a career of pecuniary profit. The rate of wages per month is, for a

Sergeant-Major . . . . .	\$15 00
Sergeant . . . . .	9 00
Musician . . . . .	4 00
Private . . . . .	2 50

The private is allowed usually about four cents a day for mess, in addition to one pound ten and two-thirds ounces of coarse bread. To this is added about three cents more, which is deducted from his monthly pay, and on this com-



BODY GUARD.



BAVARIAN INFANTRY COMPANY.

bination, which is managed with scrupulous economy, he manages to look well fed at least, and to do a good deal of hard work. The decorations which a German soldier earns mean cash to him also, for they carry with them usually monthly allowances ranging from seventy-five cents to two dollars and twenty-five cents, in addition to his regular pay.

A great inducement offered to soldiers for good conduct is the prospect that, if they re-enlist and are thereafter discharged honorably the Government provides for them by holding open official positions worth from ten dollars a month in the case of a private to twenty-five dollars a month in the case of a sergeant-major. Non-commissioned officers who have had twelve years of active service, and behaved well, become entitled to employment as State officials.

This is an arrangement most excellent for the discharged soldier, but of questionable value to some branches of the public service. Perhaps the inefficiency of the German railway system, for instance, as compared with that of the United States and England, is partially traceable to this arrangement, by which railroad men are extemporized from ex-sergeants and corporals.

As to clothing, the Kaiser treats his men right royally by giving them five suits a

piece, two of which the soldier has with him, the other three being kept in the company stores for extraordinary occasions like a grand review, or Sunday in town. When the soldier marches to war he has on his back the very best of these five suits. About his neck he carries a tin tag for purposes of identification. In the skirt of his tunic is sewed a roll of antiseptic bandage and in his knapsack a hymn book. His load, including everything, represents 64 lbs. 4 oz., a figure that make me stagger as I write, for it is a weight greater than that of a canoe, that has carried me safely about the Caribbean Islands and the Baltic; in which I sleep and cook; which sets sail on two masts and which I consider by no means a trifle, when it comes to lugging it about on shore.

**SPECIAL BRANCHES.**—The American civil war first taught Europe the practical value of railways as facilitating military operations, and no nation has taken this lesson more seriously to itself than Germany, which now has special troops drilled for this work alone. In fact she has a railway running 30 miles out of Berlin, built and operated entirely by soldiers. It has four stations; crosses sixteen masonry bridges, three iron bridges and six culverts. The traffic manager is a field officer, who is assisted by three



lieutenants. The engine staff is composed of nine under officers as engine drivers and eighteen privates as stokers. The train staff comprises twenty-four under officers as conductors and forty-eight privates as brakemen.

One company at a time is employed on this line, the captain acting as traffic inspector; the other officers as line inspectors and under officers as station masters.

I might never have seen this railway but for a canoe cruise which brought me one fine afternoon under a railway culvert of which my map gave no satisfactory information. To satisfy myself on this point I left my boat, climbed up a steep embankment, and to my surprise saw a soldier close to me, but with his back turned—whose attention by the way I took good care not to attract, for I had no mind to be stopped for a spy or dynamiter at this place. So I slipped back to my canoe as quietly as possible and paddled noiselessly down the narrow stream until, at a safe distance from uniforms I was able to learn that I had just passed under the military railway leading from the Capital to an artillery testing ground called Kammersdorf—a terminus that completely excludes any idea that this road might earn dividends by passenger traffic.

The drill of railway troops includes of course construction and demolition, and

the Government does not stint them for the requisite material. Entire companies are also employed under their own officers in constructing and repairing lines for the State. In 1882, for instance, a detachment constructed the new line between Hirschberg and Schmiedberg in Silesia, and they are frequently employed in repairing embankments and bridges damaged by floods or accidents. Every year a detachment goes to the military riding school at Hanover to give the officers there special instructions in the art of repairing and demolishing railways and telegraphs, and at the grand manoeuvres they are called upon to give an illustration of what they can accomplish in a short time in the way of entraining horses and men, or constructing short lines.

The railway authorities in the German war department are constantly seeking the means of forwarding men and material with greater rapidity, for at present much remains to be done in this department, and much might be learned from studying our methods. Infantry are allowed, officially, one hour to entertrain; cavalry and field artillery, two; and columns, say baggage and ammunition trains, three hours. The normal speed of German military trains is only fifteen miles an hour, allowing from 100 to 110 axles to



IN THE TRENCHES.



ALONG THE INFANTRY LINE.

the train. For war purposes it is expected that one axle will represent a load equivalent to twelve officers, or sixteen men, or three horses with one man, or one light carriage, or half a heavy carriage. The two axled third class carriages holds forty men; officers' horses go six; troops' horses, eight to the car. On the official basis, one German military train will carry:

One infantry battalion, with regimental or brigade staff; or, one rifle battalion; or, one squadron, with regimental or brigade staff; or, one and one-half squadrons; or, one field battery, with regimental or Abtheilung staff; five-sixths a horse battery; one and one-half pioneer companies, with a divisional bridge train.



IN THE BATTERY

It will give some idea of the amount of railroading the Germans look for in the next war, if we put together the number of railway trains required to transport one army corps alone—say 30,000 men—of which there are now eighteen, and soon will be twenty.

	No. of Trains.
Headquarters and details . . . . .	2
2 divisional headquarters and field bakery . . . . .	2
25 battalions of infantry, with brigade and regimental staffs . . . . .	25
2 cavalry regiments (eight squadrons) . . . . .	6
12 batteries divisional artillery . . . . .	12
3 batteries corps artillery . . . . .	2
Fighting Forces of Germany . . . . .	4
2 batteries corps horse artillery . . . . .	2½
2 divisional bridge trains, with three pioneer companies . . . . .	2
3 sanitary detachments . . . . .	1½
4 infantry and six artillery ammunition columns . . . . .	10
5 provision columns . . . . .	5
1 corps bridge trains . . . . .	2
1 horse depot . . . . .	1
12 field hospitals . . . . .	4
5 wagon park columns . . . . .	15
4 trains with supplies for first needs . . . . .	4

Making a total of ninety-seven trains for only one-twentieth of the army; or, for the whole army, 1,940 trains, which would reach from New York to—, but I leave this calculation for the experts in such matters.

Germany's pioneer and railway troops comprise in time of peace;

19 Battalions of pioneers (4 companies to battalion).

1 Company of telegraphists.

1 Railway regi-  
ment of 4 battalions.  
1 Railway battal-  
ion of 2 companies.  
1 Balloon detach-  
ment.

The balloon detachment is attached to the railway regiment, and possesses all the establishments required for making and filling balloons. A carrier pigeon establishment with fifty birds is attached to the detachment stationed at Berlin—other stations for carrier pigeons are at Cologne, Posen, Thorn, Würzburg, Mayence, Wilhelmshaven, Kiel, Danzig and Tönning, with two hundred pigeons to the station. Metz and Strasburg have each six hundred pigeons.

Dogs are now also used to carry messages from the outposts to the main body.

Each army corps has in its divisional and corps bridge trains sufficient equipment to throw a bridge from six hundred and thirty-six to six hundred and seventy feet. As a rule, half a day is reckoned upon as the time required to throw



TAKING A POSITION.

a bridge with the bridge trains of an army corps.

The outpost telegraph apparatus consists of two Morse instruments, a battery of ten Daniel's elements and two drums, each with five hundred and fifty yards of cable. The diameter of the cable is .117 and its weight 16.64 for the length of five hundred and fifty yards—the weight in box 24.2 lbs. The Morse in-



HORSE ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH.



OFFICERS IN FATIGUE AND COURT DRESS.

struments each weigh 10.45 lbs., are automatic, and adapted for continuous currents.

One non-commissioned officer and two men suffice to work the outpost telegraph. One man remains at the initial station with the battery and one of the instruments, while the other moves forward, paying out one cable from a drum carried in his hands, with the other drum on a special knapsack. The non-commissioned officer accompanies the latter man and carries the second instrument. The two cables can be paid out and both stations connected up in ten minutes, and fifteen to twenty minutes are required to roll up again. Of these outpost telegraphs Germany possessed sixty sets in 1879.

In the army are also used moveable electric search lights and illuminating apparatus composed of a Dolgoruki engine, a Hefner-Alteneck dynamo electric machine, and a Siemen's reflector for

use in siege or field warfare. This is all in addition to the fixed electric light apparatus or search light used in fortresses and coast batteries.

**GERMAN OFFICERS.**—All European armies are beset by spies who are paid by the enemy to discover improvements in methods and war material. The German army can afford to be the least anxious on this subject, for of all of the military secrets she possesses, the only one whose possession by the enemy can possibly effect the course of the next war is the composition and education of her large corps of officers, and this secret no nation has yet commenced to grasp. From the standpoint of constitutional statesmanship, a large army is not an unmixed blessing, but blessing or not, Germany demands that her army should be the best of its kind so long as she remains a military government.

The German Emperor as leader of his army appoints every officer in it, and exercises complete control over the sort of man that shall be deemed fit to wear his livery. His officers represent not merely the aristocracy of social life and landed property in the country, but also that of education. To enter the army, even after passing all legal examinations, the sub-lieutenant must be declared "worthy to be received amongst them" by a majority of the officers of his regiment—a German must be elected into a regiment as though into an exclusive social club, and this test has much to do with the present character of the men composing the officers of the Emperor.

German infantry quick step is .8 metres ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches), and the time 112 to the minute.

Cavalry traverse in a minute at a walk 125 paces (of .8 metres or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches each); at a trot 300, and at a gallop 500 paces.

Infantry march four abreast.

Cavalry " three do.

An infantry division with its first line baggage occupies about five miles of road, and with its second line about seven and a half miles. Including its trains (one artillery and one infantry ammunition column, one provision column, one wagon park column and two field hospitals), it occupies twelve miles of road. An army corps with its columns and trains complete, 32 miles of road—let us say from City Hall to Sing Sing.

Under favorable circumstances, a large mixed body of troops make a kilometer ( $\frac{1}{2}$ m.) in twelve minutes.

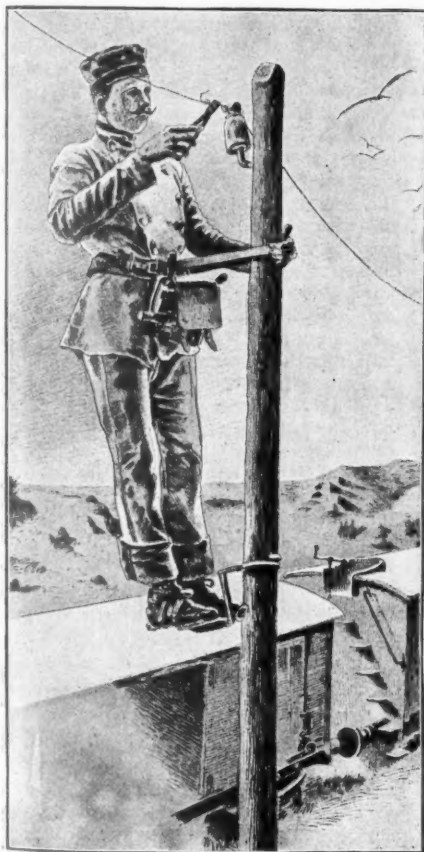
In promotion, seniority alone is not regarded, but merit as well, and the Emperor orders promotion either upon the result of examinations, as with the artillery and engineers, or upon the reports of superior officers. The German officer enjoys at home a degree of social power incredible to one who has not seen it, and everything is done by the Government to enhance his importance in the eyes of the people. He is always seen in uniform, and this badge of power serves him as a passport in the streets of the city quite as much as in the salons of the fashionable. In other words, Germany has only one unmistakable sign of what she considers a gentleman—to wit, a man in military uniform.

The commandant of a military school looks into the qualifications of a proposed cadet from the social as well as mental standpoint, and if he is not satisfied with anything in regard to the candidate's parentage or home surroundings he simply rejects him.

Unlike the West Pointer, the cadet of Germany pays for his education anywhere from twenty dollars to three hundred dollars a year, according to circumstances. The only cases in which cadets get free instruction are where their fathers have fallen in battle, or similar strong reasons can be urged. The principal military school for cadets is in the suburbs of Berlin, at Lichterfelde; it accommodates 880, and is a splendid pile of

brick buildings. There are eight others, which, with Lichterfelde, make a total accommodation of about 2,500. Pupils are admitted between ten and fifteen years of age and given a liberal education. West Point, as far as I know, is the only school of its kind in the world where the Government pays young men to come and get a good education, an arrangement that may be popular with the parents of the young men benefited thereby, but is not in accordance with sound principles of Government. Our lawyers, clergymen, physicians and professional men generally do not ask the Government to pay for their education—or, if they do, they deserve the contempt of the community in which they earn their bread. Why, then, should the professional soldier and sailor form an exception? The graduate of West Point steps immediately into a salary that enables him to live in comfort and marry—if he can find a wife who can be useful as well as ornamental. No other profession can promise such sure pay as this, or a position so secure for a lifetime.

If it is urged that young men will not enter our army unless a premium of this nature is offered, I must think such a thought insulting to the intelligence and patriotism of the average American boy. The English lad pays dearly for the privilege of entering Woolwich. Saint Cyr is



TELEGRAPH SOLDIER.



not free to Frenchmen, nor does even the German emperor find difficulty in recruiting his vast corps of officers in the present way. And we are to be told that Americans alone lack the patriotism and energy that drives a man to the profession of arms?

If anything makes the army distasteful to our best officers, it is the introduction of politics there. The feeling that merit goes for less than influence at Washington, and that no room is made for the display of zeal and ability—except by resigning. A very slight acquaintance with our army will furnish abundant illustrations of this state of things. Perhaps the most glaring instance just now, is furnished by a glance at the officers that have been sent to the different courts of Europe as military attachés.

The so-called cadet schools of Germany are not the only avenues to the army. They are only one of many, and intended primarily to educate children with an early taste for military life. In fact, much dissatisfaction is heard in Parliament in regard to them, on the ground that the minds of children are too early

divorced from peaceful pursuits, and taught that war is the principal object of the State.

The real military studies commence with the so-called war schools, corresponding to West Point more closely than the cadet schools. To these schools admission is gained only after proper examination, and when they leave they must pass examinations before they can be commissioned as officers. There are nine of these institutions in Germany, averaging about one hundred candidates for shoulder straps in each. During his course at the war school, the German sub-officer messes with the older officers of the regiment he hopes to join, and here he makes the acquaintance of his future comrades. If these, however, do not like him, for any reasons, he is given the hint, and like a man of sense tries his chances somewhere else. This rarely happens, for it is always easy to find out beforehand if your presence in the regiment is likely to be agreeable to the officers of it, and act accordingly.

In the engineer and artillery branches the course of study is more severe than in others. They must first serve one year and nine months with their regiments as supernumerary second lieutenants, after which they join the artillery and engineer school at Berlin, where artillerymen are put through a nine and one-half months' course; engineers twenty and one-half months, before they can get a full rank in the army. Of course, they have already passed through the war-school course.

The West Pointer, fresh from the parade ground and section room, is ordered to the Mexican frontier or the far northwest, and immediately put at the head of troops, each man under him knowing vastly more of frontier campaigning than is ever taught at West Point. It would spare our young officers many a mortification, and our brave soldiers many a hard time, if we copied a little of Teutonic common sense in the matter, and attached them as supernumeraries to an active command, so that they might learn something of campaigning before actually getting a full commission.

The ten months' course of the war school at Berlin comprises tactics, artillery, including the manufacture of ord-



ESCORTING THE SUPPLY TRAIN.



nance, carriages and ammunition; the theory of artillery and musketry; small arms; field and permanent fortification and attack and defence of fortified positions; military topography; army organization and administration, and military correspondence.

The practical course comprises tactical exercise on broken ground—a rare thing at West Point since Captain F. V. Green's time—visits to the artillery ranges, to the technical establishments, to the engineer drill grounds and to fortresses; exercises in making up infantry ammunition; gun drills, riding, gymnastics, and musketry.

Higher still than the war school is the Krieg's Akademie (war academy), where officers take advanced courses for special appointments on the staff, as some of ours do at Willett's Point and Fortress Monroe, and corresponding somewhat to the English staff college. German officers usually serve six years before attempting this course, although three years is enough to entitle them to the right of presenting themselves for examination. This course is so important, and fits for such a variety of delicate military missions, that every care is taken to guard against any one's passing who is not in all respects suitable.

First of all, therefore, the regimental commander must back the application, and state whether, in his opinion, the candidate has:

1. A thorough practical knowledge of his duties.
2. Inclination and aptitude for study.
3. Good health.
4. Good moral character.
5. Private means.

The paternal character of German military government is apparent here, as elsewhere, in direct contrast to our own.



A RESTIVE MOUNT.

Three years is the usual course here, and includes:

1. Reconnoissances near Berlin.
2. Visits to gun foundries, powder mills, artillery workshops, the fortifications of Spandau, the fortress model-room at Berlin, and the experimental ranges.
3. Practical surveying in the country.
4. A staff journey of twenty-one days, in the course of which practical problems likely to occur in war are solved.
5. In recess, between the first and second years, infantry officers are attached to cavalry regiments; cavalry, artillery, and engineer officers to infantry regiments; cavalry officers to field artillery; artillery and engineer officers to cavalry regiments, for the purpose of familiarizing them with other branches than their own.

On leaving this school, forty of the best are called to the Great General Staff, where they are put on trial for two or three years, until finally selected for the general staff—which in Prussia includes fifty-four officers, Bavaria having seven in hers.

Other special training schools there are for medical officers and veterinary



surgeons; for cavalry; the military gymnastic normal school at Berlin; the musketry school at Spandau; the gunnery school at Berlin. The non-commissioned officers have a special school at Potsdam, where pupils are sent from all over Germany to be taught uniformity of drill and instruction.

The monthly pay in the German Army is not such as to raise a suspicion that officers enter the service in the hope of high pecuniary reward.

A Field Marshal receives each month . . . . .	\$245
The Commander of a Brigade or Regiment . . . . .	160
A Captain between . . . . \$44 and . . . .	74
A First Lieutenant almost . . . . .	22
And a Second Lieutenant . . . . .	18

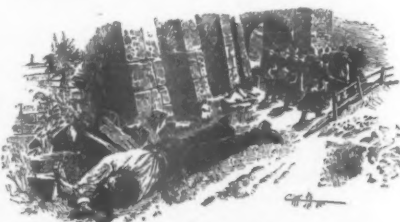
There is little in this tabulation to attract the cupidity of a leading mechanic amongst us, and two grades at least would discourage the ambition of most day laborers. Our own fledgling lieutenants start off with at least \$100 a month, and must wonder how even the most frugal of Germans can subsist on his scant pay.

They answer is easy—they don't, and as corollary to this, it is obviously im-

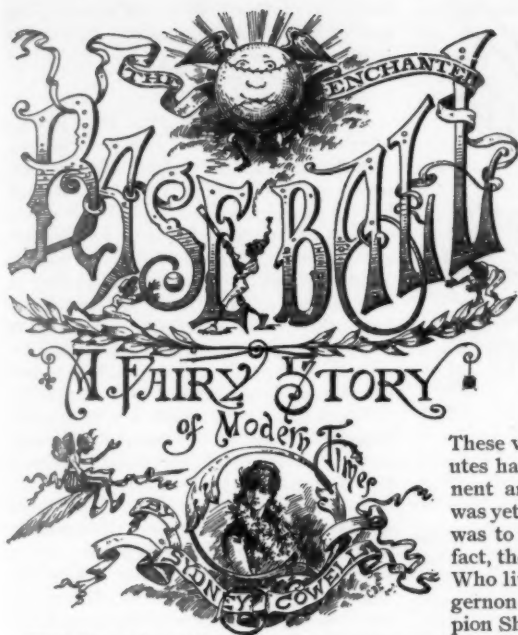
portant that every would-be officer should give his chief satisfactory proofs that he has something to live on besides his pay—and that this something is a sound investment as well. No officer can marry without permission, and permission is not granted to a subaltern unless he can show that his proposed wife has a private income equal to \$625 a year; while a second-class captain's wife must have about \$375 a year. Married officers moreover must subscribe to the widow's fund at such a rate as to secure to their widows from \$150 to \$375 a year, according to their rank. These paternal restraints may seem intolerable to our officers, as they would be equally to those of England; yet many a scandal at our army posts would have been avoided had the newly-graduated bridegroom been forced to submit to the wisdom of his elders instead of enjoying the dangerous liberty of rushing into matrimony without regard for his own future or the feelings of the community in which his lot is intimately cast.

The German officer has a servant allowed him, which is not the case with us; he also travels at lower rates than the ordinary public, and can usually purchase theatre tickets at a large discount. He is not amenable to the ordinary civil tribunals of the country, but is tried by a special military court.

Throughout the German Army are so-called Courts of Honor, which determine disputes between officers, and take cognizance particularly of such matters, which, while not strictly against a law, are unworthy a gentleman. Whether or not an officer may receive a challenge is determined by this tribunal, and its judgment may compel an officer to leave the army if he has been guilty of some breach of morality, or in any way acted dishonorably.



FATE OF THE SPY.



Algernon de Witt Caramel was a highly accomplished young gentleman. He conversed fluently in all the modern languages, and had mastered Greek, Latin, and Hebrew with the utmost ease. His voice was an exquisite, pure tenor, and his paintings far excelled those of any living artist. In appearance he was a veritable Adonis. He was, moreover, a graceful dancer, a fearless swimmer, a daring equestrian, a brilliant conversationalist, and was acknowledged to be, by all odds, the best-dressed man in town.

These various and attractive attributes had placed him in a very prominent and enviable position, but he was yet to win another title, one that was to make him world famous; in fact, the greatest celebrity of his age. Who lives who has not heard of Algernon De Witt Caramel, the Champion Short-Stop of America?

With these few brief remarks, we commence our very authentic history.

It was a glorious day in early June. The Polo grounds were thronged with an eager and clamorous crowd awaiting the great sporting event of the year, namely, the famous match between the wondrous "Brobdignagians" of the great metropolis, and the renowned "Bridegrooms" of the City of Churches. The grand stand was filled to suffocation with representatives of beauty and fashion, prominent among them being Miss Violet Veronica Van Sittart, our hero's peerlessly beautiful fiancée.

Each member of the rival teams received a lusty welcome as he stepped forth upon the turf, but when Caramel appeared the enthusiasm knew no bounds.

Handkerchiefs waved, hats were thrown up madly, strong men wept and weak women fainted. Violet Veronica grew alternately lily-white and rosy-red while her gallant young lover cast an ardent glance of affection towards her, bowing again and again to the excited multitude.

In all the vast crowd assembled there was but one heart that beat unresponsive to the rest. This particular heart was lodged somewhere in the neighborhood of the fifth rib appertaining to the anatomy of Mr. Rudolf Von Hostetter, and was, in fact, full and overflowing with rage, hatred, and malice. Rudolf detested Algernon cordially. He had, himself, been an aspirant for the hand of Violet Veronica, and had not been without some faint signs of encouragement until the advent of the Short-Stop; then he was dropped—gently and kindly, but most decidedly dropped. This was gall and wormwood to Mr. Rudolf Von Hos-



THE CHAMPION SHORT-STOP.



tetter of Brooklyn. He was a tall, handsome man, of a mephistophelian cast of countenance. Being both bold and bad, you can easily recognize him as the Heavy Villain of my story. As he listened to the wild shouts of welcome accorded his rival, a grim smile distended his saturnine features, as he hugged to his breast—what? Something that in appearance was simplicity itself, being nothing more nor less than an ordinary base-ball. And yet—, let there be no deception; this same base-ball was enchanted! He had paid five dollars for it to a magician who lived in Green Street, and its marvelous properties evoked the Satanic delight which beamed in his handsome, wicked face.

"Aye," muttered he, between his clenched teeth, "applaud your spoiled darling, ye fools! And you, false Violet Veronica, smile on your pretty boy. Little reck ye how soon Caramel and Brobgnag will be forgotten, and the glad cry will be "Hostetter and the Bridegrooms!"

It is not my intention to inflict on you a full and particular account of this most celebrated game, for, as you know, every news paper in the country has done so already far more clearly and scientifically than I could ever hope to; and yet, in the interest of my story, I must remind you

of certain events that occurred towards the close of the match. When the last half of the ninth innings was called, the score stood as follows:

Brobdignagians—2

Bridegrooms—1

It was now the turn of the Bridegrooms to take the bat in a bold endeavor to win, or at least, to tie the game. Before commencing work, the players, as is their boyish fashion, tossed the ball idly from one to the other, and suddenly it rolled, as if impelled by some power unseen, to Hostetter's feet, who deftly exchanged it, unobserved, for the one he had purchased from the weird sorcerer. "And now the game indeed is ours!" muttered he; and threw the ball lightly to the Pitcher, the famous Timotheus of the "Brobs."

The first to take the bat was that prime favorite among the "Grooms," the handsome O'Duffer. He went to his place with a firm step and a proud heart, determined to do or die; however, nimble Timotheus soon settled his fond hopes with a mighty fling that sent the "little joker" flying true over the home plate. Alas for O'Duffer! it was "one, two, three, and out." Next from the Bridegroom ranks came sturdy little Macarty, with a cast-iron smile that boded no good to his opponent. He, however, was speedily "retired" by the Umpire on account of interfering with the catcher. Poor Mac "retired in soft confusion," like the heroine of a dime novel, Duck Owing, the catcher, could not suppress a grin; for



HOSTETTER.



"PLUCKY YOUNG TIMOTHEUS."

with two men out, and no runs added to the score, he could almost see that shy bird, Victory, perching upon the banner of the "Brobs." Now, at last, came Hostetter's opportunity, who had witnessed, with fine unconcern, the discomfiture of his associates. Bat in hand the champion of the Lilliputians stepped to the home plate, and received a warm recognition from both friends and foes, for he certainly was a very handsome fellow, as well as a famous bat's-man, and all the hopes of his party lay in the strength of his stalwart arms and in the forlorn chance of a home-run. Plucky young Timotheus never exerted himself more than at this moment; he threw the ball viciously at Hostetter, who received it carelessly, and missed.

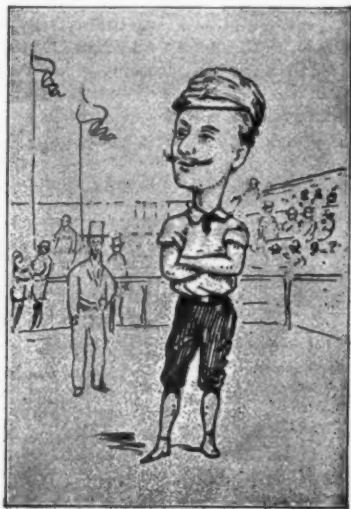
"One strike!" cried the Umpire.

(Tim had delivered one of his famous "in-curves.") Again Timotheus sent the little globe flying on its way, but this time surely his hand had lost its cunning, for "One ball!" cried the Umpire. Another attempt, and still another, both in vain, among groans from the "Brobs," and cheers from the "Grooms." "Two balls!" "Three balls!" in quick succession shouted the Umpire, but there was no response, for the crowd had actually become hushed in a fearful tension of interest and excitement.

Timotheus, goaded to desperation, made a magnificent effort, and the happy result was that "Two strikes!" was called, but unfortunately was followed by four balls!" The eventful moment had

arrived: expectation was on tiptoe; the people were benumbed—breathless: Violet Veronica gasped out a little prayer for her Algernon and his party. And then Timotheus, for the last time, lifted the Enchanted Ball, and with one mighty effort sent it flying, to be received broadly on Hostetter's bat, and thence whirled, on the rebound, in the direction of Left Field.

Here our gallant, ever-watchful Short-Stop, rushed forward to intercept it, but the magic toy simply grazed his fingers in its flight. At the moment of contact an electric current seemed to pass through his frame. He turned swiftly and darted after the flying ball. In his ears rang a myriad voices crying, "Run Hostetter, run!" "A three-bagger!"—"Bridegrooms for ever!" but still, impelled by supernatural force, on rolled the magic base-ball, hotly pursued by Caramel, who fairly gnashed his teeth with rage and chagrin, when he saw it reach the high white-washed fence which encloses the Polo Grounds, and clear it with a leap and now occurred something wonderful. Caramel,—seeing the course the ball had taken, gave himself and the game up for lost, but to his intense astonishment he found himself entirely independent of his own volition, bounding after, and actually on the other side of



"THE HANDSOME O'DUFFER."





"STURDY LITTLE MACARTY."

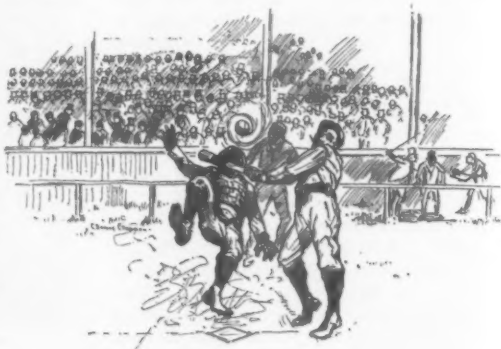
the fence! On sped the ball, and on sped Algernon; John Gilpin was nowhere in the record. Fancy the dismay of the good folks on the Boulevard as they witnessed the astonishing spectacle! horses ran away, women screamed, bicycles dashed into baby-carriages, and their riders into the arms of pretty nurse-maids. The only other person who profited by the excitement was an itinerant photographer, who made an instantaneous sketch of Caramel clearing a horse-car, and realized quite a handsome profit by the sale thereof. Nothing could check the velocity of the ball, nor the flight of the Short-Stop. When such trifling impediments as carriages, wagons, or equestrians blocked the way, both pursuer and pursued vaulted lightly into the air, and in a moment the obstruction was left a mile behind. Now they were tearing on through Central Park at the rate of eighty miles an hour. Faster and faster! another moment found them whirling down Fifth Avenue in the direction of the Battery. On and on, and now, oh horror! the blue

waters of the bay were dancing before his distended eyes. "Does the infernal thing propose to drown me?" he screamed in anguish, but marvelous to relate! in another moment the enchanted ball was skimming the white crest of the waves in an easterly direction. As soon as our bewildered hero found that the Atlantic was but as a soft, cool, silken carpet beneath his feet he began to gain heart,—in fact, he presently experienced a delightful feeling of exhilaration, and no longer felt the slightest anxiety in regard to the position in which he found himself.

They were now proceeding at almost lightning speed, when a tiny black speck on the horizon, with a trail of smoke behind it, betokened a mighty ocean steamer, and in less than five seconds Caramel had overtaken her. It proved to be one of the flyers of the White Star line. The kindly and popular doctor was indulging in a matutinal cocktail with his friend, Mr. S. of New York; both were gazing dreamily over the broad bosom of the ocean, when, swift in his flight as a falling star, our hero darted by. The doctor turned pale, and gazed with a hollow eye upon his friend, who was trembling visibly. The same idea had occurred simultaneously to both these boon companions.

"Sidonius!" cried Dr. K., in sepulchral tones; "this settles it! I'll swear off!" "And I am with you, my boy" echoed his friend, although tears were in his manly voice.

And ever faster and faster flew the ball, and ever faster and faster flew the Short-Stop. And now the sun was dipping his rosy head beneath the vast Atlantic.







"NOTHING WOULD CHECK THE FLIGHT OF THE  
SHORT-STOP."

Caramel's heart swelled proudly as he realized that he had beaten the record. He had crossed the ocean in less than two hours!

Before him stretched a long line of gray cliffs, with a narrow belt of yellow sand beneath, and presently he found himself bounding over the sand-hills across long stretches of barren waste land. Soon the twinkling lights of a lonely village were seen, for evening was drawing in. The magic base-ball spun through the one long, straggling street, with Algernon behind it, and the terrified peasants dropped on their knees and crossed themselves as the strange apparition passed them by. Out again into the open country, and across a pretty river flowing peacefully between its softly wooded banks. More villages, rivers, meadows, hills, and now they approached a noble forest. Over the vast pine-tree tops whirled the ball, while the moon broke forth in solemn splendor, and our hero gazed in rapt wonder on the glorious scene beneath. A sea! a shimmering sea of waving branches bathed in the silver beams of the argent Queen of Night! They have reached the limits of the mighty forest at last, and a broad, white road lies before them. It is on an upward incline, and appears to have been hewn out of the solid rock. Nothing daunted, on and up they go, until a massive, magnificent building rises before them—a

mediaeval castle perched upon the crest of a gigantic cliff, frowning down upon a mighty river. Evidently some festival is being held within its ancient walls, for from every casement pours forth light and music—the sounds of revelry and rippling laughter.

One final, energetic spin, and the magic base-ball dashes itself against the brazen portals of the castle, which respond with a mighty clang. Then, spent, exhausted, it rebounds, and like a submissive hound, halts at our hero's feet!

#### PART II.

You may suppose that Mr. Caramel was utterly exhausted after his marvelous trip across the Atlantic. Not a bit of it! He never felt better or brighter in his life, nor did his manly beauty ever shine forth with greater lustre than when, after placing the enchanted base-ball very carefully in his hip pocket, he awaited a response to its summons.

Slowly and silently the massive portals swung open, discovering within a most wondrous picture. Imagine a vast hall thronged with gallant knights and lovely ladies, some exchanging courtly badinage, others treading a sprightly measure, to the soft lilting of lute, mandolin and viol. Graceful young pages were in attendance, proffering refreshments in the shape of the rarest fruits, the most exquis-





HORSES RAN AWAY AND WOMEN SCREAMED.

ite wines, while the gentle moon gazed mildly in between the golden arches of the hall, and richest perfumes filled the intoxicating air, mingled with the dewy breath of a thousand roses, and the soft warble of crystal fountains from the garden without.

"This must surely be some court masquerade," thought our hero. "These costumes apparently are those of the fifteenth century." The dance was now at an end, and he perceived on his right a raised dais, where beneath a gorgeous canopy was seated a venerable gentleman of fatherly and benign aspect. His figure was portly rather than majestic; his eyes were blue, and twinkling with good humor; his gray locks fell in old-fashioned ringlets on his shoulders. By his side, gracefully seated on a low couch, reclined the loveliest creature in the world.

She was apparently about eighteen years of age. Her figure was tall and elegant, and her glorious golden tresses

fell in two heavy braids almost to her feet. Her flowing robe was of Nile-green brocade, richly embroidered with silver. She wore long angel sleeves, and her swanlike throat was encircled with many rows of priceless pearls and diamonds. To his infinite surprise, however, Caramel discovered that this divine creature wore spectacles, or rather *goggles*, over her wonderful blue eyes. Certainly these goggles were framed in golden filigree so fine and delicate that they were almost imperceptible, but they were there nevertheless, to mar, to some extent, her otherwise untainted loveliness. On looking around Caramel was surprised to see that the old lord (evidently her father) also wore golden goggles, and so, indeed, did every person present, lords, ladies and all, down to the little foot pages themselves. Our hero now advanced with simple, manly grace, and bowed before his venerable host, who gazed at him with surprise, but no displeasure,

"Who art thou, and what seekest



THE BALL WAS SKIMMING THE CREST OF THE WAVES.

thou?" demanded the old gentleman.

"I am an American," returned Algernon. "My name is Caramel, and I am the champion Short-Stop of the world."

A scene of excitement ensued. All present pushed forward to obtain a nearer view of the distinguished player, while the old nobleman tottered down the steps of the throne and warmly grasped Algernon's hands in his.

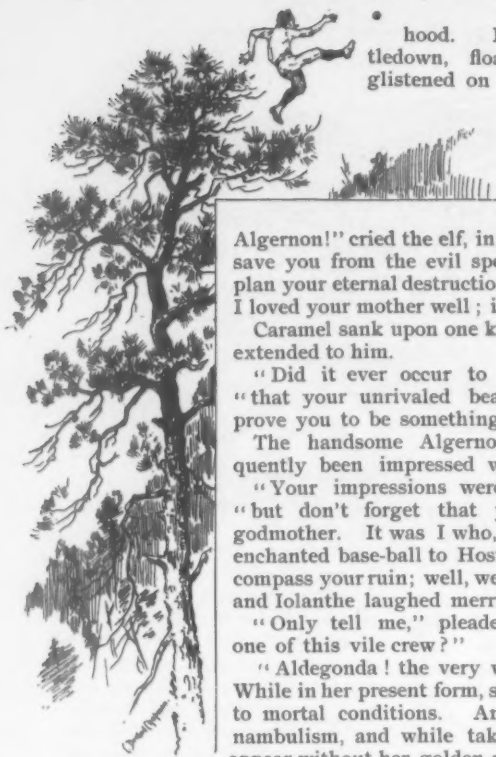
"Welcome, thrice welcome!" cried he. "We had deemed thee but some poor monarch, some petty, puny princeling; age must be our excuse, and the infirmities of age. Rise, Aldegonda, and make thy obeisance to the greatest man of the day!" The beautiful young lady rose dutifully, and then dropped a most graceful courtesy, at the same time turning her lustrous orbs,—(goggles and all) upon our hero, who, thereupon, straightway fell head over heels in love with the fair princess; home, country, Violet Veronica, all! all, alas, were forgotten.

Nothing could exceed the cordiality of the old Prince Otto Von Blitzenburg. I shall not weary you with a description of the doings of the next three months. Fête followed fête in dazzling succession; hunting parties, sailing on the river by moonlight; concerts, banquets, balls; until Caramel began to think the coffers of Prince Otto must be inexhaustible. Very shortly after their first introduction Algernon and Aldegonda had become engaged, with the entire approval of

the lady's father, who appeared to think his "one fair daughter" extremely fortunate in securing so eligible a *parti* as our handsome Short-Stop, although, he often remarked to Caramel, "Kings and Emperors had sighed for her in vain."

Caramel would now have been perfectly happy but that no amount of entreaty could induce Aldegonda to remove her golden goggles, while she was equally determined to obtain possession of the magic base-ball. The lovely princess pouted; scolded; coaxed; wept. The last manoeuvre settled it, for Algernon promised her that he would present her with his treasure as soon as they were pronounced man and wife. Aldegonda immediately dried her tears, and led him in triumph to the old prince, her father, who embraced them both with effusion, informing them that the nuptials should take place at midnight on the following evening. That night, after bidding a fond farewell to his beautiful betrothed, Caramel sought his own apartments. As he approached them he beheld streams of dazzling light pouring through the half-opened door of his sitting-room, and upon entering, beheld a sight that made him reel with astonishment.

The casement was, as he had left it, flung wide open; and perched upon the sill, bathed in the full glory of the harvest moon, was the slight form of a beautiful girl, in the very dawn of woman-



hood. Her golden tresses, light as this-tledown, floated around her; a bright star glistened on her forehead, while her wings, tinted with rainbow hues, waved lightly to and fro, as you may have seen the idle sails of a fair bark at anchor, or the pinions of a weary butterfly resting awhile in the warm, red bosom of a rose. "Do not fear me,

Algernon!" cried the elf, in sweet, bell-like tones. "I am here to save you from the evil spells of a vile band of enchanters, who plan your eternal destruction. Know that I am the fairy Iolanthe, I loved your mother well; indeed, you are my godson, boy!"

Caramel sank upon one knee and kissed the dainty little hand extended to him.

"Did it ever occur to you," pursued the winsome fairy, "that your unrivaled beauty and manifold accomplishments prove you to be something more than mortal?"

The handsome Algernon acknowledged that he had frequently been impressed with such an idea.

"Your impressions were well founded," nodded the fairy; "but don't forget that you owe everything to me, your godmother. It was I who, in the guise of a magician, sold the enchanted base-ball to Hostetter. That traitor imagined it would compass your ruin; well, we will hoist him with his own petard!" and Iolanthe laughed merrily.

"Only tell me," pleaded Algernon, "that Aldegonda is not one of this vile crew?"

"Aldegonda! the very worst of all. Stay, let me prove it. While in her present form, she is, to a certain extent, subservient to mortal conditions. Among others, she is a victim to somnambulism, and while taking her nocturnal rambles is apt to appear without her golden goggles. Intercept her and gaze into

her eyes. Through the left you can look into her heart; through the right into her soul."

"Both pure as Heaven itself, I swear!" said Algernon.

"Judge for yourself. One more word and I'm off," returned Iolanthe. "Before repeating the form to-morrow night that will bind you forever to Aldegonda, fling the magic base-ball into Prince Otto's face, and you will see what you will see! Algernon, my dear boy, will you obey me?"

There was no resisting the sweet, pleading voice, that yet had in it the unmistakable accent of command.

Then Aldegonda appeared, clad in a simple white robe—; her blue eyes distended, and *without her goggles*! Following his godmother's advice Caramel gazed into those staring orbs. In the left he beheld distinctly the form of a crouching tiger, rending a lamb asunder with its cruel fangs; in the right, the image of a foul fiend with talons outstretched to grasp him. Sick at heart, Algernon stole



"THE MAGIC BASE-BALL SPUN THROUGH ONE LONG STRAGGLING STREET."



"RISE AND MAKE THY OBEISANCE TO THE GREATEST MAN OF THE DAY."

softly away, and strange to say from the moment he had gazed into Aldegonda's unveiled eyes, all the past came back to him, and once more the sweet maidenly image of Violet Veronica resumed its rightful place in the affections of her lover.

According to the imperial will and directions of Prince Otto Von Blitzenburg, the wedding was to take place at midnight in the great hall of the castle. Long ere that hour it was flooded with the same brilliant assemblage that had graced it on his arrival.

At length, "'Tis time!" cried Prince Otto. "Let the ceremony proceed!" At this moment from the great bell of the castle was heard the first stroke of midnight; as if impatient to fulfill its mission the magic base-ball turned in Caramel's pocket, giving him a forcible nudge. Before the third stroke had sounded Algernon drew it forth, and taking deliberate aim at the goggles, dashed it full in Prince Otto's face!

The glass was shattered immediately and at the same instant a terrific peal of thunder was heard; fierce flashes of lightning surrounded them; sulphureous

flames lapped the castle walls, which fell with a crash, and sank through the earth!

Algernon De Witt Caramel found himself standing on the bare bleak summit of a lofty mountain. He immediately recognized that he was on the haunted Brocken, with the Black Forest extending around him in every direction. All the fine lords and ladies had been transformed into wizards and witches: the musicians were wailing ghosts! the beautiful bridesmaids were fleshless skeletons, and the pretty little pages were uncanny imps and gibbering monkeys. As Aldegonda stretched out her withered arms towards him, he felt a sharp rap.

He recognized the signal, and when the ball set off in a westerly direction, off, too, flew Caramel, like a second Tam o' Shanter, with the whole hideous crew at his heels, shrieking and howling as they whirled through the murky air. However, although they made excellent time (especially those who were mounted on fiery, untamed, broomsticks), they were distanced from the start by our hero.



Soon uprose Sol, rosy and smiling, and up rose Caramel's brave young heart, for he knew he was leaving doubt, mysticism, and diablerie behind him. As if it guessed that it was homeward bound, the enchanted ball flew on a hundred times faster than before, and soon a long blue line is seen that tells them America lies before them!

A moment after they are spinning up the beautiful bay. On and on, along the avenue, the park, the boulevard, and now the magic ball cleared the high fence of the Polo Grounds with Caramel close behind it, then, with a sudden turn, leaps and nestles in his ready hand. He seizes it, and the situation—at a glance. All his marvelous adventures have taken place during the lapse of one minute.

Hostetter is rushing at lightning speed from base to base! First and second have been passed. "A tie! Home, home!" they cry. "Never!" mutters Caramel, as he beholds the hateful Hostetter passing the third base on the home stretch. And then from far left field he



THE FAIRY IOLANTHE.

sends the magic ball swifter than thought into the ready hands of gal-

lant Duck Owing. Amid the clamor of the multitude rings the clarion voice of the Umpire, "OUT!" The great game is won. Hostetter and the Bridegrooms are vanquished, and Caramel and the Brob-dignagians are champions of the world!

There is little more to add. Three weeks after the events recorded above our hero was united to his charming Violet Veronica. As Caramel's professional earnings represent a yearly income of several millions, the young couple are doing very nicely indeed.



THE HAUNTED BROCKEN.



## THE APPENDICULA VERMIFORMIS.

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY.

WHEN a boy his comrades called him Lucy. His real name was Lumous Almorin Cox.

He had a round, bullet-shaped head, thin flaxen hair, small eyes of a dull blue, unadorned with lashes, a fair complexion, and the figure of a Spanish water-jar. His nickname, therefore, indicated no physical graces, but certain feminine qualities which were betrayed in a timid, reticent bearing; and a disinclination to join in boyish sports. At thirty he was much the same—shy, silent, and solitary. His vocabulary was astonishingly small and monosyllabic, and when suddenly accosted he stammered a little.

For ten years he had been a clerk in the office of Steese & Sons. No one knew whence he came or where he lived. He was always at his desk when his fellow clerks arrived. At noon he took from its peg the hat whose narrow brim rendered his round face so ridiculous, and retired to the basement, eating his lunch on an empty box which stood just outside the engine-room. This box was known as Cox's dinner table. The janitor never thought of removing it, and even came to words with the oiler, a new arrival, who on one occasion threw his waste into it. In the office, it is true, they sometimes laughed at him and joked at his expense; but they no longer teased him as his playmates had done when he was a boy. Now that he had become a man, it was impossible to do so without a sense of shame. It was like annoying a woman.

At five o'clock he wiped his pen carefully, closed his books, took his hat in his hand, and said, "Good night, friends." He had spoken these words some three hundred times a year for ten years, yet they cost him a visible effort. He waited till his hand was on the knob of the door before uttering them, and disappeared so quickly that no one had ever been able to reply to them. If you have



MUNCHING HIS LAST CRUST OF BREAD, COX TURNED OVER THE LEAVES.

seen a young girl who, firing a gun for the first time, presses the trigger nervously, closing her eyes to all consequences, you will have an idea of the way in which this salutation was delivered.

On one occasion, through curiosity, the bookkeeper followed him. It was a shameful action, and he knew it; for in relating the next day his discovery he felt bound to say, "Just for fun, you know—I had nothing to do—indeed a mere accident." It was a winter night. The air was full of snowflakes which glittered in the glare of the lights, as the wind eddies hurried them to the slime of the pavement, where they were instantly obliterated. Cox had no overcoat, and his office-jacket, buttoned closely about his fat figure, was drawn in tight folds above

the hips in a comical manner. He hurried along the crowded sidewalk with a short, quick step, glancing now and then at some brilliantly illuminated window, and finally disappeared in one of those dingy brick houses whose shutters are decorated with the sign, *Table board and lodgings*. His watcher, stepping into a neighboring archway, waited patiently. After some time the door opened and Cox reappeared. He had changed his jacket for a long coat of black broadcloth, much worn and shiny, but scrupulously clean. Where was he going? On some gallant adventure?—to some rendezvous? With the same quick step he turned into a side street and entered a dimly lighted basement. Through the low, steaming window could be seen a few tables on a sanded floor, a counter on which were ranged some unsavory-looking dishes, and behind which a man in his shirt-sleeves was frying tripe over a smoky brazier. Perceiving his customer, the man nodded, and placed before him a glass of milk and a saucer of oatmeal. The clerk poured the milk, which was very blue, into the saucer, and began to eat hurriedly. This performance was purely mechanical. The body requires so much food at regular intervals. "Well, then, take it!" he seemed to say. From time to time he glanced at his silver watch. Evidently this repast was but the prelude to something of more importance, something of which he was thinking, his small eyes twinkling with anticipation, and a faint smile hovering about the corners of his mouth. Having finished, he drew a five cent piece from his pocket, paid his modest bill, and went out.

The streets were filled with cabs and the sidewalks thronged with people. It was the hour of the pleasure-seekers. Emerging from the deserted by-way he joined this throng and passed with it under the illuminated arch of the Tremont Theater, taking his place in the file already formed before the ticket office. When his turn came, to the astonishment of the book-keeper, this man who ate his lunch on a box in the cellar and dined on a saucer of oatmeal, drew a dollar bill from his frayed wallet and, receiving his check, passed through the gate with the nonchalance of an old theater goer. Why not? Five cents for the pleasures of the

stomach, a hundred for those of the mind—Admirable division.

The house was crowded. Wyndham was playing *The Private Secretary*. Be it said here, however, that it mattered little to our hero who or what occupied the stage. As may be supposed he was no art critic. Comedy or tragedy were equally acceptable to him. The essential thing was that there on that stage was enacted all that life from which circumstance exiled him, and to which, even in its humble forms, timidity would for ever keep him a stranger. And here, under his eyes, almost within his touch, life defiled before him. Kings, nobles, soldiers, heroes, villains, charming women, spoke to him. Innocence, crime, passion, temptation, love, everything which in his own pale existence seemed but shadows, were here realities. In the chair which he occupied he truly lived; all else, the street, the office, his shabby room, was a dream. His neighbor, chatting in a low voice with her escort in full dress, little thought what tightenings of the heart, what convulsive little gasps, repressed with difficulty, were going on beside her. That quick cough was only a device to bring forth a large red handkerchief, which had secretly conveyed away—O! how many tears!

When he went out again into the street he carried with him all this glorious life. Hurrying homeward, falling asleep in his narrow bed, copying letters at his desk, all these people talked to him. The pretty soubrette made love to him, the heroine in peril threw herself on his breast, the villain made him dark proposals; and these scarcely audible sounds and sudden gestures which escaped him at his desk, to the great surprise of his fellow clerks, were the replies, tender, assuring, defiant, as the case might be, which he made to these overtures.

On this evening he was particularly happy. At every amusing situation his shoulders shook with suppressed laughter. How could these people make such mistakes? He would have done very differently. Between the acts he read laboriously the advertisements of the programme, or listened to the conversation about him. In this innocently surreptitious way much of interest mingled with the monotonous strain of his exist-

ence. At his left two gentlemen were conversing.

"Anatomically anything is possible nowadays to the surgeon, provided only the proper antiseptic measures are taken. The air, the hands, the instruments, everything may be sterilized. This well done, a good operator has little to fear. The rest is like digging in the streets. There are pipes of all sorts, gas, water, steam, drainage, to be avoided. The operator who is sure of his anatomy knows how to do this. We have a fellow now, Jones, in the surgical ward, who would be a wonder to the profession of twenty-five years ago. A man was brought in the other day, pale, emaciated,—he had two weeks to live. He had swallowed his teeth. They were lodged in the cesophagus about two inches above the diaphragm, and every effort to dislodge them had failed. Jones thought it all over.

"Look here," he said to him; "anatomically there is no reason why I should not open your stomach, put in my hand, and take those teeth out. Such a thing has never been done, but, I repeat, anatomically there is no obstacle. In a fortnight you will be a dead man anyway.' Well, the fellow jumped at the idea, and to-day I saw him walking in the yard. He will be discharged shortly."

"Marvelous," said his companion.

"Yes, it is marvelous. Antiseptics have done for the operator what anaesthetics have done for the patient. Take abdominal surgery for example. The old operators did not dare to attack this cavity. Now, if we can but insure asepsis, experience justifies daring. There was a case last month—of sarcoma—a tumor you know. Jones removed a metre of the smaller intestine. 'This is of no use,' he said; so he cut it off, and joined the ends."

"And the patient recovered?"

"Perfectly—a woman. By the sixth day the ends were united, and on the twenty-eighth she was discharged. You know the appendicula vermiformis?"

"No."

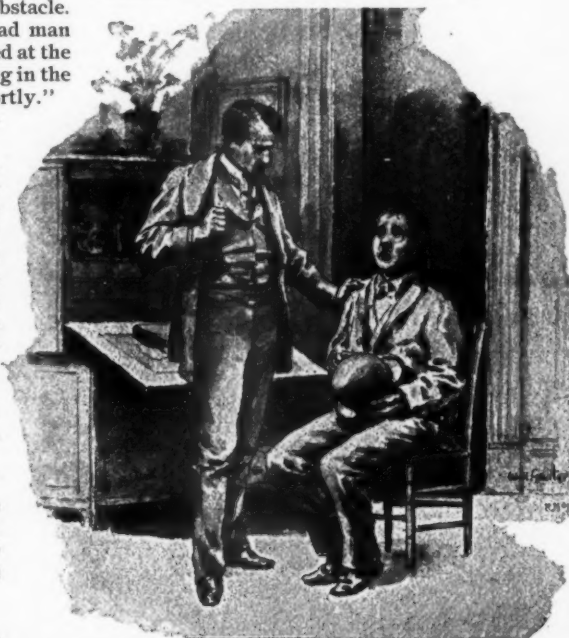
"It is a little blind sac below the

cæcum. Its function is not known. A grape or apple seed, or even a husk of oatmeal, lodging there, produces serious, often fatal consequences. A young man—"

The bell had rung and the rising curtain checked the conversation.

The little clerk had devoured every word. Yes, indeed, it was marvelous! Think of it! to cut open one's stomach! to remove a metre's length of the intestine! And that little sac, the appendicula vermiformis, how funny it was! He remembered that his mother had obliged him to remove the seeds of grapes, and had forbidden him to eat those of apples. Did she know then of this appendicula vermiformis? But the denouement of the comedy was at hand, and he became absorbed once more in the actors.

That night, however, while undressing, the conversation he had overheard recurred to him. He regarded himself curiously as he buttoned his night dress. So he too had this appendicula vermiformis. It was perhaps the length of these strange words which fascinated him. Lying alone in the darkness, it suddenly occurred to him that he would like to see



"I HAVE AN APPLE SEED IN THE APPENDICULA VERMIFORMIS."

this singular object. But how? Doubtless it would be represented in the plates of some scientific work, a treatise on anatomy for example. And amid the roar of the wheels which rose from the pavement to his attic room might have been heard these words uttered in a thin high voice with great determination. "Capital idea! We shall see it!"

It was remarked on the following day that the little clerk, instead of descending as usual into the basement to eat his lunch, went out into the street. In an alley near by was a bookstand where he hoped to obtain what he desired. He managed to eat a mouthful as he went, and to make way with his hard-boiled egg while examining the books on the shelves. The custodian of these dilapidated volumes, quick to discern the serious purchaser, accosted him. Was he looking for anything in particular?

"The *appendicula vermiformis*," stammered the clerk. "That is to say, have you perchance an anatomy?"

"A superb one, a first edition. A little worn perhaps, but that is nothing. The contents are intact. What is a binding after all?"

Munching his last crust of bread, Cox turned over the leaves eagerly. "Carpenter's Human Physiology—The Human Functions—Food and its Destination—The Digestive Processes"—ah! "A View of the Organs of Digestion"—Every part numbered to correspond with the description—"No. 40, the cæcum; No. 42, the *appendicula vermiformis*." There it was, exactly as it had been described, a little blind sac below the cæcum. And what a place for a seed to lodge in.

"It is yours for one dollar."

"I will see about it."

"Seventy-five cents then," said the dealer as his customer moved away.

All the afternoon, copying so many figures, it was not strange that these two haunted him, 75. Every invoice, every bill of lading, had this fraction; every comma recalled this singular appendix to the cæcum. Before closing his books he examined his wallet. Seventy-five cents, that meant no theater again for a week—that was all.

Trudging homeward that night, he had under his arm a brown volume.

From that day the little clerk studied

this question with assiduity. He even braved the lady who presided at the desk of the Public Library, asking timidly for Surgical Reports, Manuals of Medicine, and the like. Colic, irregularity, sensitiveness to pressure in the right lumbar region, disturbed digestion susceptibility to cold—he knew all the symptoms.

Early in the spring a man presented himself at the surgical ward of the General Hospital and inquired for Dr. Jones. It was the little clerk. His round face had become emaciated. His legs were weak and trembled.

"What can I do for you?" asked the surgeon.

His visitor twirled his hat in his hand, speaking with difficulty. "I have an apple seed in the *appendicula vermiformis*."

Jones regarded him with an astonishment with which was mingled that distrust of the practitioner for one who makes his own diagnosis.

"Nonsense," he ejaculated.

Cox shook his head sadly. Pressed by the surgeon, he narrated his experience with a naïveté which, to another than Jones, would have been heartrending: the conversation at the theatre, his change of diet, at last one day, by accident, without thinking, thrown off his guard, he had eaten an apple. Then, colic, sensitiveness in the right iliac region—in short, the usual symptoms.

"This man is crazy," thought Jones. Still, he ordered a bed prepared. The case was certainly interesting.

A consultation of the house surgeons was decided upon.

"The man is a monomaniac," said Jones. "Still, something must be done. Look here! I will perform the operation, that is to say, I will pretend to. We will etherize him and show him his apple seed."

The little clerk was delighted. He was thinking of the man who so soon after the removal of his teeth from the œsophagus was walking in the garden. "I hope it is not too late," he said, feebly.

On the morning of the operation Jones was dumbfounded to hear that the little clerk had died during the night.

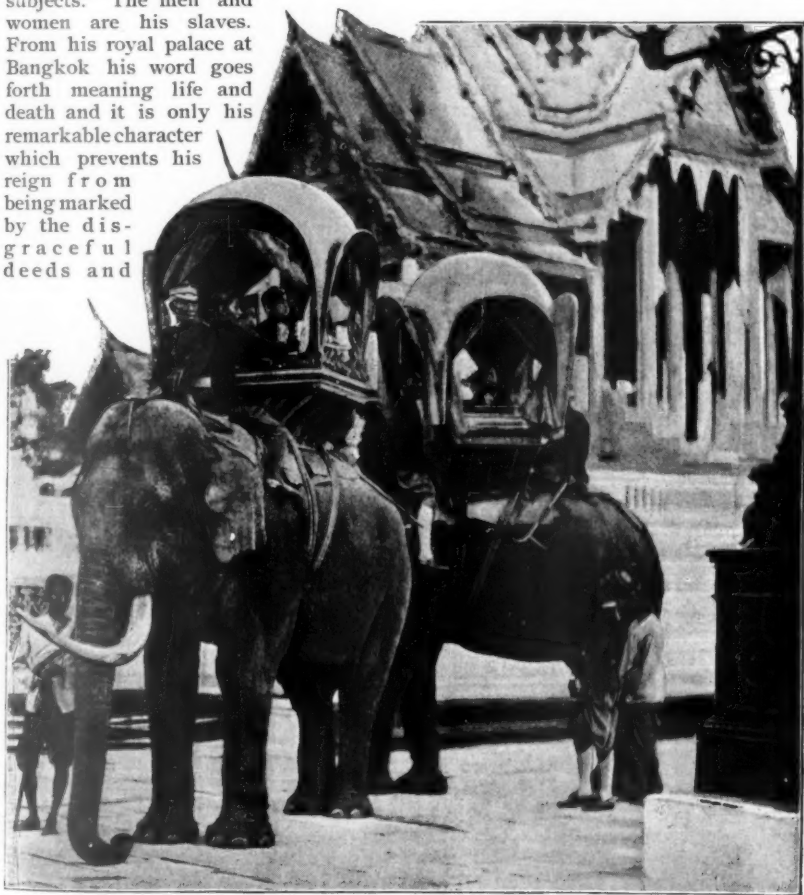
At the autopsy the *appendicula vermiformis* was found empty.

## IN THE LAND OF THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE day of proprietary despots is passing away, but Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, is a king in deed and in truth. Every acre of land in the two hundred and fifty thousand square miles which make up Siam belongs to him. He has the right to every stick of timber in his forests of valuable teak wood, and the mines of sapphires and gold are worked for him alone. He is practically the master of every one of his ten million subjects. The men and women are his slaves. From his royal palace at Bangkok his word goes forth meaning life and death and it is only his remarkable character which prevents his reign from being marked by the disgraceful deeds and

cruelties of the tyrants of history. He is the greatest king Siam has ever had and is in point of ability the best of the rulers of his kind. It is a question in the minds of many Eastern thinkers whether he will not be the last king of Siam. The country is so rich that the great colonizing powers of Europe are casting their covetous eyes upon it and the prophecy is frequently uttered that it will before many years be the property of either England or France. It



PRINCES RIDING ON THE SACRED WHITE ELEPHANTS.



lies like a wedge of gold between the English territory of Burmah and the French possessions of Cochin-China, and, should occasion offer, it will fall into the hands of one or the other.

Siam is the Holland of the Orient. During a part of the year the best of its lands lie under water and the people move from one village to another in boats. The rivers and canals are the highways of the kingdom and the city of Bangkok, the royal capital, has more houses built upon piles than have the piled cities of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and its canal streets surpass in number the liquid avenues through which the Venetian gondola glides. Bangkok is even more the daughter of the waters than is the famed queen city of the Adriatic. Venice rises from the sea and its foundations reach down into its sand. Bangkok floats upon the bosom of the mighty Menam River, and its hundred thousand dwellings rise and fall with the tide. The Menam is called the mother of waters and Bangkok, its most beautiful daughter, is soothed during the day and lulled to sleep at night upon the bosom of this mighty mother.

Bangkok has few things in common with its sister city of Italy, and it differs from Venice as the half-nude savage maiden of the tropics, laden with barbaric gold differs from the fashionable girl of our modern civilization, clad in her latest Parisian dress. Imagine a low, flat country filled with the most luxuriant of tropical vegetation. The wind sighs through the palm trees. Birds of the gayest plumage fill the air with their tropical songs. In the jungle is heard the chatter of the monkey, and along the flat streams basks the alligator. A low, clear blue sky, in which the sun of the tropics shines its hottest, hangs over it, and at night the moon and the stars shine with an untold brightness. Sailing up this river, from the Gulf of Siam, at about thirty miles from its mouth, you note in the distance, the spires of temples and palaces. As you go on from out the palm trees on each side shine little one story houses, their roofs thatched with palm leaves, and their foundations apparently rising from the water itself. None of these houses are large. The average base



THE KING OF SIAM.

is not more than fifteen feet square, and the roofs sharp ridged and belling inward, are not more than twelve feet from the floor. They have neither windows nor doors, and their fronts open in verandas directly on the water. Coming nearer you see that they float and that their foundation is a raft of bamboo poles,



each about three inches thick, and piled cross-wise, one on the top of the other, like the corn cob house of a country urchin.

There are no cellars in Bangkok and each home has a hole in the floor through which the sweepings are thrown. At two or more corners of each of these dwellings a pole has been driven down into the mud, and the house is anchored to these. Its owner pays a ground rent to the person owning the land on the banks in front of which the house rests. But in case of dispute the moorings are cut, and the house, family and all, float away to another location. There are fifteen miles of these floating houses. They line both banks of the river and the canals back into the jungle. It is not uncommon for the owner of a floating dwelling, to anchor his house in the middle of one of the narrowest of these water avenues, and boats passing by must get through as they can. The native houses of the land are built high up on piles, so that one could almost walk under their floors. Some of them have picturesquely pointed ridge roofs, but like the floating homes, they are as a rule small, and their interior arrangements are the same.

It is estimated that five hundred thousand out of the seven hundred thousand people of Bangkok live thus upon the water. There are thousands of children here who have never had a play-ground bigger than the fifteen-foot veranda in front of their homes, and whole families live through generations in one of these three-roomed floating houses without having spent a night upon the land. The people go from one place to another in boats, and the streets and highways of this floating city are filled with all sorts of craft, from the ocean steamer, which carries passengers and freight to Hong Kong and Singapore, to the little canoe, ten feet long and two feet wide, which is sculled by a naked Siamese urchin. There is the itinerant peddler, with his goods piled on the boat in front of him, paddling his way from house to house and crying out his wares. Here are women by the hundreds standing up and rowing or sitting down and sculling boat loads of merchandise from one part of the city to the other, and through them all move the

steam launches of the Siamese noblemen, and now and then the great barge of the king, with its white elephant flag floating in the breeze.

I visited Bangkok in mid-winter. The clothes of the whole population would have been a poor outfit for an American village, and the average child under twelve was dressed in a thin string of beads about the waist and gold and silver bracelets on wrist and on ankles. Some of the wealthier children were loaded down with the costliest jewels. I saw one young prince who had diamonds in his ears, a blazing diamond pendant at his neck, massive solid gold bracelets on his arms, a belt of woven silver an inch wide about his waist, and a pair of gold anklets worth the price of a horse. Further than this, he was as naked as when he was born.

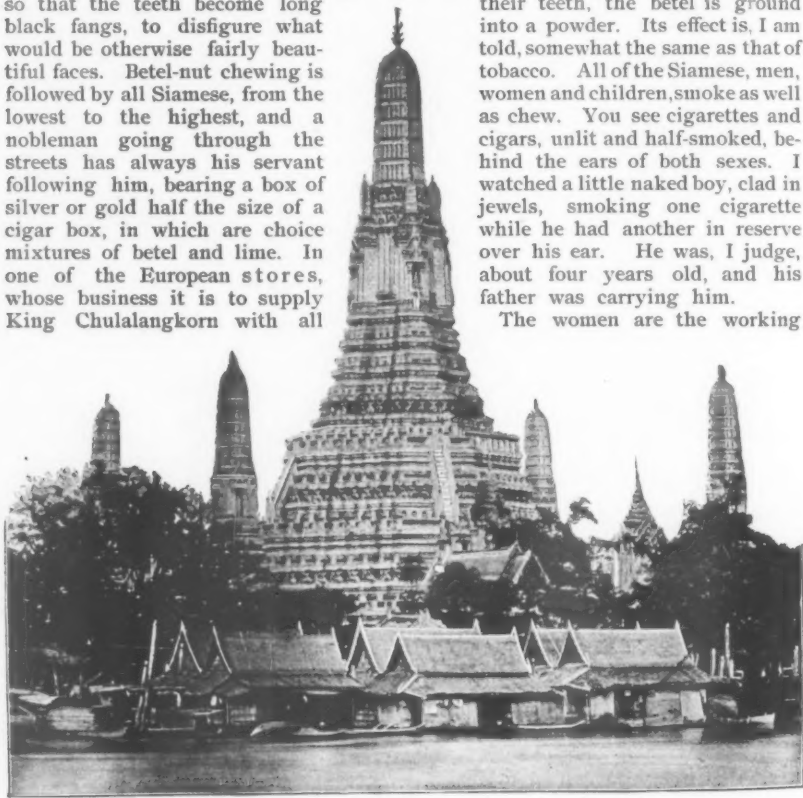


THE QUEEN OF SIAM.

All of the women have short hair, and some of them would be beautiful were it not for the universal custom of betel-nut chewing. The betel nut is the product of a palm tree. It is about as large around as a walnut, and its meat is of a soft, spongy nature, the taste of which suggests the astringent properties of the unripe persimmon. The natives cut these nuts into quarters, and when they chew them they add a mixture of pink-colored lime and tobacco, which, with the betel nut, makes the compound which they munch from morning till night. After a short time it becomes a cud, and they lodge this between the lips and the teeth when not engaged in chewing. The chewing produces a blood-red saliva, which turns the teeth from white to polished jet, makes the lips crack, contracts the gums so that the teeth become long black fangs, to disfigure what would be otherwise fairly beautiful faces. Betel-nut chewing is followed by all Siamese, from the lowest to the highest, and a nobleman going through the streets has always his servant following him, bearing a box of silver or gold half the size of a cigar box, in which are choice mixtures of betel and lime. In one of the European stores, whose business it is to supply King Chulalongkorn with all

sorts of goods, I saw at least one thousand little china cups the size of a shaving mug. These were the hand spittoons which the ladies of the harem buy to use while chewing the betel. Some of them were elegantly painted, and the artist of the most favorite spittoon was a Siamese prince. There is etiquette in betel-chewing, and it is impolite in Siam not to offer a visitor a betel chew upon entering the house. The betel box is one of the chief pieces of furniture. During my shopping in this river of stores, I was repeatedly asked to partake. After one experience I was not anxious for a second taste, but I was surprised to find that the people were hopelessly addicted to the habit. Babies learn to chew almost as soon as they are weaned, and for old folks who by long chewing have lost their teeth, the betel is ground into a powder. Its effect is, I am told, somewhat the same as that of tobacco. All of the Siamese, men, women and children, smoke as well as chew. You see cigarettes and cigars, unlit and half-smoked, behind the ears of both sexes. I watched a little naked boy, clad in jewels, smoking one cigarette while he had another in reserve over his ear. He was, I judge, about four years old, and his father was carrying him.

The women are the working



FLOATING HOUSES NEAR A BUDDHIST TEMPLE, BANGKOK.



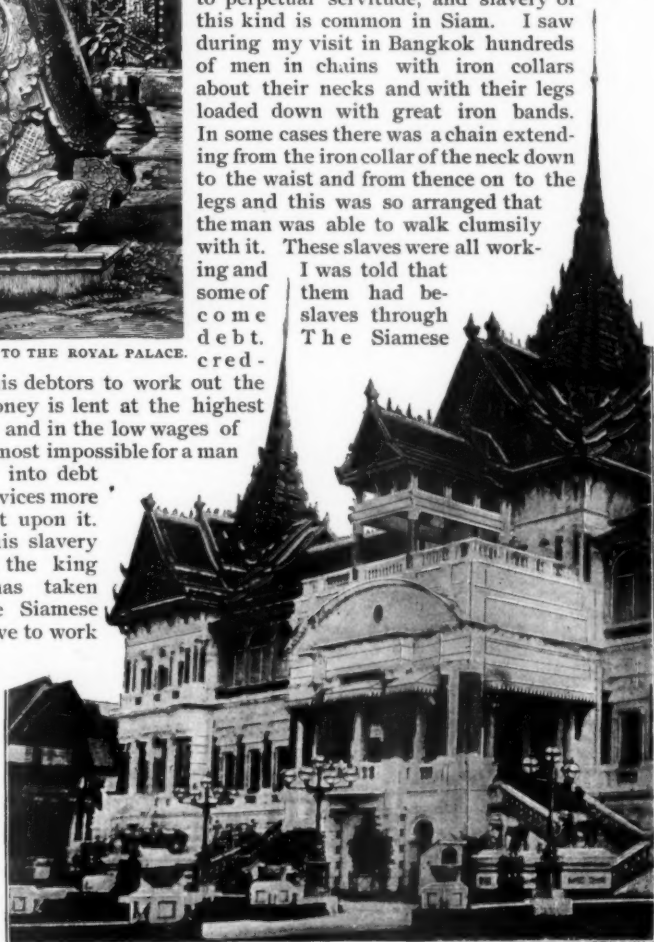
AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL PALACE.

creditor can force his debtors to work out the obligation. Money is lent at the highest rates of interest and in the low wages of the East it is almost impossible for a man who has gotten into debt to pay by his services more than the interest upon it. The result of this slavery on the part of the king and creditors has taken away from the Siamese men all incentive to work and the women have to support the family.

Debt is also inherited in Siam and the children of the debtor become the slaves of the creditor. The woman of Siam has few rights that

people of Chulalongkorn's realm, and the loafers of Siam are the men. The women do all the business of the water stores and they form a large proportion of the peddlers who move about on the canals. One reason for this is that the men of Siam are practically the slaves of the king. They are divided into classes and have to serve for three, six or nine months each year, as the officers of the king direct. They receive practically no wages and there is a demand for all kinds of workmen from the coolie laborer to the skilled jeweler and accountant. In the cases of criminals and of prisoners of war the service is still harder. Such men are doomed to perpetual servitude, and slavery of this kind is common in Siam. I saw during my visit in Bangkok hundreds of men in chains with iron collars about their necks and with their legs loaded down with great iron bands. In some cases there was a chain extending from the iron collar of the neck down to the waist and from thence on to the legs and this was so arranged that the man was able to walk clumsily with it. These slaves were all working and some of them had been slaves through debt. The Siamese

I was told that they had been slaves through debt. The Siamese



THE ROYAL PALACE.



A PRINCE WITH UN-CUT HAIR.

the man is bound to respect. If a slave girl marries, her husband has to assume her debt but if he gets tired of her he leaves her to support the children and to pay the debt. He can sell her if he wishes and he can become divorced whenever he pleases by entering the priesthood for a month or so.

There is little visiting between Siamese families, and the chief events which bring friends together are weddings, cremations and hair-cuttings. Hair-cutting is the great event of the Siamese lifetime. It takes place when the boy enters upon manhood, and it marks his change from a boy to a man. Before this he has a top-knot on the crown of his head. This has never been shaved nor cut since his birth,

though the remainder of the scalp has, by the razor, been kept as clean as the front part of a mandarin's skull. The ceremony is as grand as the condition of the family will allow, and in the cases of princes it forms the occasion of a national holiday. Chulalongkorn's favorite son, the heir apparent to the throne, is at present only eleven years old, and his top-knot will remain upon his head for some years to come.

The hair-cutting of the present king was one of the most splendid affairs in Siamese history. It lasted for three days, and the story of it reads like a chapter of the Arabian Nights. A mighty mountain was erected in the palace gardens at Bangkok. It contained grottoes and caves, and on its top was a grand pavilion hung with costly curtains and covered with gold. The prince was borne in a golden chair, with a grand procession, to this pavilion, and his royal father handed the golden shears and a golden razor to the hair-cutter. While his black top-knot was being cut away, the musicians from all parts of the kingdom filled the air with noise, and the king, acting as priest, spoke as follows:

"Thou who art come out of pure waters, be thy offences washed away! Be thou relieved from other births! Bear thou in thy bosom the brightness of that light which shall lead thee even as it led the sublime Buddha to Nirvana, at once and forever!"

In the procession which conducted the prince there were four hundred Amazons in green and gold, followed by twelve maidens attired in cloth of gold. There were a host of priests, who acted as Buddhist angels, boys in all the costumes of the world, and five thousand men in rose-colored robes with tapering caps. These were the guardian angels attending on the different nations. Then there were women in all the costumes of the world. After the ceremony there was a feast, and the young prince was given presents by all the nobility. These gifts were very costly, and at such hair-cuttings they range in value from three hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars. The poorest people have their hair-cutting done at the temples. The better classes cover the child with

the family jewels, and the hair-cutting costumes go down from father to son through generations.

The greater part of the nobility of Bangkok live upon the land. Many of them have lately built houses in the European style and there is one drive on the outskirts of the city which takes you through three miles of avenues lined with palm trees back of which are houses which would not be uncomfortable residences in any European country. The oldest part of Bangkok is surrounded by walls. These are fifteen feet high and they extend four and one-half miles around the palace of the king and the Chinese business part of the city.

Chulalongkorn's palaces cover many acres. They are a combination of Siamese and European architecture and the buildings allotted to his harem have an outward appearance not much different from some parts of the palace of the Mikado at Tokio. The palace proper is a grand building of three stories

constructed so that it looks like marble, and having three great spires which rise from carved towers to the height of many feet above the roof. Wide flag walks lead up to it and its grand entrance is guarded by four great elephants covered with gold leaf. Walking through these up marble steps the suitor to the king stops under a portico upheld by many marble columns and then passes on into a great vestibule or hall, the roof of which is perhaps twenty-five feet high and the walls of which are hung with sets of armor. From this vestibule staircases lead to the second story, and on the right and the left are the council and reception rooms of the

king. At the right is the room where he receives his cabinet and here Chulalongkorn reclines on a sort of a bed at the back of the room while his ministers sit on leather covered benches before him. Such a posture is a great stride for Siam.



THE CROWN PRINCE.



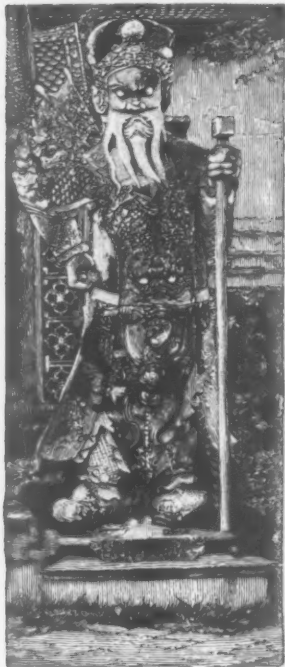
Chulalongkorn has abolished the custom of making his subjects appear before him on all fours, and there is no more bumping the head and kissing the ground in his presence. His petitioners now proffer their requests standing. He allows these nobles to sit in his presence and he shakes hands with foreign visitors in American style.

According to the laws of Siam the king must marry his sister, and the queen is half sister to her husband Chulalongkorn. She is said to be the most beautiful woman in the palace, but I judge that this opinion is stretched on account of her rank. She is a short-haired, yellow-faced lady of thirty who takes great interest

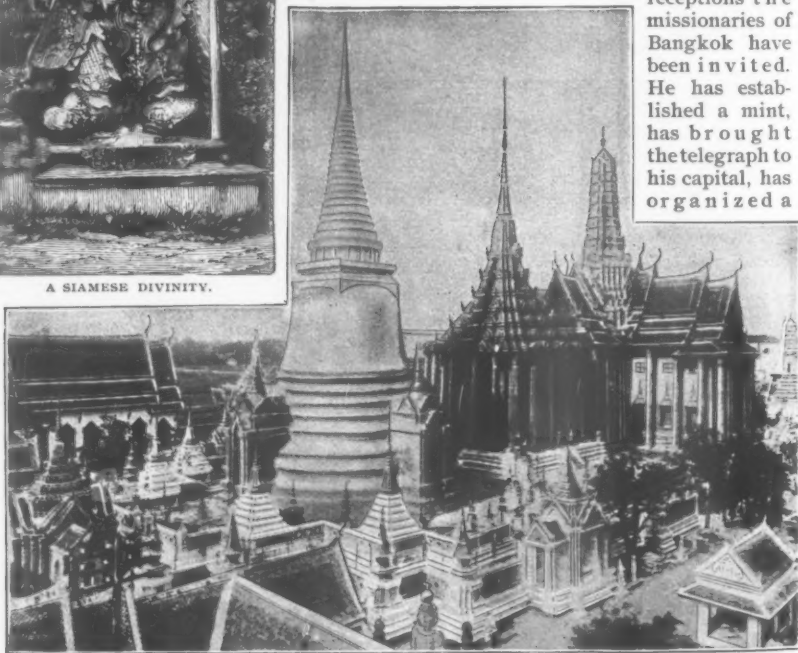
in all affairs of the kingdom and who has a mind of her own. She is very charitable and she gave a large donation to the Catholic College which is now being built in Bangkok. She does not speak English as does the king, but she has a bright mind and is much loved by the people.

King Chulalongkorn is now thirty-six years old. He is a straight fine looking young fellow, about five feet and a half high, with a cream colored face, half almond eyes and a downy mustache showing out under a semi-flat nose over rather full lips. He was educated by an English governess, Mrs. Leonowens, and then entered the priesthood. After he came out he had English tutors and he has traveled more perhaps than any other King of Siam. And he is, I am told, the most progressive Siamese in Siam. He has given some money to missions, and to some of his

receptions the missionaries of Bangkok have been invited. He has established a mint, has brought the telegraph to his capital, has organized a



A SIAMESE DIVINITY.



TEMPLE OF THE EMERALD IDOL AND GOLDEN SPIRE.



A STREET IN BANGKOK.

royal school with English teachers where his many sons and those of Siamese nobles may be educated, and has a little army and navy of his own. While I write this article his surveyors are laying out a railroad which if constructed will open up the whole interior of Indo-China, and he has at his capital a street-car line, a post-office and a custom-house. Siam belongs to the postal union and she is represented at the great courts of the world by her own ministers sent out by this king.

Chulalongkorn is enormously wealthy. He has an income of ten million dollars a year and he is supposed to have about fifty million dollars outside of his general title to the people and country which he governs. He spends immense sums in carrying out various pet projects of his own but he is a good business man and watches his revenues closely. No draft can be made upon his treasury department without it is countersigned by him and it keeps him busy to take care of his property.

Siam is the land of the white elephant and Chulalongkorn has now four white elephants in the imperial stables which adjoin his palace. Great burly beasts with mouse-colored skins speckled by disease, they have been shorn of their glory, and their tusks are no longer bound with gold nor are their bodies swathed in clothes of purple velvet. Heavy ropes have taken the place of golden chains in binding their ankles. These elephants are often used in the grand processions of the king. At such times they are decorated with something of their old grandeur. Pavilions are tied upon their backs and the royal family ride out in state.

There are ten thousand Buddhist priests in Bangkok alone and every Siamese man is supposed to be a priest at some time during his life. You see these priests everywhere. They go about bare-legged, bare-footed and bare-headed, with a cloth of yellow about their shoulders and waists bearing with them black rice bowls of clay in

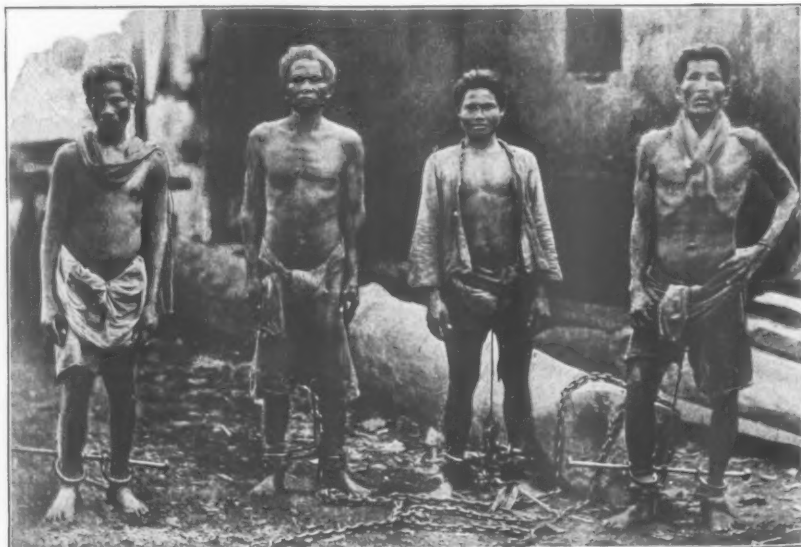
which they put the offerings of rice and food which the people everywhere give to them. The heads of these priests are shaven and they have sworn to eat no meat and not to look upon woman. They dare not ask for alms and if on presenting themselves with their pots rice is not given them they go away without murmuring. All of them smoke and not a few chew the betel.

The Buddhist temples of Siam are as grand as the houses of the people are poor. Inside the walls of the palace of the king there is one which has a pagoda tower covered with gold leaf, the dazzling brightness of which can be seen for miles around Bangkok. The outside layer of this tower cost one hundred thousand dollars, and the building of this temple itself must have cost millions. In one of the rooms there is a carpet of woven silver, which I found woefully dirty and discolored through the pressure of many bare feet, until it looked not unlike the mud floors of a frontier cabin. The walls of many of the buildings were faced with painted porcelain, and there was a forest of spires and towers decorated with gold and pieces of bright-colored glass, which glittered like jewels under the sunlight. About this golden pagoda there

were, I judge, a half-dozen acres of massive buildings trimmed out in this gaudy manner, some of which rose, story after story, into massive spires decorated with thousands of grotesque figures of men and beasts, and showing here and there golden images of the holy elephant.

Here the holy fire is preserved which is used in the royal cremations. This fire had been burning since the beginning of the world, until a century ago, when it went out, and was rekindled from a temple struck by lightning.

In no country is cremation made so much of as in Siam. The burning of a king costs a fortune, and when Chulalongkorn cremated his first queen, eight years ago, it cost him more than five hundred thousand dollars. A palace was built for the occasion. The remains were embalmed and kept for ten months, and there were plays and dancing, and money was scattered among the people. A feast was given to the foreigners, and the body was not burned until the eighth day of the ceremonies. After the affair was over the charred bones were placed in a golden urn; and it is said that Chulalongkorn has several generations of his ancestors thus packed away in the recesses of his royal palace.



SIAMESE DEBT SLAVES.



ROMULUS AND REMUS.  
(Heraldic Symbol of Siena.)

## SIENA'S MEDIEVAL FESTIVAL.

BY ANNA HAMPTON BREWSTER.

THERE are two or three festivals still celebrated in Italy that are worth the trouble of traveling many miles to see. The great Regatta of Venice is one. The *Contrade* of Siena is another. *Le Contrade* is a medieval festival celebrated twice a year, in July and August. Siena has always had an especial veneration for the Blessed Virgin the patroness of the city, and these festivals begin on the two great Virgin feasts of the summer—The Visitation July 2d, the Assumption August 15th. The August celebration is the finer of the two; indeed the July *contrade* seems to be a sort of preparation for the later festival. Although the August *contrade* begin on the 15th, the 16th is the great day when *il palio*, the prize, is run. *Palio* means a mantle as well as a prize. *Correre il palio* is to run a race. The word *palio* is used I fancy, because the principal prize is a handsome piece of velvet, such as was used in medieval days for men's mantles.

On the 15th of August (Assumption), there are two *prove* or dress rehearsals of the races,—one at 9 A. M., the other at 6 P. M., in the historical Campo, as Dante called what is now dubbed Piazza Vittoria Emanuele! At every *prove* a crowd assembles, and of course there is intense excitement and enthusiasm displayed over the winning horses. During all the days of *Le Contrade* you meet constantly little processions going about the picturesque streets of the old Tuscan city, men and lads dressed in gay medieval costumes, flag bearers, and bands of music. A horse wearing a tinsel bordered velvet cover, and other adornments is with each procession. They make a remarkably fine effect. When you come suddenly on one at a sharp turn of a crooked steep street that is flanked on either side by stern gothic palaces with turreted towers, you are in medieval days.

*La Contrada* dates from the period of the Sienese republic, the twelfth century, and was originally a military association. In all medieval republics the defense of the city was confided to the patriotism of the citizens. A local militia appeared under one form or another, in every city, alongside the two great medieval institutions, the Church and the *Comune*. As Florence had its *gonfalon*i, so Siena had its *contrade*. In time of peace these volunteers were workmen, artisans, artists, not soldiers. Siena was divided off into sixty wards; each ward was a company or *contrada*. When the *Comune* bell sounded an alarm, every able bodied man, even to seventy years of age, dropped his tools, put on his armor, took up his arms, joined the *contrada* of his ward, ran to the walls or gates, and defended the city against the enemy. The *gonfalon*i of Florence were divided according to occupation. In Siena, as the division was by wards and streets, each citizen fought beside his neighbour.

Each Sienese *contrada*, had its religious centre, its oratory or church, and patron

saint. They were organized into bodies, with rules, statutes, officers, a fund for expenses, flags and costumes with especial colors, and each *contrada* had a name.

The Sieneſe were very ſimple, and took the names of objects existing in nature, ſuch as the wolf, the lion, etc.

In time of peace the members of the *contrade* held public games on high feſtivals. The Sieneſe have always been fond of ſtately pageants. The *contrade* games, however, were not only for ſhow, but were alſo exerciſes that would exhibit their ſkill and courage, and likewiſe keep up the military ſpirit. Theſe games were exhibited in the Campo. From time immemorial *il pugilato*, boxing, was popular among the Sieneſe. As far away as Tarquinius Priſcus we hear of it. After the victory over the Latins, the Sieneſe players were called to Rome to give in the Circus Maximus *il giuco della preſegna* (the game of fiſts, literally,) that was ordered among other ſpectacles by Tarquinius in honor of the victory. Titus Livy (Book 2d) ſays, "In Tuſcany boxing was always a prerogative of the Sieneſe."

After the Sieneſe republic fell in the ſixteenth century, when Charles V. conquered the city, and his ſon Philip II. ſold the once great republic to the Medici, the *contrade* ceaſed to be military, but kept up the holiday character. Under the Spaniſh rule, bull fights were introduced, and combats with buffalos. They employed huge wooden machines to attack the bulls. Theſe machines were made in bizarre forms; ſometimes they copied the names of the *contrade*; for example, one would be a huge lion or an enormous eagle. The ancient Italian game *il pallone*, foot-ball, which is ſtill in vogue, and played conſtantly at the Lizza or public park of Siena, was alſo one of the diverſions of the *contrade*. Then came *il palio*—the horſe-race, which is the preſent amuſement.

Now there are only ſeventeen *contrade* inſtead of ſixty; the members continue to be holiday ſoldiers for ſeaſons of jollity and mirth, and form a droll contrast to the real ſoldier animal of the preſent day, the clumsy, untidy infantry men gariſoned in Siena, or the Italian policemen in their very ugly livery uniform. The *contrade* of the nineteenth century have,

however, adapted themſelves to one ruling ſpirit of the day,—the ſpirit of aſſociation. They are not only holiday ſoldiers for feſtal occasions, but they are alſo benevolent ſocieties; ſome are educational; ſome for mutual aſſiſtance in time of perſonal need. The *contrade* are under the juriſdiction of the municipality of Siena in all matters relating to public diſplays, alſo public meetings, elections of officers, etc., that is, as to how and when theſe meetings ſhall be held ſo as not to diſturb the public peace. Their ſymbols, banners and the like are alſo under municipal ſurveillance in order to prevent any ſeditious exhibitions. They are independent as to their individual government; this conſiſts of a General Council in each *contrada*, compoſed of all the male population of the ward, and a *seggio* or committee of officers; theſe officers are nominated by the Council and elected annually, the ſecond Sunday of May.

On the afternoon of the 16th of Auguſt all Siena is a-tiptoe with expectation. The town is full of people. Not only the *contadini* (peaſants) pour into Siena, but all claſſes, from neighboring towns and watering places. There are excursion trains for the occaſion, and every hotel and *pensione* is crowded. The *palio* or prize race takes place at 6 P. M., but the wiſe virgins go early to ſecure good ſeats in the *palchi* or benches of the ſcaffolding built againſt the baſes of the palaces that ſurround the Campo. As early as four o'clock an animated crowd of all conditions of people are buſtling about in the Piazza or Campo. The whole ſeventeen *contrade* join together and form in line of proceſſion about five o'clock. They march through the Via del Caſato, and enter "*liberamente nel Campo di Siena*" (*Purgatoria XI.*) from the ſouth.

The proceſſion of *le contrade* is the pretieſt ſight imaginable. As I have ſaid, each *contrada* ſports its own colors in coſtume, banners, and flags. There are two *alfieri* or flag bearers to each *contrada*. Their large ſilken flags of brilliant hues are embroidered in gold thread and many colored ſilks, or painted. They have on them the animal or bird that gives the name to the *contrada*, and the Madonna or ſaint that is the choſen patron. The *alfieri* have a peculiar mode of handling their flags. Each great ſquare of gay





PAGES AND FLAG BEARERS OF THE MIRA COMRADE.

silk is fluttered as if it were the wing of some gorgeous Eastern bird. First the *alfieri* makes it skim across the ground, then it floats out on the air, then by a cunning whirl and dash of the flag pole the flag darts high up, soars aloft, then comes fluttering down into the hands of the skilful *alfieri*. The dresses of the various *contrade* are of slashed satin and velvet doublets; striped leggings; slippers with huge silk and tinsel rosettes, or embroidered velvet shoes, or russet leather bottines with long, pointed, turned-up toes; gay velvet caps of various shapes, some square, some peaked, all with large ostrich plumes, or pert pheasant feathers and sparkling bands. Smart, saucy pages come; some swaggering along with their hands on their dagger hilts, some lead the race horses that are richly caparisoned with velvet gold bordered horse covers.

The captains wear steel helmets and cuirasses over their gay satins and velvets. It is a veritable picture. You have only to step into the Duomo, into the Piccolomini library to see the same pageantry, the same straight limbed, long nosed, high, thin headed Tuscan men, with picturesque costumes in the brilliant pictures Pinturicchio painted four hundred years ago, and the same self-satisfied, serious, important expressions of face, and assurance in the carriage of their bodies, which, of course, was the reason for Dante saying of the Sieneſe of his day.

"on fugiammai  
Gente sì vana come la Sanese?  
Certo non la Francesca se d'assai." (*Inferno*, XXIX.)

At the rear of the procession comes rumbling along the famous historical *caroccio*. It is a high, heavy wooden car, shields, and garlands, and mottos are painted on it in different colors, picked out with gold. Standard bearers stand in it, dressed in dark green and black medieval costumes, they hold the large flags of the city half furled.

The *caroccio* was the war symbol in the middle ages. Each republic had its *caroccio*. It was a rallying point during a combat, the *palladio*, a sacred symbol of the republic, watched over by a select guard of warriors whose duty was to defend it, even unto death.

But the *caroccio* used in the Sieneſe con-

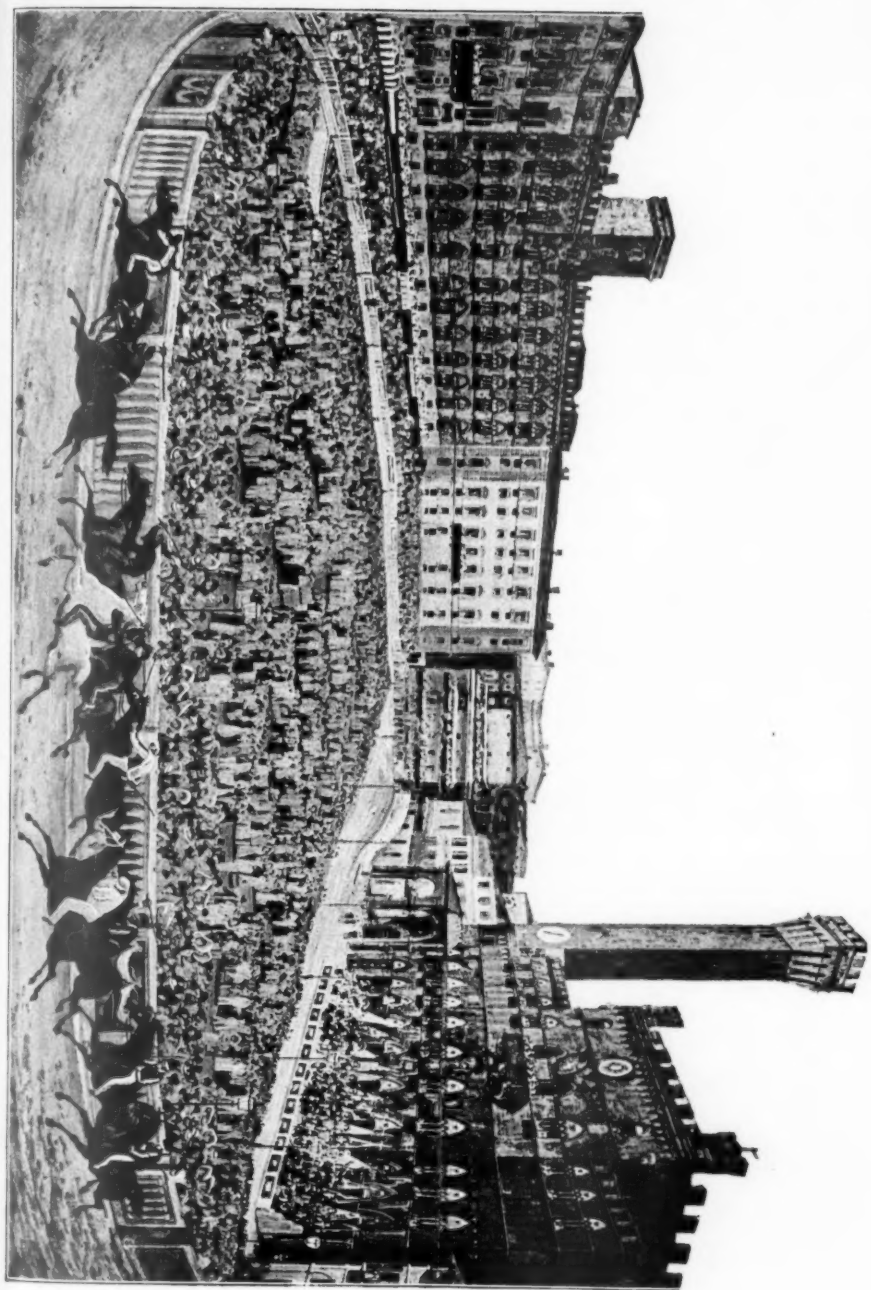
trade procession is not the ancient war symbol of the republic of Siena. It is a memory bitter to the Florentines even at this modern day:—a memory of that famous battle of Montapertò fought far away in 1260, when the Florentines were unexpectedly and most disastrously defeated by the Sieneſe. Over six hundred years ago! But notwithstanding that distance of time it is a sore point at this very moment.

Some years ago when Florence was the capital city of the Piedmontese royal family that rules united Italy, there was some great national festival to be celebrated. During the preparations it was proposed that the Sieneſe *contrade* should be invited, so that their picturesque costumes might add to the effect of the pageant. Suddenly a serious look came over the faces of the members of the committee, and one of them said, solemnly,

"But what if they bring that *caroccio* of Montapertò with them?" So the proposition was dropped then and there.

That *caroccio* of the Sieneſe *contrade* is not the original one that was captured at Monapertò in 1260. When the Florentine *palladio* was too worm eaten and worn to carry around in the *contrade* processions it was stored away in one of the lumber rooms of the Palazzo della Signoria (now Palazzo Comunale). It was still in existence thirty years ago, and may be yet. A faithful copy was made of it which is the one we see in the processions, but of late years the Sieneſe shields and mottoes have taken the places of the Florentine emblems; among them are the ancient Roman white and black shield,—the heraldic colors of Siena,—and the Republican shield with the motto *Libertas*. In 1260 the Sieneſe captured not only the *caroccio*, with its great tolling war bell, but also the sacred white flag of the republic and 20,000 prisoners.

In the Duomo are two very tall *antenne* or lance-handles, leaning against the great columns that support the cupola. These were also in the Montapertò *caroccio*. The white standard of the Florentine republic used to be in the sacristy of Santa Maria della Scala, but it is no longer there, and no one can tell what has become of it. The *campane de Marte* or bell of Mars, that was in the *caroccio*,



PRIZE RING IN THE PIAZZA DEL CAMPO.

is said to be among the bells in the campanile of St. Giorgio. That campanile, which is in the form of a tower, was built in memory of the battle of Montaperto (which was called the battle of St. Giorgio by the Sienese); it has thirty-eight windows, in honor of the thirty-eight *contrade* that took part in the battle.

The gay procession of medieval soldiers, richly caparisoned horses, lumbering *caroccio*, and dancing flags went slowly around the Piazza del Campo,

The Piazza, too, is full of interest,—the veritable heart of Siena in republican days. Every street of importance has an opening into it; indeed, it has nine outlets. The form of the Campo is as strange as picturesque. A gigantic escallop shell with ten stone rays spreading out from

the base of the hemicycle where the Palazzo Comunale stands. There is nothing like this Piazza del Campo in all Europe. Its ten stone rays and pavement date from the twelfth century. In ancient days it was covered with trees, and called Valle Selvata Bruna,—valley of the dark woods. A low tower arises above one of the palaces on the western border of the Campo—the most ancient building in Siena. That tower is the Rocca Bruna. The valley was infested with robbers, and the Rocca or castle was built as a protection for those whose road to their homes lay through the valley. There is a subterranean passage under this piazza, but its outlet is unknown. One tradition says it runs towards the south, where the convent and church of the Servites now stand, near Porta Romana. Another belief is, that

its direction is north from the Piazza towards Porta Camollia. All this land of Siena is an extinct volcano, as is the Roman land. Even now Siena is once in a while shaken with slight earthquakes. The Piazza del Campo is, of course, the crater of an old burnt-out volcano that was flaming as Vesuvius is in our day, thousands of years ago.

The old Sienese chronicler, Gerolamo Gagli, tells in his "*Diario Senese*" of a touching scene that occurred in this Campo six hundred years ago. The hero of the great battle of Montaperto, Provenzano Salvini, had a dear friend whom he loved better than his life. In 1266, at the fatal battle of Tagliacozzo, when the brave young Conradin of Suabia was defeated by Charles of Anjou, Vigna was taken prisoner. The king said that if ten thousand gold florins were not paid by a cer-



PAGE OF THE TORTOISE CONTRADA.

tain date, Vigna should lose his head. Provenzano Salvini had no ten thousand florins.

"*Egli per trar l'amsico uo di pena*" (Purgatorio xi)—for Dante also tells of it—to relieve his friend from the pain of death, Salvini in his anguish and sore need came down into the Campo, spread out in the centre a great carpet, and called aloud to his fellow-citizens to help him, so that he might save his beloved friend from King Charles cruelty. What a picture! What a scene indeed! And truly every act of that dramatic and unconscious thirteenth century seems to be a picture or a poem. We are told that it is a great thing to raise the ideal of our day. And that was what the men of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries did without thinking of doing a great thing. They had high ideals for which they worked, for which they fought, for which they died. The ideal in art was that of the rule of St. Bernard and St. Benedict. The ideal of the people was liberty!

Poor Provenzano Salvini! Three years after this grand scene in the Campo of Siena, he commanded at the battle of Val d'Elsa and was killed. His personal enemy and townsman, Cavolino Tolomei, who fought on the opposite side, was not satisfied with Salvini's death, but brutally cut off the hero's head, put it a-top of a lance, and had it carried around the field of battle as a trophy. Horrible as well as brilliant memories come to mind when you sit alone watching a medieval pageant passing over historical ground as I did on the late afternoon of this 16th of August.

The great Piazza was buzzing with people. The centre of the shell-shaped Campo was a mass of *contadini*. The beautiful marble Fonte Gaia—Fountain of Joy—a strangely-formed square of exquisite sculpture, stood out in snowy relief against the dark and light, the sombre and gay figures of men and women. The Sienese women are passionately fond of vivid, bright colors, and have a droll but rather taking way of following the fashion. Their holiday gowns are rose pink or sky-blue, canary-yellow or bright scarlet. They wear skirts of one color and waists or tight jackets of another; the more striking the contrast the better they are pleased. Then

their great Tuscan hats, with broad flapping brims, have low crowns covered with gauze and soft down feathers of vivid hues. Seen from a distance and a certain height, as I saw them in a mass, they seemed like a great flock of strange, bright birds, huddled together just ready for flight. Turreted palaces surround the Campo on the outer lip of the Piazza crater; the scaffoldings, with seats built against their lower walls, were filled with *i Monti*, as the people were called in the middle ages. The windows and *ringhieri*, or iron balconies, of these old palaces—Nigi, Sansedoric, Casino degli Nobili, etc.,—were also crowded. In the hired balconies and windows were the bourgeois and strangers—*Cittadini*. In the private windows and balconies of the palaces were the *Ottimati*, as the Sienese aristocracy was named in medieval times. And what a picture it was! or a multitude of pictures. At every turn was a suggestion of some one of Siena's famous frescoes, and everywhere was the indication of that which gives a delicious sensation to the looker on,—graceful movement, glowing picturesque combinations of color, and harmonious light.

The most beautiful part of the procession was the close. When the *contrade* reached the high-benched seats arranged for them in front of the Palazzo Comunale, the slender, straight-limbed Tuscan men leaped lightly up the benches, took their seats, and a dazzling grouping they made, with striped nether garments, black and yellow, white and blue, green and orange, old gold and rose, tight as the skin, gay velvet and satins and tinsel and mock jewels flashing, holiday arms clanging, and the beautiful flags fluttering as the handsome young *alfieri* furled them around the poles. Back of them was *that cavoccio* of Montaperto memories, and behind this artistic group rose up, as a superb background, the Palazzo Comunale, a high, harmonious mass of fine architecture, as full as an illuminated page of colored shields, inscriptions, and gothic carvings; with the famous, tall Torre della Mangia springing like a dart high up against the sky, with marvelously beautiful open-air chapel at the base.

The *contrade* officers once seated, the horses came out and started for the race. The run is three times around the Campo,



which is 300 metres in circumference. The race itself was not of much interest. There was more velvet and tinsel about the poor beasts than racing merit. But the people were pleased, and were in the highest state of excitement. It was as good to them as a Royal Derby. The riders beat their horses most unmercifully, and when a rival passed ahead he and his horse received a shower of blows from those whom he was outstripping.

The *Monti* screamed and shouted when *la Lupa* (the Wolf) gained the race, for the wolf is the heraldic symbol of Siena, and the friends of that *contrada* were beside themselves with joy. The following day (the 17th) the winning horse was led in triumph about the city, richly caparisoned, accompanied by the officers of *la Lupa contrada* in full dress, a band of music, and the two *alfieri* tossing their flags skilfully. In the afternoon there was a race of *cavalli sciolti*, riderless horses, a brutal spectacle. Large crackers were fastened to the haunches of the poor beasts; when these were fired off, the frightened animals ran

around the Campo maddened with fear. One horse leaped the barrier and went galloping up Via del Casato, causing a great stampede. There was a universal *saute qui peut*. Luckily, the horse was soon caught before any one was injured.

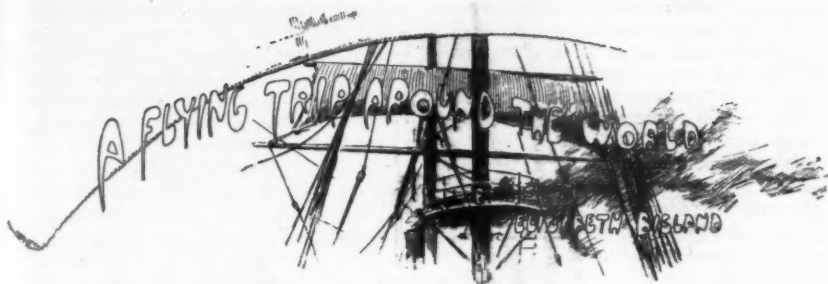
That night there were fireworks in the Campo. The next day (Sunday) the whole affair wound up with the inevitable Tombola (lottery), without which no public jollity is complete in Italy, and the fine *contrade feste* of 1889 ended, to the great satisfaction of all hands, especially *la contrada* of *la Lupa*.

In the Palazzo dei Conservatorie, Campidoglio, Rome, on the wall of the great stairway is a pompous epigraph cut in marble, one of the very few relics of the German Emperors of the middle ages to be found in Rome. It is a copy of the verses written by the court poet of Frederic II, upon the celebrated victory that Emperor gained over the cities of the Lombard league at Cortenuove in Nov. 1237. Frederic captured at that battle some fragments of the *coraccio* of Milan and sent them to Rome as a trophy with the verses. The obsequious Romans had the *coraccio spoglie* mounted above an antique column in the Campidoglio and the verses cut in a stone tablet. After a while, when the Ghibellinas were put down and the papal or Gueppa party came into power, the *coraccio* fragments were burned and the inscription thrown aside. It lay for centuries, this stone epigraph, under the earth that accumulates so mysteriously over every forgotten thing in Rome. In 1727 this inscription was dug up, and set in the wall of the stairway during the pontificate of Benedict XIV. The epigraph runs thus:

Cesaris Augusti Friderici Roma Secundi  
Dona tene currum princeps in Urbe decus,  
Mediolani captus de strage triumphos  
Cesaris ut referat inclita preda veriet.  
Hostis in opprobrium pendebit, in urbis  
honorem  
Mictitur hunc urbis mittere jussit amor.



PAGE OF THE NICCHIS (SHELL) CONTRADA



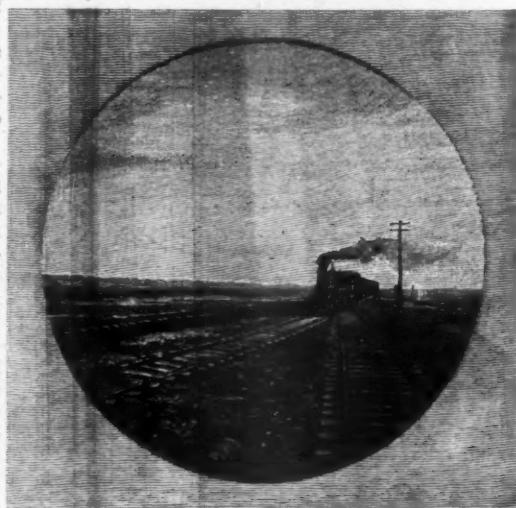
#### FIRST STAGE.

IF, on the thirteenth day of November, 1889, some amateur prophet had foretold that I should spend Christmas day of that year in the Indian Ocean I hope I should not by any open and insulting incredulity have added new burdens to the trials of a hardworking soothsayer—I hope I should, with the gentleness due a severe case of aberrated predictiveness, have merely called his attention to the passage in the Koran in which it is written "The Lord loveth a cheerful liar"—and bid him go in peace. Yet I did spend the 25th day of December steaming through the waters that wash the shores of the Indian Empire, and I did do other things equally preposterous, of which I would not have believed myself capable if forewarned of them. I can only claim in excuse that these vagaries were unpremeditated, for the prophets neglected their opportunity and I received no warning.

On the fourteenth of November of the aforementioned year, I was awakened at eight o'clock as usual by the maid with the breakfast tray—which also contained the morning papers and a neat pile of notes and letters. Among these latter were acceptances of invitations I had sent to half a dozen agreeable folk to come and drink five o'clock tea with me on the fifteenth, the usual communications from one's friends on casual subjects; an invitation

to dinner; a bill; and a notice from my tailor that I might come some time during the day and have the final fitting of a gown in process of construction.—All as pleasantly commonplace as the most mild mannered individual could expect or desire.

I read the papers leisurely, made a calm and uneventful toilet, and the very first intimation of the coming thunderbolt out of the serene sky of my existence was a hurried and mysterious request, at half past ten o'clock, that I would come as soon as possible to the office of the COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE—of which I am one of the editors. My appetite for mystery at that hour of the day is always lamentably feeble, and it was nearly eleven before I found time to go and investigate this one, although the

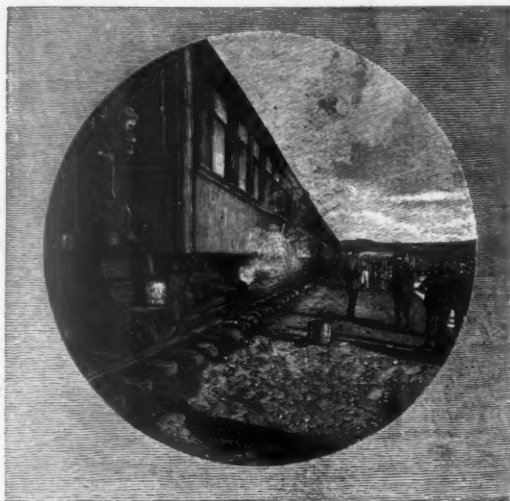


office in question was only a few minutes' walk from my residence. On my arrival the editor and owner of the magazine asked if I would leave New York that evening for San Francisco and go around the world in some absurdly inadequate space of time.

If my appetite for mystery at that hour is not strong, my appetite at eleven in the morning for even the most excruciatingly funny jokes may be said to actu-

ally not exist, and this one, I remember, bored me more than most. In the course of half an hour I had become convinced that the editor really wished me to go, and had endeavored to convince him that I meant to do nothing of the sort. To begin with I didn't wish to. In the second place people were coming to my house to tea on the following day; thirdly I was not prepared in the matter of appropriate garments for such an abrupt departure, and lastly, but most weightily, I foresaw the notoriety that such an effort to outdo the feat of Jules Verne's hero was likely to bring upon me, and to this I most earnestly objected. Though I had been for some years more or less connected with journalism I had appeared in the papers only as the contributor of unsigned





A HOT BOX.

articles, and the amount of distress I experienced when I first saw my name in a head line was so far beyond even my anticipations of what I should feel, that I then and there registered a vow— Throughout this voyage of mine I have had cause to owe much gratitude to journalists for all manner of aid and civility, but I have resolved in the future to so endeavor to conduct myself that they will never have reason to put my name in a head line again—.

The editor and I passed the better part of an hour going over this matter, and eventually substantial arguments were advanced by him which persuaded me to make the experiment of lowering the circumnavigatory record. I then took a cab and drove to my tailor for the appointed fitting and for a vigorous interview in which he was ultimately convinced I *could* wear that gown at six o'clock that evening. The next few hours were busy ones. To the masculine mind there appears to be something strangely exhilarating in the idea of a woman being abruptly torn from her home without sufficient time to put her wardrobe in order. To all the men responsible for this voyage the most delightful feature of the whole business seemed to be that I an unoffending female, whose numerous

occupations had prevented any but the most casual preparations having been made for winter gowns, should be forced to get ready for a seventy-five days' voyage around the world in five hours.— Why this should be so women have not yet discovered after a close companionship of six thousand years and more. It is one of those hopeless warps in the male mind that my sex no longer attempt to comprehend or to straighten, and, being incurable, have learned to bear with and ignore as far as possible.

I finally managed to get all absolute necessities of travel into a good-sized steamer trunk, a large Gladstone bag and a shawl strap, but found, by experience, that my progress would have been in no degree retarded and my comfort and happiness far better served, by carrying a second larger box with everything I could possibly require. I managed the trip on two cloth gowns, half a dozen light bodices, and an evening silk, but might quite as well have carried my entire winter and a large part of my summer wardrobe. Happily I took the precaution to carry plenty of pins and hair-pins. I had had some previous experience with their vicious ways, and well knew that in critical moments in foreign parts they would get up playful little games of hide-and-seek that would tend to undermine my temper, and the only sure course was to have geologic layers of them all through the trunk so that a shaft might be hastily sunk through one's belongings at any moment with a serene certainty of striking rich deposits of both necessities of female existence.

To wake up in the morning to one's usual daily round and find one's self at night voyaging round the world, is an experience calculated to surprise even a mind as composed as Pet Marjorie's historically placid fowl, and looking back now over the time of my departure I find that, though to outward seeming I also was,

"—most exceeding ca'm,"

in reality I was practically stupefied with



RESIDENCE OF CHARLES CROCKER, SAN FRANCISCO.

astonishment for at least two days.

I remember thinking rapidly on all manner of subjects, telling myself warningly that it would not do to forget anything or make any mistakes, as they could not be rectified.

. . . I remember thinking that my new gown fitted very well, and that, though my face was drawn and white with the excitement and fatigues of the day, my new glazed hat was distinctly becoming.

. . . Then there were cabs and hurry—kisses—last directions—the bumping of the box on the stair—a big bunch of pink roses (which I felt was a nice complementary touch to my traveling ensemble)—everybody talking at once and giving different advice and directions—the glare of lights—the coffin-like smell of a sleeping car—and I was off for seventy-five days' travel round the globe.

. . . Then no more distinct impressions until Chicago suddenly steps across my twenty-five thousand mile path and it is necessary to change cars. . . Even this is vague. I remember that through some mistake there was no one there to meet me as had been arranged—that I wandered about a vast, gloomy, and

rather empty station in the care of a friendly conductor,—that I sat on a high stool at a counter and quenched internal cravings, caused by lack of dinner, with tea and ham; every mouthful regarded with wau interest by the person who officiated in the echoing lunch hall;—that the conductor having bid me a commiserating adieu, I slid away into the night, very homesick, very cross, and haunted by the bitterest suspicions of the happy results of a tea and ham dinner.

But with that night's sleep I slept away my stupefaction of amazement, and awoke at daybreak in my right mind. I pulled up my window curtain and found the sun almost ready to rise.

I have never permitted a vulgar familiarity to dull my keen delight in the ever-varying pageant of the breaking of day; so that, consequently, on the rare occasions when I assist at this function, my pleasure has all the enthusiasm of novelty. Now the lifted curtain showed me a New Jerusalem. . . As if to one who should rise to pray at the moment when God gave his great daily fiat of "let there be light," should be vouchsafed a white, luminous foreshadowing of that which



it has not entered into the heart of man to understand. . . . Not the strangely narrow and urban vision of Patmos; no streets or walls but a limitless Land of Pearl!

. . . . Soft undulations, full and tender as the bosom of a sleeping mother, rose and fell far beyond the eye's reach, and melted into the sky. No tree or thicket broke the suave outlines, but where the thin silver veins of the streams slipped through the curves of the plain, slim, leafless willows hung, like glistening fringes. . . . In the night a hoar frost had fallen that was to snow as sleep is to death, and the pale reaped fields, the sere meadows and silent uplands were transfigured by the first gleam of day to a mystery and glory of silver and pearl. As the light grew, nacreous tints of milky blue and rose flushed the argent pallor of the land, and when the yellow disk rolled up over the horizon's edge I

traveled for some brief space in a world of intolerable splendor where innumerable billions of frost crystals flashed back to the sun the reflection of his shining face. Even the engine driver was moved, I fancy, by this marvelous morning vision, for though we were far from any stopping place there suddenly thrilled through the silence a long, keen, triumphant blast, and we trailed as we flew floating golden plumes of steam. . . .

As I passed in my swift circle about the great ball plunging along its planetary paths, many mighty and glorious visions of the coming and passing of light were revealed to me; but none more fair than this one with the radiance of youth—whose vast, sweet Nature, shadow and simulacrum, the dawning is. Eternally renewed, through all ages . . . still, with the white peace of innocence . . . joyous in unwasted strength



RESIDENCE OF MRS. MARK HOPKINS, SAN FRANCISCO.

and untried powers . . . rosy with promise and potentialities . . . gilding all the commonplaceness of the landscape with golden glammers and fantasies . . . an Eden created out of the hollow void of night, in which to rest for one dewy enchanted moment of purity and love before the sun with his flaming sword drives us forth to the toil and heat of the day! . . .

In developing my mental Kodak roll since returning I find that during this period of the journey most of the views are landscapes, seeing that I was afflicted with peculiarly uninteresting fellow travelers who made poor subjects for snap shots. Across the aisle from me was a pair of ancient little lovers. Some hundred or more years they numbered between them, I fancy. They had nested long ago, all their fledglings had flown, and left alone together once more they were on their way to Los Angeles to spend a second honeymoon among the winter orange blossoms. A charming afterglow of love, but though their quaint, antiquated billing and cooing was a pretty enough thing to watch it is notorious that even in these second bridal journeys the outsider is very much outside, and I was driven back perforce to my window.

"A perfect day," the record says. . . . More undulant fields clothed in the yellow stubble of the gathered harvest. Here and there black loam broken for winter sowing—a square of jet set in the pale amber—and over all a faint, turquoise sky. . . .

That night we were in Council Bluffs, Omaha, and by chance got passage on the

new fast mail-train, put on as an experiment in time across the continent, which carried but one sleeper and the General Manager's private car.

The pace was tremendous from the start. . . . We began to climb the Great Divide. Trees and shrubs grew more and more rare and finally vanished altogether. . . . Great gray plains all about us; covered thinly with a withered, ashen-colored plant, the bitter results of an unequal struggle for existence, and strangely resembling in miniature the gnarled, withered cedars that cling to wind-scourged coasts. Settlements were few and far between. Scrawny horses picked up a scant living in the desolate upland meadows; and an occasional yellow cur that came out and barked at us as we went by was the only other form of animal life to be seen. Once in a long while we passed a dwelling, a square cabin of gray unpainted boards, always tightly closed and the dwellers absent somewhere on business. The only distinct proof of the human habitation of these silent, lonely homes was a tiny pair of butternut trousers fluttering on the clothes-line near one of them. The minute American citizen who should have occupied them was invisible, and I feared perhaps they were his only pair.

We climbed and climbed, . . . always at tremendous speed, and always the land growing more desolate, and wildly drear; like the cursed site of some prehistoric Sodom, sown with salt. The air shown with a luminous clearness undreamable in coast countries, and at night the stars were huge and fierce. Not the soft-gleaming palpitant planets of tropic nights, but keen and scintillant as swords. There was something hideous and brutal in the doom laid upon this unhappy territory, as of a Prometheus chained on the mountain tops . . . its blood dried to dust in its veins, and lifting a scarred face of gray despair to the rainless sky. From time to time we passed a feeble, trickling stream, but no verdure marked the course of its waters, that were bitter and fruitless as tears. During the night our way lay through that still more desolate portion of this dry region named with simple and expressive literalness, the Bad



AT CHEYENNE.



SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, FROM THE HILL.

Lands; and here again I saw a most wonderful breaking of the day. The moon, wan with the dawn, hung directly in the zenith, and on the eastern rim of the ghostly gray plain, under the quivering jewel of the morning star, burned the first vague flush of day. Slowly a dusky amethyst light filled the sapphire bowl of the sky, quenching the stars one by one as it rose, and when the sun showed over the world's edge the cup was brimmed, and the pale moon faintly shone in its depths, like the drowned pearl of the Egyptian Queen. There was no eye but mine to see, yet here in the midst of unpeopled desolation the majestic ceremonies of the sky were fulfilled with the same slow pomp and splendor as if all the worshippers of the Sun knelt in awed wonder to see the Bridegroom come forth out of his chamber. . . .

Our speed through this part of the country was terrible. Five hours away from Ogden we were two hours and a half behind the time set for our arrival there. Some three-quarters of a million hung upon our reaching there promptly and getting the track clear for ourselves beyond it, not to mention many other important considerations that could scarcely be reckoned in figures, for a great government contract for mails would be either lost or won by morning. A certain engineer, whose name was Foley—or words to that effect—was telegraphed to meet us at the next stop. He was a gentleman of Irish extraction who labored under an entire absence of physical timidity—and who remarked with jovial determination as he

climbed into the cab that he would “get us to Ogden—or Hell, on time.” Several times during that five hours ride the betting stood ten to one on the latter goal, and Hades was hot favorite. The grade at this part of the road has a descent of 93 feet in a mile and the track corkscrewed through gorges and cañons with but small margin between us and destruction. To these considerations Mr. Foley was cheerfully indifferent, and pulling out the throttle he let the engine have her head at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. The train rocked like a ship at sea, and sleepers held on to their berths in terror, the more nervous actually succumbing to *mal de mer*. The plunge of the engine, that now and again whimpered affrightedly in the darkness, could be felt through the whole train, as one feels beneath one the fierce play of the loins of a runaway horse. From the rear car the tracks were two lines of fire in the night. The telegraph poles reeled backwards from our course and the land fled from under us with horrible nightmare weirdness. The officers of the train grew alarmed and ordered speed slackened, but Mr. Foley, consulting his watch, regretted with great firmness that he could not oblige them. One man rolled in an anguish of terror on the floor; and the General Manager, engaged in a late game of whist, regarding the sufferer with sympathetic interest as he took the odd trick with the thirteenth trump, remarked that it was such episodes as this in American life that made us a nation of youthful gray-heads.

We arrived in Ogden on time. Mr. Foley dismounted with alacrity from his cab, remarked that these night rides were prone to give a man cold, and went in pursuit of an antidote behind a swinging Venetian door on the corner, and we saw him no more.

From here the vast, desolate, uplands, 8,000 feet up in the keen dry air showed no further sign of human habitation between the stations, and was ornamented only with the frequent jack rabbit, the occasional coyote, and, once in a while, an arrangement in tepees. Indians crowded about the train at every stop; those of the female sex who were blessed with offspring permitting us to view the living contents of the corded parcels they carried on their backs in exchange for small current coin. The pappoose, I discovered, is the original Baby Bunting. They slumber with stoical composure in a nest of rabbit skins—presumably those for which "papa went a-hunting"—lining a portable wooden cradle into which they are strapped, and from which, I am told, they rarely emerge during infancy. The girls and boys from six to sixteen I found very pretty with smooth red skins, glittering teeth and eyes, and black, Vanddyked locks. Those whom years had overtaken were indescribably wrinkled and parched. Old squaws squatted in the dust huddled in blankets and were as impassive as ancient worm-eaten idols. A coin dropped into their hands bought a mumble and a glance from their rusted eyes, but indifference did not wound them, neither did the fast train or any of its passengers excite their curiosity—

the vagaries of the white man were so numerous that nervous prostration would be a sure consequence of any attempt to interest themselves in his doings and peace and composure lay only in entirely ignoring him. All through this country the air had a delicious dry perfume, like the smell of parching vegetation such as one gets in a long drought, that was stimulating and wholesome as the resinous incense of pines.

The night before we reached San Francisco we found our first trees again at a little wayside eating station, where a long row of poplars stood up stiffly in the dusk near our path, and a tiny fountain plashed with an enchanting, cool melodiousness. . . . The air was soft and spring-like and the moist darkness pleasant with a smell as of white clover. It could not of course, in November, have been really the sweet early flowers of the grass, yet I know nothing else that gives out the same perfume, nor can I guess from what that pure vernal fragrance did arise, like the first breath from a promised land after long wandering in a country of wilderness and drought. . . .

Sacramento stopped us for a moment at daylight, and here we found rich, juicy verdure and watery marshes in abundance, and the first outer edges of that yellow wave from China that has broken upon the Pacific coasts. Still there were no trees. Only grassy, rounded hills, with white seamists trailing among them. A country much like that about Newport, without that icy breath always in the air of the upper Atlantic coast. There was a certain genial tenderness in this atmos-



THE OLD SPANISH FORT, SAN FRANCISCO.

phere that even in the hottest day of August is never known in the East.

At fifteen minutes past nine the nose of the ferry-boat from Oakland touches the San Francisco wharf. We have crossed the continent in four days and twenty hours,—thanks to Mr. Foley,—and the distance between New York and the western metropolis is reduced by a whole day. A great achievement! There are crowds of reporters waiting to interview everybody; General Manager, engineer, conductor—even me. We splash cheerfully through the warm rain and oozing mud—the wet season began two days ago—with pleased faces that our tremendous journey is over, walking with long strides and swinging arms because of the cramping confinement of the last four days.

To my eyes, accustomed to the soaring loftiness of New York architecture, this city seems astonishingly low. Three or four stories at the most the average is. Because of earthquakes they say; but latterly these have almost entirely ceased to occur, as if the land had grown to realize that civilization would not tolerate such impulsive ways, and had gradually abandoned them shamefacedly, as being in extremely bad taste. Consequently a few of the more recent buildings have begun to climb, Babel-like, into the drippingskies. One gets a remarkable impression of newness here such as a Londoner might on his first landing in New York. Every one tells you—"I have been here a year—six months—three months—three years—." One begins to believe that no one was ever born here. All the buildings look new and fresh. The whole atmosphere of the place is charged with a vigorous, disrespectful sort of youth. The city or at least the Spanish part of it, was founded in the year of the Declaration of Independence, but the American town is only 40 or 50 years old. The hotel at which I stop was erected in 1875. It is a huge caravansary, built round a square and enclosing a vast asphalted court adorned with palms and ferns. There is an inner arcade within this court where the typical American hotel frequenter tips back his chair, reads the papers and smokes. On the outer side of the arcade are shops of every description, so that one may pur-

chase all the ordinary needs of life without leaving one's lodging place.

I find here that my progress must be arrested for two days, as the arrangements for hurrying the departure of the ship have fallen through, and I do not altogether grieve, for this tremendous pace for thousands of miles across the country has told upon my nerves to an absurd degree, and I wonder, as I shiver with exhaustion and tremble with nameless, undefined apprehensions, how the coming generation that is to travel a hundred and a hundred fifty miles an hour, will bear the strain of it. Some process of adaption to a nerve destroying environment will take place doubtless; humanity being so elastic in such matters.

Meantime there is some space to investigate this first one of the many great cities I must pass through. The editors of the San Francisco *Examiner*, who have shown me every courtesy from the moment of my arrival, invite me to luncheon at the Cliff House, which stands on the very western edge of the continent, upon one of the pillars of the Golden Gate. There is still a soft, warm rain falling when we start. Roses climb around the porches of the residences and hang heavy-drenched blossoms amid their shining wet leaves, perfuming the damp city streets with delicious garden odors. Should I shut my eyes to the hills I mount and descend the warmth, the humidity, and the rose odors would make me believe myself in New Orleans again.

. . . In that far distant city I might be going on just such an expedition as this to Spanish Fort on the Lakeside. It gives me a sense of nostalgia, not for the people and city I have but just left, but for an earlier home, where I would have found just such carelessly happy geniality as among these witty, good-looking men who regard the delays of a train with amiable indifference, and see their day slip from them with the carelessness of a spendthrift.

The train crawls along the edge of the harbor shut in between the grassy, treeless hills. We wind around their flanks in perilous fashion for some space, for the harbor juts deeply into the land, and as we cling to their steep sides we hear the waves dashing beneath us. There is a sudden turn at last and before us lies



spread the Western Ocean! . . . There is a joyous shock of astonishment in the sight— . . . A sense of discovery, of splendid vastness, of a rich new experience seized and dominated. For one keen instant not he who

—“Stood silent upon a peak in Darien,”

felt a more magnificent dilation of spirit than I.

We lunch, jovially and sumptuously, upon the sea's edge. Already the day is declining as we finish. The rain has ceased and in the west the curtain of cloud lifts. On a balcony that overhangs the water we watch the sunset. Three great crags stand up sharply two hundred yards away—Seal Rocks—covered with grumbling, barking sea lions, the city's pets, whom the law protects. They look much like fat pigs from this distance; those just fresh from the water black and shining; the fur of the earlier comers has dried quickly and is brown and rough. At the last moment the sun flames out gloriously; reddens all the heavens, and gilds a rippling road for me across the watery world I must traverse. It is a sign of promise they tell me.

The ride home in the cable car is a curious experience. The streets are of the most astonishing steepness still, though millions have been spent in grading the hills. On each of the cars

is a small open space in front where one may sit if one likes and enjoy the sensation of plunging down the most startling inclines and yet see the car stop short at the most perilous point to allow a traveler to leisurely dismount. This road leads past the famous Nob Hill where the Bonanza Kings have their residences—huge wooden palaces of the most roccoco design. It is said that these half dozen residences cost \$9,000,000 to build. James C. Flood's house is of brown stone, the only dwelling of that material in the State, all the stone having been imported from the East at prodigious expense. It is slightly reminiscent of the Vanderbilt house in New York, but much more florid in style. One of these palaces—the property of a Bonanza relict—is of a curious lead color, which, with its overwhelmingly ornate decorations, gives it an odd resemblance to a gigantic hot-air stove.

There were beautiful public gardens, great public buildings, and many relics of the ancient Spanish domination to be seen in this charming city, but my flight was too rapid to pause for these. That night I saw the quarter known locally as China Town, peeped into some of the huge, splendid theaters and restaurants, and then at three o'clock the next day set sail for Japan.



THE SEAL ROCKS.

## "GEORGE WASHINGTON'S" LAST DUEL.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THERE were few people in the county who did not know of the old Major's antipathy to "old women," as he called them. Years no more entered into his definition of this class than celibacy did in his idea of an "old bachelor." The state of single blessedness continued in the female sex beyond the bloom of youth was in his eyes the sole basis of this unpardonable condition. He made certain concessions to the few individuals among his neighbors who had remained in the state of maidenhood, because, as he declared, neighborliness was a greater virtue than consistency; but he drew the line at these few, and it was his boast that no old woman had ever been able to get into his Eden. "One of them," he used to say, "would close paradise just as readily now as Eve did six thousand years ago." Thus, although as Margaret grew up she had any other friends she desired to visit her as often as she chose, her wish being the supreme law at Rock Towers, she had never even thought of inviting one of the class against whom her uncle's rosy face was so steadily set. The first time it had ever occurred to her to invite any one among the proscribed was when she asked Rose Endicott to pay her a visit. Rose, she knew, was living with her old aunt, Miss Jemima Bridges, whom she had once met in R——, and she had some apprehension that the condition of the South was, in Miss Jemima's opinion, so much like that of the Sandwich Islands that the old lady would not permit Rose to come without her personal escort. Accordingly, one evening after tea, when the Major was in a particularly gracious humor, and had told her several of his oldest and best stories, Margaret fell upon him unawares, and before he had recovered from the shock of the encounter, had captured his consent. Then, in order to secure the leverage of a dispatched invitation, she had immediately written Rose, asking her and her aunt to come and spend the summer with her, and had without delay handed it to George Washington to deliver Lazarus to give Luke to

carry to the postoffice. The next evening, therefore, when the Major, after twenty-four hours of serious apprehension, reopened the matter with a fixed determination to coax or buy her out of the notion, because, as he used to say, "women can't be *reasoned* out of a thing, sir, not having been reasoned in," Margaret was able to meet him with the announcement that it was "too late," as the letter had already been mailed.

Seated in one of the high-backed arm-chairs, with one white hand shading her dark eyes from the light, Margaret was amused at the look of desperation on the old gentleman's ruddy face. He squared his round body before the fire, braced himself, with his plump legs well apart, as if he were preparing to sustain the shock of a blow, and taking a deep inspiration, gave a loud and prolonged "Whew!"

Margaret rose, and, going up to him, took his arm and looked up into his face.

"Uncle, I was bound to have Rose, and Miss Jemima would not have let her come alone."

The tone was the low, almost plaintive key, the effectiveness of which Margaret knew so well.

"Not let her!" The Major faced her quickly. "Margaret, she is one of those *strong-minded* women!"

Margaret nodded brightly.

"I bet my horse she wears iron-gray curls caught on the side of her head with tucking combs!"

"She does," declared Margaret, her eyes dancing.

"And has a long nose—red at the end."

"Uncle, you have seen her. I *know* you have seen her," asserted Margaret, laughing up at him. "You have her very picture."

The Major groaned, and vowed that he would never survive it, and that Margaret would go down to history as the slayer of her uncle.

"I have selected my place in the graveyard," he said, with a mournful shake of the head. "Put me close to the fence

behind the raspberry thicket, where I shall be secure. Tell her there are snakes there."

"But, uncle, she is as good as gold," declared Margaret; "she is always doing good—she thinks it her mission to save the world."

The Major burst out, "That's part of this modern devilment of substituting humanitarianism for Christianity. Next thing they'll be wanting to abolish hell!"

The Major was so impressed with his peril that when Jeff, who had galoped over "for a little while," entered, announced with great ceremony by George Washington, he poured out all his apprehensions into his sympathetic ear, and it was only when he began to rally Jeff on the chance of his becoming a victim to Miss Endicott's charms, that Margaret interfered so far as to say, that Rose had any number of lovers, and one of them was "an awfully nice fellow, handsome and rich and all that." She wished "some one" would invite him down to pay a visit in the neighborhood, for she was "afraid Rose would find it dreadfully dull in the country." The Major announced that he would himself make love to her; but both Margaret and Jeff declared that Providence manifestly intended him for Miss Jemima. He then suggested that Miss Endicott's friend be invited to come with her, but Margaret did not think that would do.

"What is the name of this Paragon?" inquired Jeff.

Margaret gave his name. "Mr. Lawrence—Pickering Lawrence."

"Why, I know him, 'Pick Lawrence.' We were college-mates, class-mates. He used to be in love with somebody up at his home then; but I never identified her with your friend. We were great cronies at the University. He was going to be a lawyer; but I believe somebody died and he came into a fortune." This history did not appear to surprise Margaret as much as might have been expected, and she said nothing more about him.

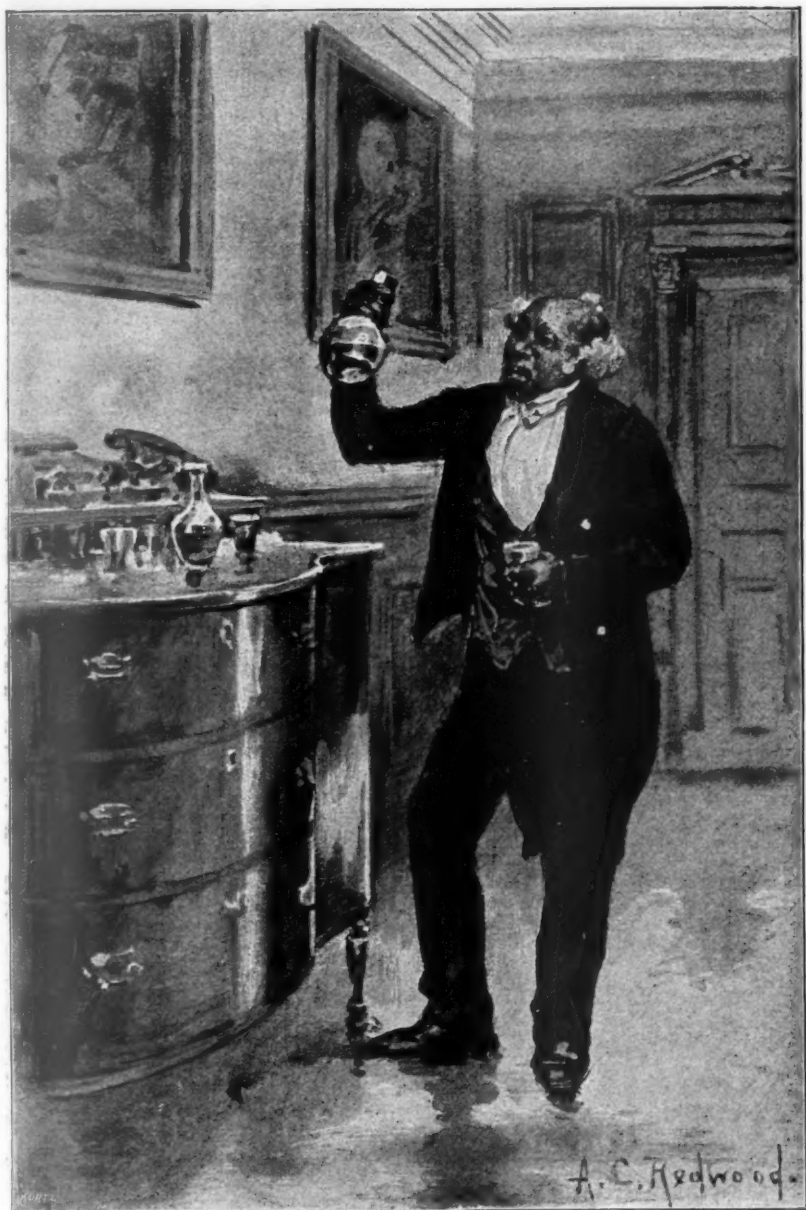
About a week later Jeff took occasion to ride over to tea and announced that his friend Mr. Lawrence had promised to run down and spend a few weeks with him. Margaret looked so pleased and dwelt so much on the alleged charms of the ex-

pected guest that Jeff, with a pang of jealousy, suddenly asserted that he "didn't think so much of Lawrence," that he was one of those fellows who always pretended to be very much in love with somebody, and was "always changing his clothes." "That's what girls like," said Margaret, decisively; and this was all the thanks Jeff received.

## II.

There was immense excitement at the Towers next day when the visitors were expected. The Major took twice his usual period to dress; George Washington with a view to steadying his nerves braced them so tight that he had great difficulty in maintaining his equipoise, and even Margaret herself was in a flutter quite unusual to one so self-possessed as she generally was. When, however, the carriage drove up to the door, the Major, with Margaret a little in advance, met the visitors at the steps in all the glory of new blue broadcloth and flowered velvet. Sir Charles Grandison could not have been more elegant, nor Sir Roger more gracious. Behind him yet grander stood George—George Washington—his master's fac-simile in ebony down to the bandanna handkerchief and the trick of waving the right hand in a flowing curve. It was perhaps this spectacle which saved the Major, for Miss Jemima was so overwhelmed by George Washington's portentous dignity that she exhibited sufficient humility to place the Major immediately at his ease, and from this time Miss Jemima was at a disadvantage, and the Major felt that he was master of the situation.

The old lady had never been in the South before except for a few days on the occasion when Margaret had met her and Rose Endicott at the hotel in R—, and as she had then seen just enough to excite her inquisitiveness and as her natural curiosity was quite amazing, she began so soon as she became sufficiently acquainted with the Major to ply him with questions. Her seat at table was at the Major's right, and the questions which she put to him proved so embarrassing, that the old-gentleman declared to Margaret that if that old woman knew as much as she wanted to know she'd eclipse Solomon in her wisdom and



"GEORGE WASHINGTON."



"I IXPEC' I IS MOS' NINETY YEARS OLE. I RECKON I'SE OL'ER 'N YOU IS."



destroy the value of the scriptures. He finally hit upon the expedient of either traversing every proposition she suggested, or else of answering every inquiry with a statement which was simply astounding. She had therefore not been at the Towers a week before she was in the possession of facts furnished by the Major which might have staggered credulity itself.

One of the many entries in her journal was to the effect that, according to Major B—, it was the custom on many plantations to shoot a slave every year, on the ground that such a sacrifice was generally salutary; that it was an expiation of past derelictions and a deterrent from repetition. And she added this memorandum:

"The most extraordinary and revolting part of it all is that this barbarous custom, which might well have been supposed confined to Dahomey, is justified by such men as Major B— as a pious act." She inserted this query. "Can it be true?"

If she did not wholly believe the Major, she did not altogether disbelieve him. She at least was firmly convinced that it was quite possible. She determined to inquire privately of George Washington.

She might have inquired of one of the numerous maids, whose useless presence embarrassed her; but the Major foreseeing that she might pursue her investigation in other directions, had informed her that the rite was guarded with the greatest care, and that it would be as much as any one's life were worth to divulge it. Miss Jemima, therefore, was too loyal to expose one of her own sex to such danger; so she was compelled to consult George Washington whom she believed clever enough to take care of himself.

She accordingly watched several days for an opportunity to see him alone, but without success. In fact, though she was unaware of it, George Washington had conceived for her a most violent dislike, and carefully avoided her. He had ob-

Like his master, he had a natural antipathy to "old women," and as the Major's threat for years had varied between "setting him free next morning" and giving him "a mistress to walk straight," George Washington felt that

prudence demanded some vigilance on his part.

served with growing suspicion Miss Jemima's investigation of matters relating to the estate, and her persistent pursuit of knowledge at the table had confirmed him in his idea that she contemplated the capture of his master and himself.

One day, under cover of the hilarity incident to the presence at dinner of Jeff and of his guest, Mr. Lawrence, Miss Jemima had pushed her inquisition even further than usual, and so, when, just before dinner was over, George Washington went into the hall to see about the fire, he, after his habit, took occasion to express his opinion of affairs to the sundry members of the family who looked down at him from their dim gilt frames on the wall.

"I ain't pleased wid de way things is gwine on heah at all," he declared, poking the fire viciously and addressing his remark more particularly to an old gentleman who in ruffles and red velvet sat with crossed legs in a high-backed chair just over the piano. "Heah me an' Marse Nat an' Miss Margaret been gittin' 'long all dese years easy an' peaceable, an' Marse Jeff been comin' over sociable all de time, an' d' ain' been no trouble nor nuttin' till now dat ole ooman what ax mo' questions 'n a thousand folks kin answer got to come heah and set up to Marse Nat, an' talk to him so he cyarn hardly eat." He rose from his knees at the hearth, and looking the old gentleman over the piano squarely in the face, asserted, "She got her mine sot on bein' my mistis, dat's what 'tis!" This relieved him so that he returned to his occupation of "chunking" the fire, adding, "When women sets de mines on a thing, you jes' well gin up!"

So intent was he on relieving himself of the burden on his mind that he did not hear the door softly open, and did not know any one had entered until an enthusiastic voice behind him exclaimed:

"Oh! what a profound observation!" George Washington started in much confusion; for it was Miss Jemima, who had stolen away from the table to intercept him at his task of "fixing the fires." She had, however, heard only his concluding sentence, and she now advanced with a beaming smile intended to con-

ciliate the old butler. George Washington gave the hearth a final and hasty sweep, and was retiring in a long detour around Miss *Jemima* when she accosted him.

"Uncle George."

"Marm." He stopped and half turned.

"What a charming old place you have here!"

George Washington cast his eye up towards the old gentleman in the high-backed chair, as much as to say, "You see there? What did I tell you?" Then he said briefly:

"Yes, 'm."

"What is its extent? How many acres are there in it?"

George Washington positively started. He took in several of the family in his glance of warning.

"Well, I declare, marm, I don't know," he began; then it occurring to him that the honor of the family was somehow at stake and must be upheld, he added, "A leetle mo' 'n a hunderd thousan', marm." His exactness was convincing. Miss *Jemima* threw up her hands:

"Prodigious! How many nee—how many persons of the African blood are there on this vast domain?" she inquired, getting nearer to her point.

George, observing how much she was impressed, eyed her with rising disdain:

"Does you mean niggers, m'm? 'Bout three thousan', mum."

Another exclamation of astonishment burst from the old lady's lips.

"If you will permit me to inquire, Uncle George, how old are you?"

"She warn see if I kin wuck—dat's what she's after," said George to himself, with a confidential look at a young gentleman in a hunting dress on the wall between two windows. Then he said:

"Well, I declare, mum, you got me dvah. I ixpec' I is mos ninety years ole. I reckon I se ol'er 'n you is—I reckon I is."

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss *Jemima* with a little start as if she had pricked her finger with a needle.

"Marse Nat kin tell you," continued George; "if you don't know how ole you is, all you got to do is to ax him, an' he kin tell you—he got it all set down in a book—he kin tell how ole you is to a dav."

"Dear, how frightful!" exclaimed Miss

*Jemima*, just as the Major entered somewhat hastily.

"He's a gone coon," said George Washington through the crack of the door to the old gentleman in ruffles, as he pulled the door slowly to from the outside.

The Major had left the young people in the dining room and had come to get a book to settle a disputed quotation. He had found the work and was trying to read it without the ignominy of putting on his glasses, when Miss *Jemima* accosted him with the statement that his "valet" appeared to be "a very intelligent person."

The Major turned upon her.

"My 'Valet,'! Madam! I have no valet!"

"I mean your body servant, your butler"—explained Miss *Jemima*. "I have been much impressed by him."

"George!—George Washington!—you mean George Washington! No, madam, he has not a particle of intelligence.—He is grossly and densely stupid, I have never in fifty years been able to get an idea into his head."

"Oh, dear! and I thought him so clever! I was wondering how so intelligent a person, so well informed could be a slave."

The Major faced about.

"George! George Washington a slave! Madam, you misapprehend the situation. He is no slave. I am the slave, not only of him but of three hundred more as arrogant and exacting as the Czar, and as lazy as the devil!"

Miss *Jemima* threw up her hands in astonishment, and the Major, who was on a favorite theme, proceeded:

"Why, madam, the very coat on my back belongs to that rascal George Washington, and I do not know when he may take a fancy to order me out of it. My soul is not my own. He drinks my whiskey, steals my tobacco and takes my clothes before my face. As likely as not he will have on this very waistcoat before the week is out."

The Major stroked his well-filled velvet vest caressingly, as if he already felt the pangs of the approaching separation.

"Oh dear! You amaze me," began Miss *Jemima*.

"Yes, madam, I should be amazed myself, except that I have stood it so long. Why, I had once an affair with an intimate and valued friend, Judge Carrington. You may have heard of him, a very distinguished man, and I was indiscreet enough to carry that rascal George Washington to the field, thinking, of course, that I ought to go like a gentleman, and although the affair was arranged after we had taken our positions, and I did not have the pleasure of shooting at him——"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Jemima. "*The pleasure of shooting at your friend!* Monstrous!"

"I say I did not have that pleasure," corrected the Major, blandly; "the affair was, as I stated, arranged without a shot, yet do you know, that rascal George Washington will not allow that it was so, and I understand he recounts with the most harrowing details the manner in which he and I, as he terms it, shot my friend—murdered him."

Miss Jemima gave an "Ugh. Horrible! What depravity!" she said, almost under her breath.

The Major, however, caught the words.

"Yes, madam, it is horrible to think of such depravity. Unquestionably he deserves death; but what can one do! The law, kept feeble by politicians, does not permit one to kill them, however worthless they are—except, of course, by way of example, under certain peculiar circumstances, as I have stated to you."

Miss Jemima was speechless, so he pursued.

"I have sometimes been tempted to make a break for liberty, and have thought that if I could once get the rascal on the field, with my old pistols, I would settle with him which of us is the master."

"Do you mean that you would—would shoot him?" gasped Miss Jemima.

"Yes, madam, unless he should be too quick for me," replied the Major, blandly,—"or should order me from the field, which he probably would do."

The old lady turned and hastily left the room.

### III.

Though Miss Jemima after this regarded the Major with renewed suspicion,

and confided to her niece that she did not feel at all safe with him, the old gentleman was soon on the same terms with Rose that he was on with Margaret herself. He informed her that he was just twenty-five his "last grass," and that he never could, would, or should grow a year older. He notified Jeff and his friend Mr. Lawrence at the table that he regarded himself as a candidate for Miss Endicott's hand, and had "staked" the ground, and he informed her that as soon as he could bring himself to break an oath which he had made twenty years before, never to address another woman, he intended to propose to her. Rose, who had lingered at the table a moment behind the other ladies, assured the old fellow that he need fear no rival, and that if he could not muster courage to propose before she left, as it was leap-year, she would exercise her prerogative and propose herself. The Major, with his hand on his heart as he held the door open for her, vowed he was ready that moment to throw himself at her feet if it were not for the difficulty of getting up from his knees.

A little later in the afternoon Margaret was down among the rose-bushes, where Lawrence had joined her, after Rose had executed that inexplicable feminine maneuver of denying herself to oppose a lover's request.

Jeff was leaning against a pillar, pretending to talk to Rose, but listening more to the snatches of song in Margaret's rich voice, or to the laughter which floated up to them from the garden below.

Suddenly he said abruptly, "I believe that fellow Lawrence is in love with Margaret."

Rose insisted on knowing what ground he had for so peculiar an opinion, on which he incontinently charged his friend with being one of those fellows who fell in love with every pretty girl on whom he laid his eyes, and declared that he had done nothing but hang around Margaret ever since he had come to the county.

What Rose might have replied to this unexpected attack on one whom she reserved for her own especial torture cannot be recorded, for the Major suddenly appeared around the verandah. Both the young people straightened up.

"Ah! you rascals! I catch you!" he cried, his ruddy face glowing with jollity. "Jeff, you'd better look out,—honey catches a heap of flies, and sticks mighty hard. Rose don't show him any mercy,—kick him, trample on him."

"I am not honey," said Rose, with a captivating look out of her bright eyes.

"Yes you are. If you are not you are the very rose from which it is distilled."

"Oh! how charming," cried the young lady. "How I wish some woman could hear that said to me."

"Don't give him credit before you hear all his proverb," said Jeff. "Do you know what he said in the dining-room?"

"Don't credit *him* at all," replied the Major. "Don't believe him—don't listen to him. He is green with envy at my success," and the old fellow shook with amusement. "What did he say? Please tell me." She appealed to Jeff, and then as he was about to speak, seeing the Major preparing to run, she caught him. "No, you have to listen." "Now tell me," to Jeff again.

"Well, he said Honey caught lots of flies, and women lots of fools."

Rose pointing her tapering finger at the Major, who with mock humility, was watching her closely, declared that she would "never believe in him again," which the old fellow met by an unblushing denial of ever having made such a statement or held such traitorous sentiments, as it was a well established fact, he maintained, that flies never eat honey at all.

From this moment the Major conceived the idea that Jeff had been caught by his fair visitor, it never having occurred to him that any one could aspire to Margaret's hand. He had thought that Jeff was in danger of falling a victim to the charms of the pretty daughter of an old friend and neighbor of his, and though it appeared rather a pity for a young fellow to fall in love "out of the State," yet the claims of hospitality, combined with the fact that rivalry with Mr. Lawrence, against whom, on account of his foppishness, he had conceived some prejudice, promised a delightful excitement, more than counterbalanced that objectionable feature. He therefore immediately constituted himself Jeff's ardent champion, and always spoke of the latter's guest as "that fellow Lawrence."

Accordingly, when, one afternoon, on his return from his ride, he found Jeff, who had ridden over to tea, lounging around alone, in a state of mind as miserable as a man should be who, having come with the expectation of basking in the sunshine of Beauty's smile, finds that Beauty is out horseback-riding with a rival, he was impelled to give him aid, countenance, and advice. He immediately attacked him, therefore, on his forlorn and weebegone expression, and declared that at his age he would have long ago run the game to earth, and have carried her home across his saddle-bow.

"You are afraid, sir—afraid." He asserted, hotly. "I don't know what you fellows are coming to."

Jeff admitted the accusation. "He feared," he said, "that he could not get a girl to have him." He was looking rather red when the Major cut him short.

"Fear, sir! Fear catches kicks, not kisses. 'Not *get* a girl to have you'! Well, upon my soul! Why don't you run after her and bawl like a baby for her to stop, whilst you get down on your knees and—*get* her to have you!"

Jeff was too dejected to be stung even by this unexpected attack. He merely said, dolorously:

"Well, how the deuce can it be done?"

"*Make* her, sir—*make* her," cried the Major. "Coerce her—compel her." The old fellow was in his element. He shook his grizzled head, and brought his hollowed hands together with sounding emphasis.

Jeff suggested that perhaps she might be impregnable, but the old fellow affirmed that no woman was this; that no fortress was too strong to be carried; that it all depended on the assailant and the vehemence of the assault; and if one did not succeed, another would. The young man brightened—his mentor, however, dashed his rising hopes by saying: "But mark this, sir, no coward can succeed. Women are rank cowards themselves, and they demand courage in their conquerors. Do you think a woman will marry a man who trembles before her? By Jove, sir! He must make her tremble!"

When Jeff admitted dubiously that this sounded like wisdom, the Major burst out, "Wisdom, sir! It is the wisdom of Solomon, who had a thousand wives!"

From this time the Major constituted himself Jeff's ally, and was ready to take the field on his behalf against any and all comers. Therefore, when he came into the hall one day where Rose was at the piano, running her fingers idly over the keys, whilst Lawrence was leaning over her talking, he exclaimed:

"Hello! what treason's this? I'll tell Jeff. He was consulting me only yesterday about——"

Lawrence muttered an obijuration, but Rose wheeled around on the piano-stool and faced him.

—"Only yesterday about the best mode of winning——." He stopped tantalizingly.

"Of winning what? I am so interested." She rose and stood just before him with a cajoling air. The Major shut his mouth tight. "I'm as dumb as an oyster. Do you think I would betray my friend's confidence—for nothing? I'm as silent as the oracle of Delphi."

Lawrence looked anxious, and Rose followed the old man closely.

"I'll pay you anything."

"I demand payment in coin that buys youth from age." He touched his lips, and catching Rose leaned slowly forward and kissed her.

"Now, tell me—what did he say? A bargain's a bargain," she laughed as Lawrence almost ground his teeth.

"Well, he said,—he said, let me see, what did he say?" faltered the Major. "He said he could not get a girl he loved to have him."

"Oh! did he say *that*?" She was so much interested that she just knew that Lawrence half stamped his foot.

"Yes, he said just that, and I told him——"

"Well,—what did you say?"

"Oh! I did not bargain to tell what I told him. I received payment only for betraying his confidence. If you drive a bargain I will drive one also."

Rose declared that he was the greatest old screw she ever knew, but she paid the price, and waited.

"Well?——"

"Well? Of course, I told him 'well.' I gave him the best advice a man ever received. A lawyer would have charged him five hundred dollars for it. I'm an oracle on heart-capture."

Rose laughingly declared she would have to consult him herself, and when the Major told her to consult only her mirror, gave him a curtsy and wished he would teach some young men of her acquaintance to make such speeches. The old fellow vowed, however, that they were unteachable; that he would as soon expect to teach young moles.

#### IV.

It was not more than a half hour after this when George Washington came in and found the Major standing before the long mirror, turning around and holding his coat back from his plump sides so as to obtain a fair view of his ample dimensions.

"George Washington," said he.

"Suh."

"I'm afraid I'm growing a little too stout."

George Washington walked around and looked at him with the critical gaze of a butcher appraising a fat ox.

"Oh! nor suh, you aint, not to say *too* stout," he finally decided as the result of this inspection, "you jis gittin sort o' potely. Hit's monsus becomin' to you."

"Do you think so?" The Major was manifestly flattered. "I was apprehensive that I might be growing a trifle fat,"—he turned carefully around before the mirror—"and from a fat old man and a scrawny old woman, Heaven deliver us, George Washington!"

"Nor suh, you ain' got a ounce too much meat on you," said George, reassuringly; "how much you weigh, Marse Nat, last time you was on de stilyards?" he inquired with wily interest.

The Major faced him.

"George Washington, the last time I weighed I tipped the beam at one hundred and forty-three pounds, and I had the waist of a girl."

He laid his fat hands with the finger tips touching on his round sides about where the long since reversed curves of the lamented waist once were, and gazed at George with comical melancholy.

"Dat's so," assented the latter, with wonted acquiescence. "I 'members hit well suh, dat wuz when me and you wuz down in Gloucester tryin to git up spunk



to co'te Miss Ailsy Mann. Dat's mo'n thirty years ago."

The Major reflected. It cannot be thirty years — thir—ty — years!" he mused.

"Yes, suh, an' better, too. 'Twuz befo' we fit de duil wid Jedge Carrington. I know dat, 'cause dat's what we shoot him 'bout—'cause he co'te Miss Ailsy an' cut we out."

"Damn your memory! Thirty years. I could dance all night then—every night in the week—and now I can hardly mount my horse without getting the thumps."

George Washington, affected by his reminiscences, declared that he had heard one of the ladies saying, "just the other day," what "a fine portly gentleman" he was.

The Major brightened.

"Did you hear that? George Washington, if you tell me a lie I'll set you free!" It was his most terrible threat, used only on occasions of exceptional provocation.

"George vowed that no reward could induce him to be guilty of such an enormity, and followed it up by so skilful an allusion to the progressing youth of his master that the latter swore he was right, and that he could dance better than he could at thirty, and to prove it executed, with extraordinary agility for a man who rode at twenty stone, a *pas seul* which made the floor rock and set the windows and ornaments to rattling as if there had been an earthquake. He even seized George and attempted to pull him around, but with a loud "Whew"—he flung himself into an arm chair, panting and perspiring. "It's you, sir," he gasped—"you old broken-kneed blunderbuss—I'd as lief—try to pull a four horse wagon around"—

"Nor suh; tain me, Marse Nat—I's light as a bud," asserted George, moved by instinctive vanity to defend himself.

"You infernal old rascal, it is you," panted the Major, still mopping his face—"you have been running riot so long you need regulation—I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll marry and give you a mistress to manage you—yes, sir, I'll get married right away. I know the very woman for you—she'll make you walk chalk!" For thirty years this had been his threat, so George was no more alarmed than he was at the promise of being sold,

or turned loose upon the world as a free man. He therefore inquired solemnly,

"Marse Nat, le' me ax you one thing—you ain' thinkin' bout givin' me that ole one for a mistis is you?"

"What old one, fool?" The Major stopped, panting. George Washington denoted the side of his head where Miss Jemima's thin curls nestled.

"Get out of this room. Tell Clarissa to pack your chest, I'll send you off to-morrow morning."

George Washington blinked with the gravity of a terrapin. It might have been obtuseness; or it might have been silent but exquisite enjoyment which lay beneath his black skin.

"George Washington," said the Major almost in a whisper, "what made you think that?" It was to George Washington's undying credit that not a gleam flitted across his ebony countenance as he said solemnly,

"Marse Nat, I ain say I *think* nuttin—I jis ax you, Is you?—She been meckin mighty partic'lar quiration 'bout de plantation and how many niggers we got an' all an' I jis spicionate she got her eye sort o' set on youan' me, dat's all,"

The Major bounced to his feet, and seizing his hat and gloves from the table, burst out of the room. A minute later he was shouting for his horse in a voice which might have been heard a mile.

## V.

Jeff laid to heart the Major's wisdom; but when it came to acting upon it the difficulty arose. He often wondered why his tongue became tied and his throat grew dry when he was in Margaret's presence these days and even just thought of saying anything serious to her. He had known Margaret ever since she was a wee bit of a baby, and had often carried her in his arms when she was a little girl and even after she grew up to be "right big." He had thought frequently of late that he would be willing to die if he might but take her in his arms. It was, therefore, with no little disquietude that he observed what he considered his friend's growing fancy for her. By the time Lawrence had taken a few strolls in the garden and a horseback ride or two

with her Jeff was satisfied that he was in love with her, and before a week was out he was consumed with jealousy. Margaret was not the girl to indulge in repining on account of her lover's unhappiness. If Jeff had had a finger-ache, or had a drop of sorrow but fallen in his cup her eyes would have softened and her face would have shown how fully she felt with him; but this—this was different. To wring his heart was a part of the business of her young ladyhood; it was a healthy process from which would come greater devotion and more loyal constancy. Then, it was so delightful to make one whom she liked as she did Jeff look so miserable. Perhaps some time she would reward him—after a long while, though. Thus poor Jeff spent many a wretched hour cursing his fate and cursing Pick Lawrence. He thought he would create a diversion by paying desperate attention to her guest; but it resolved itself on the first opportunity into his opening his heart and confiding all his woes to her. In doing this he fell into the greatest contradiction, declaring one moment that no one suspected that he was in love with Margaret, and the next vowing that she had every reason to know he adored her, as he had been in love with her all her life. Rose, with much sapience, assured him that no woman could have but one reason to know it. Bob dolefully inquired what it was.

Rising and walking up to him she said in a mysterious whisper,

"Tell her."

Jeff, after insisting that he had been telling her for years, lapsed into a declaration of helpless perplexity. "How can I tell her more than I have been telling her all along?" he groaned. Rose said she would show him. She seated herself on the sofa and placed him behind her.

"Now do as I tell you—no, not so—*so*—now lean over—put your arm—no, it is not necessary to touch me," as Jeff, with prompt apprehension, fell into the scheme, and declared that he was all right in a rehearsal, and that it was only in the real drama he failed. "Now say 'I love you.'" Jeff said it. They were in this attitude when the door opened suddenly and Margaret stood

facing them, her large eyes opened wider than ever.

Lawyers know that the actions of a man on being charged with a crime are by no means infallible evidence of his guilt—but it is hard to satisfy juries of this fact. If the juries were composed of women perhaps it would be impossible.

The ocular demonstration of a man's arm around a girl's waist is difficult to explain on more than one hypothesis.

After this Margaret treated Jeff with a rigor which came near destroying the friendship of a lifetime; and Jeff became so desperate that inside of a week he had had his first quarrel with Lawrence, and as that young man was not less foolish, and was in no mood to lay balm on a bruised wound, murder might have been done had not the Major arrived opportunely on the scene just as the quarrel came to a white-heat. Jeff had just demanded satisfaction; Lawrence had just promised to afford him this peculiar happiness, and they were both glaring at each other when the Major sailed in at the door, ruddy and smiling, and laying his hat on the table and his riding-whip across it, declared that before he would stand such a gloomy atmosphere as that created by a man's glowering looks, when there was so much sunshine just lying around to be basked in, he would agree to be "eternally fried in his own fat."

"Why, I had expected at least two affairs before this," he said, as he pulled off his gloves, "and I'll be hanged if I shan't have to court somebody myself to save the honor of the family."

Jeff with dignity informed him that an affair was then brewing, and Lawrence intimated that they were both interested, when the Major declared that he would "advise the young lady to discard both and accept a soberer and a wiser man." When they declared that it was a more serious affair, than he had in mind, and let fall a hint of what had occurred, the Major for a moment looked gravely from one to the other, and suggested mutual explanations and retractions; but when both young men insisted that they were quite determined, and proposed to have a meeting at once, he suddenly offered to represent both parties. Jeff averred that such a proceeding was outside of the code; this the Major admit-

ted; but declared that the affair even to this point appeared not to have been conducted in entire conformity with that incomparable system of rules, and urged that as Mr. Lawrence was a stranger and as it was desirable to have the affair conducted with as much secrecy and dispatch as possible it might be well for them to meet as soon as convenient and he would attend rather as a witness than as a second. The young men assented to this, and the Major offered the use of his pistols, which was accepted. In the discussion which followed the Major took the lead, and suggested sunset that afternoon as a suitable time, and the grass-plot between the garden and the graveyard as a convenient and secluded spot. This also was agreed to, though Lawrence's face wore a soberer expression than had before appeared upon it.

The Major's entire manner had changed; his levity had suddenly given place to a gravity most unusual to him, and instead of his wonted jollity his face wore an expression of the greatest seriousness. He, after a casual glance at Lawrence, suddenly insisted that it was necessary to exchange a cartel, and opening his secretary, with much pomp proceeded to write. "You see it would be butchery if—if things were not regular," he explained, considerably, to Lawrence, who winced slightly at the word. "I don't want to see you murder each other," he went on in a slow comment as he wrote, "I wish you, since you are de-terminated to shoot—each other—to do it like—gentlemen." He took a new sheet. Suddenly he began to shout:

"George—George Washington." There was no answer, so as he wrote on he continued to shout at intervals, "George Washington."

After a sufficient period had elapsed for a servant crossing the yard to call to another, who sent a third to summon George, and for that functionary to take a hasty potation from a decanter as he passed through the dining-room at his usual stately pace, he appeared at the door.

"Did you call, suh?" he inquired, with that additional dignity which bespoke his recourse to the sideboard as intelligibly as if he had brought the decanters in his hand.

"Did I call!" cried the Major, without looking up. "Why don't you come when you hear me?"

George Washington steadied himself on his feet, and assumed an aggrieved expression.

"Do you suppose I can wait for you to drink all the whiskey in my sideboard? Are you getting deaf-drunk as well as blind-drunk?" he asked, still writing industriously.

George Washington gazed up at his old master in the picture on the wall, and shook his head sadly.

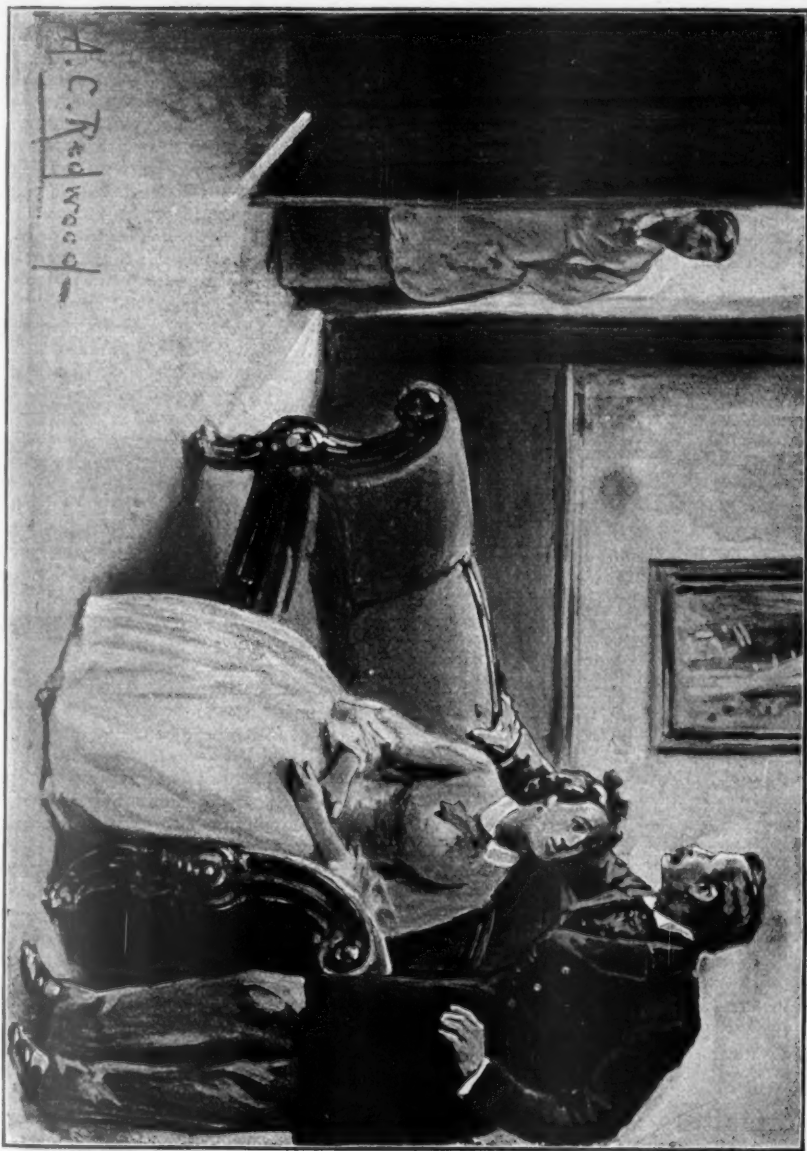
"Nor, suh, Marse Nat. You know I ain' drink none to git drunk. I is a member o' de church. I is full of de sperit."

The Major, as he blotted his paper, assured him that he knew he was much fuller of it than were his decanters, and George Washington was protesting further, when his master rose, and addressing Jeff as the challenger, began to read. He had prepared a formal cartel, and all the subsequent and consequential documents which appear necessary to a well-conducted and duly bloodthirsty meeting under the duello, and he read them with an impressiveness which was only equaled by the portentous dignity of George Washington. As he stood balancing himself, and took in the solemn significance of the matter, his whole air changed; he raised his head, struck a new attitude, and immediately assumed the position of one whose approval of the affair was of the utmost moment.

The Major stated that he was glad that they had decided to use the regular duelling pistols, not only as they were more convenient—he having a very fine and accurate pair—but as they were smooth bore and carried a good large ball, which made a clean, pretty hole, without tearing. "Now," he explained kindly to Lawrence, "the ball from one of these infernal rifled concerns goes gyrating and tearing its way through you, and makes an orifice like a *posthole*." He illustrated his meaning with a sweeping spiral motion of his clenched fist.

Lawrence grew a shade whiter, and wondered how Jeff felt and looked, whilst Jeff set his teeth more firmly as the Major added blandly that "no gentleman wanted to blow another to pieces

A.C. Redwood



"NOW SAY 'I LOVE YOU.' " THEY WERE IN THIS ATTITUDE WHEN THE DOOR OPENED SUDDENLY.

like a Sepoy mutineer." George Washington's bow of exaggerated acquiescence drew the Major's attention to him.

"George Washington, are my pistols clean?" he asked.

"Yes, suh, clean as yo' shut-front," replied George Washington, grandly.

"Well, clean them again."

"Yes, suh," and George was disappearing with ponderous dignity, when the Major called him, "George Washington."

"Yes, suh."

"Tell carpenter William to come to the porch. His services may be needed," he explained to Lawrence, "in case there should be a casualty, you know."

"Yes, suh," George Washington disappeared. A moment later he opened the door.

"Marse Nat."

"Sir."

"Shall I send de overseer to dig de graves, suh?"

Lawrence could not help exclaiming "Good Lord!" and Jeff gave a perceptible start.

"I will attend to that," said the Major, and George Washington went out with an order from Jeff to take the box to the office.

The Major laid the notes on his desk and devoted himself to a brief eulogy on the beautiful symmetry of "the Code," illustrating his views by apt references to a number of instances in which its absolute impartiality had been established by the instant death of both parties. He had just suggested that perhaps the two young men might desire to make some final arrangements, when George Washington reappeared drunker and more imposing than before. In place of his ordinary apparel he had substituted a yellowish velvet waistcoat and a blue coat with brass buttons, both of which were several sizes too large for him, as they had for several years been stretched over the Major's ample person. He carried a well-worn beaver hat in hand, which he never donned except on extraordinary occasions.

"De pistils is ready, suh," he said, in a fine voice, which he always employed when he proposed to be peculiarly effective. His self-satisfaction was monumental.

"Where did you get that coat and waistcoat from, sir?" thundered the Major. "Who told you you might have them?"

George Washington was taken quite aback at the unexpectedness of the assault, and he shuffled one foot uneasily.

"Well, you see, suh," he began, vaguely, "I know you warn never gwine to wear 'em no mo', and seein' dat dis was a very serious recasion, an' I wuz rip-ri-presentin' Marse Jeff in a jewel, I thought I ought to repear like a gent'man on dis recasion."

"You infernal rascal, didn't I tell you that the next time you took my clothes without asking my permission, I was going to shoot you?" The Major faced his chair around with a jerk, but George Washington had in the interim recovered himself.

"Yes suh, I remembers dat," he said, complacently, "but dat did'nt have no recose to dese solemn recasions when I rip-ripresents a gent'man in de Code."

"Yes, sir, it did, I had this especially in mind," declared the Major, unblushingly—"I gave you fair notice, and damn me! if I don't do it too before I'm done with you—I'd sell you to morrow mornin' if it would not be a cheat on the man who was fool enough to buy you—my best coat and waistcoat!" he looked affectionately at the garments.

George Washington evidently knew the way to soothe him—"Who ever heah de beat of dat!" he said in a tone of mild complaint, partly to the young men and partly to his old master in the ruffles and velvet over the piano, "Marse Nat, you reckon I ain' got no better manners 'n to teck you *bes'* coat and weskit! Dis heah coat and weskit nuver did you no favor anyways—I hear Miss Marg'ret talkin' 'bout it de fust time you ever put 'em on. Dat's de reason I tuck 'em?" Having found an excuse he was as voluble as a river—"I say to myself, I ain' gwine let my young marster wyar dem things no mo' roun heah wid strange ladies an' gent'man stayin' in de house too—an' I so consarned about it, I say, 'George Wash'n'n, you got to git dem things and wyar 'em yo'self to keep him f'om doin' it, dat's what you got to do,' I say, an' dat's de reason I tuk em." He looked the picture of self-sacrifice. But the Major burst forth on him: "Why,



you lying rascal, that's three different reasons you have given in one breath for taking them, at which George Washington shook his woolly head with doleful self abnegation.

"Just look at them!" cried the Major—"My favorite waistcoat! There is not a crack or a brack in them—They look as nice as they did the day they were bought!" This was too much for George Washington. "Dat's de favor suh of de pussen what has em on," he said, bowing grandly, at which the Major, finding his ire giving way to amusement, drove him from the room, swearing that if he did not shoot him that evening he would set him free to-morrow morning.

# VI.

As the afternoon had worn away, and whilst the two principals in the affair were arranging their matters, the Major had been taking every precaution to carry out the plan for the meeting. The effect of the approaching duel upon the old gentleman was somewhat remarkable. He was in unusually high spirits; his rosy countenance wore an expression of humorous content; and, from time to time as he bustled about, a smile flitted across his face, or a chuckle sounded from the depths of his satin stock. He fell in with Miss Jemima, and related to her a series of anecdotes respecting duelling and homicide generally, so lurid in their character that she groaned over the depravity of a region where such barbarity was practiced; but when he solemnly informed her that he felt satisfied from the signs of the time that some one would be shot in the neighborhood before twenty-four hours were over, the old lady determined to return home next day.

It was not difficult to secure secrecy, as the Major had given directions that no one should be admitted to the garden. For at least an hour before sunset he had been giving directions to George Washington which that dignitary would have found some difficulty in executing even had he remained sober, but which, in his existing condition, was as impossible as for him to change the kinks in his hair. The Major had solemnly assured him that if he got drunk he would shoot him on the spot,

and George Washington had as solemnly consented that he would gladly die if he should be found in this unprecedented condition. Immediately succeeding which, however, under the weight of the momentous matters submitted to him, he had, after his habit, sought aid and comfort of his old friends, the Major's decanters, and he was shortly in that condition when he felt that the entire universe depended upon him. He blacked his shoes at least twenty times, and marched back and forth in the yard with such portentous importance that the servants instinctively shrunk away from his august presence. One of the children, in their frolics, ran against him; George Washington simply said, "Git out my way," and without pausing in his gait or deigning to look at him, slapped him completely over.

A maid ventured to accost him jocularly to know why he was so finely dressed, George Washington overwhelmed her with a look of such infinite contempt and such piercing scorn that all the other servants forthwith fell upon her for "interferin' in Unc' George Washington's business." At last the Major entered the garden and bade George Washington follow him; and George Washington having paid his twentieth visit to the dining-room and had a final interview with the liquor-case, and having polished up his old beaver anew, left the office by the side door, carrying under his arm a mahogany box about two feet long and one foot wide, partially covered with a large linen cloth. His beaver hat was cocked on the side of his head, with an air supposed to be impressive. He wore the Major's coat and flowered velvet waistcoat respecting which he had won so signal a victory in the morning, and he flaunted a large bandanna handkerchief, the ownership of which he had transferred still more recently. The Major's orders to George Washington were to convey the box to the garden in a secret manner, but George Washington was far too much impressed with the importance of the part he bore in the affair to lose the opportunity of impressing the other servants. Instead, therefore, of taking a by-path he marched ostentatiously through the yard with a manner which effected his object, if not his mas-

ter's, and which struck the entire circle of servants with inexpressible awe. However, after he gained the garden and reached a spot where he was no longer in danger of being observed by any one he adopted a manner of the greatest secrecy, and proceeded to the place selected for the meeting with a degree of caution which could not have been greater had he been covertly stealing his way through a band of hostile Indians. The spot chosen for the meeting was a grass plot bounded on three sides by shrubbery and on the fourth by the wall of the little square within which had been laid to rest the mortal remains of some half dozen generations of the Burwells. Though the grass was green and the sky above was of the deep steely hue which the late afternoon brings; yet the thick shrubbery which secluded the place gave it an air of wildness, and the tops of the tall monuments gleaming white over the old wall against the dark cedars added an impression of ghostliness which had long caused the locality to be generally avoided by the negroes from the time that the afternoon shadows began to lengthen.

George Washington, indeed, as he made his way stealthily down towards the rendezvous glanced behind him once or twice as if he were not at all certain that some impalpable pursuer were not following him, and he almost jumped out of his shoes when the Major, who had for ten minutes been pacing up and down the grass plot in a fume of impatience, caught sight of him and suddenly shouted, "Why don't you come on, you—rascal?"

As soon as George Washington recognized that the voice was not supernatural he recovered his courage and at once disarmed the Major who, watch in hand, was demanding if he supposed he had nothing else to do than to wait for him all night, by falling into his vein and acquiescing in all that he said in abuse of the yet absent duellists or at least of one of them.

He spoke in terms of the severest reprobation of Mr. Lawrence, declaring that he had never had a high opinion of his courage or, indeed, of any quality which he possessed. He was, perhaps, not quite prepared to join in an attack on Jeff, of whose frequent benefactions he entertained a lively recollection amounting to gratitude, at least in the accepted

French idea of that virtue, and as he had constituted himself Jeff's especial representative for this "solemn recasion," he felt a personal interest in defending him to some extent.

At last the Major ordered him to take out the weapons and some little time was spent in handling them, George Washington examining them with the air of a connoisseur. The Major asserted that he had never seen a prettier spot and George Washington, immediately striking an attitude, echoed the sentiment. He was, indeed, so transported with its beauty that he declared it reminded him of the duel he and the Major had fought with Judge Carrington, which he positively declared, was "a jewel like you been read about," and he ended with the emphatic assertion, "ef dese gent'men's jes plump each urr like we did de judge dat evelin!—" A wave of the hand completed the period.

The Major turned on him with a positive denial that he had ever even shot at the judge but George Washington unblushingly insisted that they had, and in fact had shot him twice, "We hit him fyah an' squar." He leveled a pistol at a tree a few yards distant, and striking an attitude, squinted along the barrel with the air of an old hand at the weapon.

The Major reiterated his statement and recalled the fact that, as he had told him and others a thousand times, they had shaken hands on the spot, which George Washington with easy adaptability admitted, but claimed that "ef he hadn't a'shook hands we'd a'shot him, sho! Dis heah gent'man ain' gwine git off quite so easy," he declared, having already decided that Lawrence was to experience the deadly accuracy of his and Jeff's aim.

The Major looked at him quizzically as he stood pistols in hand in all the grandeur of his assumed character. The shadow of disappointment at the non-appearance of the duellists which had rested on his round face, passed away, and he suddenly asked him which way he thought they had better stand. George Washington twisted his head on one side and after striking a deliberative attitude and looking the plot well over gave his judgment.

"Ah—so," said the Major, and bade him step off ten paces,

George Washington cocked his hat considerably more to the side, and with a wave of his hand, caught from the Major, took ten little mincing steps; and without turning, glanced back over his shoulder and inquired, "Ain't dat mighty fur apart?"

The Major stated that it was necessary to give them some chance, and this appeared to satisfy him, for he admitted: "Yas, suh, dat's so, dee 'bleeged to have a chance," and immediately marked a point a yard or more short of that to which he had stepped.

The Major then announced that he would load the pistols without waiting for the advent of the other gentlemen, as he "represented both of them."

This was too much for so accomplished an adept at the Code as George Washington, and he immediately asserted that such a thing was preposterous asking with some scorn, as he strutted up and down, "Who ever heah o' one gent'man representin' two in a jewel, Marse Nat?"

The Major bowed politely. "I was afraid it was a little incompatible," he said.

"Of cose it's incompafible," said George Washington. "I ripresents one and you de t'urr. Dat's de way! I ripresents *Marse Jeff*. I know *he* ain' gwine fly de track. I done know him from a little lad. Dat urr gent'man I ain know nuttin tall about." He waved his hand in scorn.

"Ah!" said the Major, as he set laboriously about loading the pistols, handling the balls somewhat ostentatiously.

George Washington asserted, "I b'lieve I know mo' 'bout de Code 'n you does, Marse Nat."

The Major looked at him quizzically as he rammed the ball down hard. He was so skillful that George at length added condescendingly, "But I see you ain' forgit how to handle dese things."

The Major modestly admitted, as he put on a cap, that he used to be a pretty fair shot, and George Washington in an attitude as declarative of his pride in the occasion as his inebriated state admitted, was looking on with an expression of supreme complacency, when the Major leveled the weapon and sighted along its barrel. George Washington gave a jump

which sent his cherished beaver bouncing twenty feet.

"Look out, Marse Nat! Don' handle dat thing so keerless, please, suh."

The Major explained that he was just trying its weight, and declared that it "came up beautifully," to which George Washington assented with a somewhat unsteady voice after he had regained his damaged helmet. The Major looked at his watch and up at the trees, the tops of which were still brightened with the reflection from the sunset sky, and muttered an oburgation at the failure of the principals to appear, vowing that he never before knew of a similar case, and that at least he had not expected Jeff to fail to come to time. George Washington announced that he represented Jeff and that it was "that urr gent'man what had done fly de track, that urr gent'man what you ripresents, Marse Nat." He spoke with unveiled contempt.

The Major suddenly turned on him.

"George Washington!"

"Suh." He faced him.

"If my principal fails to appear, I must take his place. The rule is, the second takes the place of his non-appearing principal."

"In cose dat's de rule," declared George Washington as if it were his own suggestion, "de secon' tecks de place o' de non-repearin' sprinciple, and dat's what mecks me say what I does, dat man is done run away, suh, dat's what's demotter wid him. He's jes' natchelly skeered. He couldn' face dem things, suh." He nodded towards the pistols, his thumbs stuck in the arm-holes of his flowered velvet vest. As the Major bowed George Washington continued with a hiccup, "He ain' like we gent'mens whar's ust to 'em an' don' mine 'em no mo' 'n pop-crackers."

"George Washington," said the Major, solemnly, with his eyes set on George Washington's velvet waist-coat, "take your choice of these pistols."

The old duellist made his choice with due deliberation. The Major indicated with a wave of his hand one of the spots which George had marked for the expected duellists "Take your stand there, sir." George Washington marched grandly up and planted himself with overwhelming dignity, whilst the Major,

with the other pistol in his hand, quietly took his stand at the other position facing him.

"George," he said, "George Washington."

"Suh." George Washington was never so imposing.

"My principal, Mr. Pickering Lawrence having failed to appear at the designated time and place to meet his engagement with Mr. Jefferson Lewis, I, as his second and representative, offer myself to take his place and assume any and all of his obligations."

George Washington bowed grandly.

"Yes, suh, of cose—dat is accordin' to de Code," he said with solemnity befitting the occasion.

The Major proceeded.

"And your principal, Mr. Jefferson Lewis, having likewise failed to appear at the proper time you take his place."

"Suh," ejaculated George Washington, in sudden astonishment, turning his head slightly as if he were not certain he had heard correctly, "Marse Nat, jis say dat agin, please, suh?"

The Major elevated his voice and advanced his pistol slightly.

"I say, your principal, Mr. Jefferson Lewis, having in like manner failed to put in his appearance at the time and place agreed on for the meeting, you as his representative take his place and assume all his obligations."

"Oh! nor suh, I don't!" exclaimed George Washington, shaking his head so violently that the demoralized beaver fell off again and rolled around unheeded. "I ain bargain for no sich thing as dat. Nor suh!"

But the Major was obdurate.

"Yes, sir, you do. When you accept the position of second, you assume all the obligations attaching to that position, and—" the Major advanced his pistol—"I shall shoot at you."

George Washington took a step towards him. "Oh! goodness! Marse Nat, you ain' gwine do nuttin' like dat, is you!" His jaw had fallen, and when the Major bowed with deep solemnity and replied, "Yes, sir, and you can shoot at me," he burst out.

"Marse Nat, I don' warn shoot at you. What I warn shoot at you for? I ain' got nuttin' 'ginst you on de fatal uth. You

been good master to me all my days an' —" The Major cut short this sincere tribute to his virtues, by saying: "Very well, you can shoot or not as you please. I shall aim at that waistcoat." He raised his pistol and partially closed one eye. George Washington dropped on his knees.

"Oh, Marse Nat, please suh. What you want to shoot me for? Po' ole good-for-nuttin' George Washington, whar ain nuver done you no harm, but jes steal you' whiskey an' you' clo'es an'—Marse Nat, ef you le' me off dis time I oon nuver steal no mo' o' you' clo'es, er you' whiskey, er nuttin. Marse Nat, you wouldn' shoot po' ole good-for-nuttin' George Washington, whar fotch' up wid you?"

"Yes, sir, I would," declared the Major, sternly. "I am going to give the word, and—" he raised the pistol once more.

George Washington began to creep toward him. "Oh, Lordy! Marse Nat, please suh, don' pint dat thing at me dat away—hit's loaded! Oh, Lordy!" he shouted. The Major brandished his weapon fiercely.

"Stand up, sir, and stop that noise—one—two—three." He counted, but George Washington was flat on the ground.

"Oh, Marse Nat, please suh, don't. I'se feared o' dem things." A sudden idea struck him. "Marse Nat, you is about to loss a mighty valuable nigger," he pleaded; but the Major simply shouted to him to stand up and not disgrace the gentleman he represented. George Washington seized on the word; it was his final hope.

"Marse Nat, I don' ripresent nobody, suh, nobody at all, suh. I ain nuttin but a good-for-nuttin, wuthless nigger, whar brung de box down heah cuz you tole me to, suh, dat's all. An' I'll teck off you' coat an' weskit dis minit ef you'll jis le' me git up off de groun', suh." He lay spraddled out on the ground as flat as a field lark, but at Jeff's sudden appearance, he sprang behind him. Jeff, in amazement, was inquiring the meaning of all the noise he had heard, when Lawrence appeared on the scene. The Major explained briefly.

"It was that redoubtable champion bellowing. As our principals failed to appear on time, he being an upholder of

the code, suggested that we were bound to take the places respectively of those we represented——"

"Nor, suh, I don' ripresent nobody," interrupted George Washington; but at a look from the Major he dodged again behind Jeff. The Major, with his eye on Lawrence, said:

"Well, gentlemen, let's to business. We have but a few minutes of daylight left. I presume you are ready?"

Both gentlemen bowed, and the Major proceeded to explain that he had loaded both pistols himself with precisely similar charges, and that they were identical in trigger, sight, drift and weight, and had been tested on a number of occasions, when they had proved to be "excellent weapons and remarkably accurate in their fire." The young men bowed silently; but when he turned suddenly and called "George Washington," that individual nearly jumped out of his coat. The Major ordered him to measure ten paces, which, after first giving notice that he "didn't ripresent nobody," he proceeded to do, taking a dozen or more gigantic strides, and hastily retired again behind the safe bulwark of Jeff's back. As he stood there in his shrunken condition, he about as much resembled the pompous and arrogant duelist of a half hour previous as a wet and bedraggled turkey does the strutting, gobbling cock of the flock. The Major, with an objurgation at him for stepping "as if he had on seven league boots," stepped off the distance himself, explaining to Lawrence that ten paces was about the best distance, as it was sufficiently distant to "avoid the unpleasantness of letting a gentleman feel that he was within touching distance," and yet "near enough to avoid useless mutilation."

Taking out a coin, he announced that he would toss up for the choice of position, or rather would make "a disinterested person" do so, and, holding out his hand, he called George Washington to toss it up. There was no response until the Major shouted, "George Washington, where are you—you rascal!"

"Heah me, suh," said George Washington, in a quavering voice, rising from the ground, where he had thrown himself to avoid any stray bullets, and coming

slowly forward, with a pitiful, "Please, suh, don' p'int dat thing dis away."

The Major gave him the coin, with an order to toss it up in a tone so sharp that it made him jump; and he began to turn it over nervously in his hand, which was raised a little above his shoulder. In his manipulation it slipped out of his hand and disappeared. George Washington in a dazed way looked in his hand, and then on the ground. "Hi! whar' hit?" he muttered, getting down on his knees and searching in the grass. "Dis heah place is evil-sperited."

The Major called to him to hurry up, but he was too intent on solving the problem of the mysterious disappearance of the quarter.

"I ain' nuver like dis graveyard bein' right heah," he murmured. "Marse Nat, don't you have no mo' to do wid dis thing."

The Major's patience was giving out. "George Washington, you rascal!" he shouted, "do you think I can wait all night for you to pull up all the grass in the garden? Take the quarter out of your pocket, sir!"

"'Tain't in my pocket, suh," quavered George Washington, feeling there instinctively, however, when the coin slipped down his sleeve into his hand again. This was too much for him. "Hi! befo' de king," he exclaimed, "how it git in my pocket? Oh, Marster! de devil is 'bout heah, sho! Marse Nat, you fling it up, suh. I ain' nuttin' but a po' sinful nigger. Oh, Lordy!" And handing over the quarter tremulously, George Washington flung himself flat on the ground and, as a sort of religious incantation, began to chant in a wild, quavering tone the funeral hymn:

"Hark! from the Tombs a Doleful Sound."

The Major tossed up and posted the duellists, and with much solemnity handed them the pistols, which both the two young men received quietly. They were pale, but perfectly steady. The Major then asked them, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" whilst at the ominous sound George Washington's voice in tremulous falsetto, struck in,

"Ye-ee-so-ons off meenn co-ome view-ew the-ee groun',  
Wher-ere you-ou m-uss ahor-ort-ly lie."



They announced themselves ready just as George Washington, looking up from the ground, where he, like the "so-ons off menn," was lying, discovered that he was not more than thirty yards out of the line of aim, and with a muttered "Lordy!" began to crawl away.

There was a confused murmur from the direction of the path which led to the house, and the Major shouted, "Fire—one—two—three."

Both young men, facing each other and looking steadily in each other's eyes, with simultaneous action fired their pistols into the air.

At the report a series of shrieks rang out from the shrubbery towards the house, whilst George Washington gave a wild yell and began to kick like a wounded bull, bellowing that "he was killed—he was killed."

The Major had just walked up to the duellists, and relieving them of their weapons, had with a comprehensive wave of the hand congratulated them on their courage and urged them to shake hands, which they were in the act of doing, when the shrubbery parted and Margaret, followed closely by Rose and by Miss *Jemima* panting behind, rushed in upon them crying at the tops of their voices, "Stop! Stop!"

The two young ladies addressed themselves respectively to Jeff and Lawrence, and both were employing all their eloquence when Miss *Jemima* appeared. Her eye caught the prostrate form of George Washington, who lay flat on his face kicking and groaning at intervals. She pounced upon the Major with so much vehemence that he was almost carried away by the sudden onset.

"Oh! You wretch! What have you done?" she panted, scarcely able to articulate.

"Done, madam?" asked the Major, with twinkling eyes.

"Yes; what have you done to *that* poor miserable creature—*there!*" She actually seized the Major and whirled him around with one hand, whilst with the other she pointed at the prostrate and now motionless George Washington.

"What have I been doing with him?"

"Yes, with *him*. Have you been car-

rying out your barbarous rite on his inoffensive person!" she gasped.

The Major's eye lit up.

"Yes, madam," hesaid, taking up one of the pistols, "and I rejoice that you are here to witness its successful termination. George Washington has been selected as the victim this year, his monstrous lies, his habitual drunken worthlessness, his roguery, culminating in the open theft to-day of my best coat and waistcoat, marked him naturally as the proper sacrifice. I had not the heart to cheat any one by selling him to him. I was therefore constrained to shoot him. He was, with his usual triflingness, not killed at the first fire, although he appears to be dead. I will now finish him by putting a ball into his back; observe the shot. He advanced, and cocking the pistol, "click—click," aimed it carefully at the middle of George Washington's fat back. Miss *Jemima* gave a piercing shriek and flung herself on the Major to seize the pistol; but she might have spared herself, for George Washington suddenly bounded from the ground and, with one glance at the leveled weapon, rushed crashing through the shrubbery, followed by the laughter of the young people, the shrieks of Miss *Jemima*, and the shouts of the Major for him to come back and let him kill him.

That evening, when Margaret, seated on the Major's knee, was rummaging in his vest pockets for any loose change which might be there (which by immemorial custom belonged to her), she suddenly pulled out two large round bullets. The Major, at sight of them, glanced at Jeff and Mr. Lawrence, and was seized with such a fit of chuckling that he was in some danger of apoplexy. When, however, he finally obtained possession of the balls he presented them solemnly to Miss *Jemima*, assuring her that he could not account for their presence in his pocket, except on the ground of special providence, and he solemnly requested her to preserve them as mementoes of George Washington's miraculous escape.

"MARSE NAI, YOU IS ABOUT TO LOSE A MIGHTY VALUABLE NIGGER."



## EATON HALL.

BY CHARLES S. PELHAM-CLINTON.

ONE of the quaintest and oldest towns in England is Chester. The curious alleys and by-ways in which it abounds, the ancient walls of the city, the Roodee, the ancient carving on the old gabled houses, and especially its prominence in the history of the country, all serve to make Chester a most interesting town to visit. Another interesting feature of Chester, is the proximity of the country seats of many distinguished families. The most prominent among those of the present generation are Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster, and Hawarden, the home of William Ewart Gladstone.

The park which surrounds Eaton Hall has not the wild, weird attractiveness of some of the ducal estates of England, neither has it the artistic beauty of others. It has, however, a rich, pastoral beauty that is all its own.

The name "Eaton" is derived from its position on the banks of the river Dee. A charter in the time of Henry III. mentions "Yla de Eton." In 1043 Leofrie, Duk of Mercia and Earl of Chester, husband of the celebrated Lady Godiva, granted by charter to the monks of Cccventry "Eton juxta aquam quæ dicitur Dee, in Chester provincia." The Eaton township contained two manors from which the Saxon owners were ejected to make room for the Normans, who held tenure under Hugh Lupus, the nephew of William the Conqueror. It is from Gilbert, the nephew of Hugh Lupus, that the family Grosvenor takes its descent, the surname being derived from the office he held, "*Le Gros Veneur*," the Chief Huntsman.

The name of Eaton came into the family by the marriage of Ralph, the second son of Sir Thomas Grosvenor, of Huline, with Joan, sole daughter and heiress of John Eton de Eton, in the time of Henry VI.

The architecture of Eaton Hall was



THE GATE OF EATON HALL.

largely altered by Robert, Earl Grosvenor, the work being commenced in 1803 and continued for thirteen years. The result was an addition of two wings in a florid Gothic style. The second Marquis of Westminster also made extensive alterations, but the present magnificence of Eaton Hall is largely due to the nobleman who now occupies it.

The last reconstruction was commenced in 1867, the architect being Mr. A. Waterhouse, R. A., and his labors have only been completed four years. The style is early pointed gothic freely treated, and the cost of the alterations, including decorations and furniture is said to have reached two-and-a-half millions of dollars. Two hundred men were employed at the work for nearly fifteen years.

The main front looks westward upon a handsome avenue of trees, called the Belgrave avenue. Driving through the Golden Gates, the same gates that stood there in 1690, the first object that catches the eye is the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, by W. G. F. Watts, R. A. The heroic form of this great Norman, noble, nicknamed "Hugh the Earl," by the Welsh, on his equally huge horse, is very striking.

The entrance to the hall, which faces the massive sculpture, is one of the few remaining portions of the old building

erected by Sir Thomas Grosvenor. The doorway is of alabaster, with twisted columns on either side, beautifully carved. Opposite the door-way is an open cloister which gives a fine view in the saloon beyond. The walls of the hall are panelled nine feet high with Derbyshire alabaster and Genoese marble. The ceiling is of oak parquetry, and the pavement is a splendid specimen of the "open Alexandrium style"—as so called from its common use in paving Italian churches until the nineteenth century, and so named from the Emperor Alexandria Severus, who introduced it into Rome. The design here was suggested by old pavements in St. Marks, Venice, and Pisa Cathedrals.

The chimney pieces are particularly fine, being of alabaster, with panels representing different scenes connected with the family history.

The saloon is a grand apartment 76 feet long by 32 feet wide. It has a high wainscot dado surrounded by the celebrated representation of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims," by H. S. Marks, R. A.

The decoration of the walls are of velum tint throughout this gay scene. The vaulting of the roof is a copy of the celebrated Tomb of Mahomet at Beejapere, the inverted sphere in the centre being painted to re-

present the firmament, and by an admirable piece of artistic work, representing from one side night and the other side of the room day.

As a general rule visitors to the Hall enter through the courtyard and the side door. The chapel, on one's right, was designed by W. Waterhouse, R. A., and consists of an ante-chapel, covered by a handsome framed roof of oak, and a nave with a grained roof of stone, having windows only on one side. These windows and mosaics are a beautiful representation of the Te Deum, and the chancel windows represent Paradise, The Nativity, The Crucifixion, The Ascension, Pentecost and The Judgment.

The carved recumbent figure of Constance, first Duchess of Westminster and first wife of the present Duke, is on the south side of the Sacrium, and is by J. E. Boehm, R. A., who worked from a plaster cast of face and hands taken after death. The pavement of the chapel is "open Alexandrium." The musical chimes of the massive bells can be heard all over the estate.

Coming from the chapel, one faces the entrance to what is called the private part of the house. The Duke allows Eaton Hall to be open at all times when he is not entertaining visitors; but he reserves the family living rooms to himself. When only the family are at home they use the private way alone, and the state apartments are open to the public. Visitors are not generally admitted to



STATUE OF HUGH LUPUS AT THE WEST FRONT.

the private wing, but a special order from the Duke proved an "open sesame" for the writer.

We passed through a swinging glass door, on which a placard "private" proves the barrier to thousands each year, and we were in the living rooms of one of the richest men in England.

The first room entered was the school room, done in hard wood and adorned by pleasant pictures. Then came the Duchess's private boudoir, which has a number of unequal sides, and the walls of which are ornamented with paintings by Connor, of Cliveden (the Duke's place near Ascot), of Dun Robin and of Trenton on the Thames, together with several woodland and water scenes. These are all panels painted to fit the wall, the spaces being filled with old gold embossed velvet with gorgeous effect. The ceiling is arched and painted, and the furniture is light-green satin brocade and old gold velvet. The windows look out on a picturesque view of the Dee. In different places around are photographs of friends, and bric-a-brac giving a home-like appearance, which the state apartments lack.

Close to the boudoir is the small dining-room, possessing two superb hunting scenes. The one at the end of the room

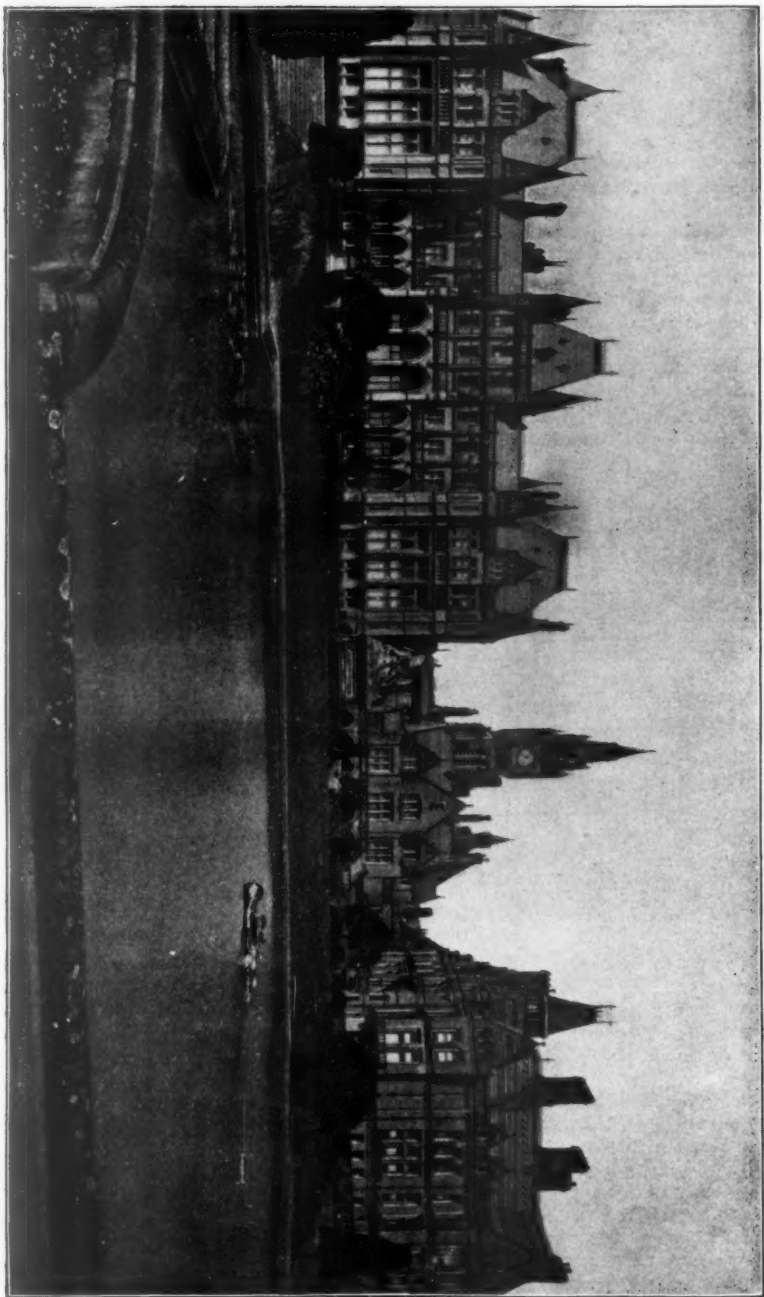
is a particularly spirited painting, by Fernley. The hounds, like all the other figures, are painted from life. Six horsemen are jumping or galloping, and one has come to grief in the background. Lord Wilton, on a bay, is leading the van, and is in the act of clearing a post-and-rail fence. Then come Lord Manners, Lord Richard Grosvenor, Lord Richard Manners, General Grosvenor and the Reverend W. Grosvenor. A solitary figure of a shepherd comes out in bold relief, and a farm house is in the distance. It is one of the best representations of a hunting-run I have ever seen.

To the left of this is the Duke's private room. A picture of the Duchess and her two children is on the wall opposite the fire-place, the recesses of which contain pictures of the family. The Duchess's bedroom is by no means large, but, like the boudoir, it is exquisitely furnished and decorated. Art needlework adorns the chairs, sofas and curtains. The ceilings and walls are of a delicate shade of sea-green and pink, the carpet matching. The bed is of brass, with a demi-canopy, and is in reality two beds under one coverlet. Family pictures and photographs hang upon the walls. A faint odor of cedar is conveyed all over this floor from the store-room, the walls and cupboards



STAIRWAY.





EAST FRONT OF EATON HALL.

of which are made of this fragrant wood.

The Duke's dressing-room is across the way, with furniture of mahogany and walnut. Near by is the bed-room and dressing-room of the late Duchess, blue in tone, now occupied by Lady Marguerite Grosvenor.

A singular absence of paintings is discernable all over Eaton Hall. This is because the majority of the family portraits and good pictures are at Grosvenor House, in London, and at Cliveden, at both of which palatial residences some fine examples of ancient and modern masters can be seen.

The other rooms in the private way are

well, Mercury, Torquato Tasso and Michael Angelo, some very beautiful cabinets containing rare old china and some pieces of Lambeth pottery.

The smoking and billiard rooms are filled with the heads of various kinds of deer, including the moose, cariboo, wapiti, tudeau, bara, ling and obis ammon, with many original drawings of animals in chalk and pictures of the horses that have made Eaton Hall so well known in the racing world. Spirea, 1816; Touchstone, 1831 to 1860, by Herring; Pantaloon, 1824 to 1850, by Herring; Ghirznee, 1838, by Herring; and Mambrino, by Stubb, are among them.



THE SALOON.

given up to nurseries, and above to the servants.

Returning to the north corridor through the swing door one passes a number of the originals of "Spy's" caricatures in "Vanity Fair" on the walls, and also some very handsome stuffed bears and tigers that have been shot by members of the family.

In the north corridor, which is paved with marble mosaic in emblematic designs from the arms of the Grosvenor family, are some very beautiful chairs of carved ebony that came from Ceylon. The busts in this corridor include those of King Charles II., Wellington, Crom-

Then comes the suite of state apartments, all in line, except the library, which is in a side wing. The effect of their decorations is warm and cheerful, the walls being of a peculiar red with a pattern of briar-rose foliage, with badges of the portcullis and corn sheaf. The chimney piece was brought from a Genoese palace by the Duke, and above it is a head of the Great Elk.

The pictures in this room are: The Lion Hunt, by Snyder (1579-1676), which is full of life, and the Bear Hunt by Rubens. This is a curiosity, I believe, as the only hunting scene by Rubens. On the end wall is a fine portrait of Constance, the

first Duchess, by G. E. Millais, R. A., 1874. The companion picture is a portrait of the Duke of Westminster, by the same artist. Both were presented by friends in 1874, on the coming of age of Lord Grosvenor, since deceased. The other pictures are: Robert, first Marquis of Westminster, and Eleanor, his wife, both by Jackson, R. A., 1818. The curtains, of Utrecht velvet, are of enormous weight. To make them two hundred yards of velvet was used.

Next to these comes the ante-dining-room, which, to my mind, is the prettiest room of the suite, though not the largest. It has a number of family portraits enclosed

group of the Grosvenor family, by Leslie, R. A., 1833.

The embroidery on the ottoman and pearwood chairs is old Genoese, and some very handsome cabinets of ivory and ebony are beautifully carved with illustrations of the glories and achievements of the Emperor Charles IV., and of his son Phillip. The panels of the window shutters are uniquely painted with wild flowers, as in the ante-drawing-room, placed in the order of their blooming as a floral calendar and harmonizing artistically with the general decorations.

From this room we passed into the ante-drawing room, which is the most



THE MAIN HALL.

in a wainscoting,—Sibell, Countess of Grosvenor, Elizabeth, Marchioness of Ormonde, and Beatrice, Lady Chesholm, all the work of Millais, R. A., in 1877. The other portraits are Elizabeth, Duchess-Countess of Sutherland, by Watt, R. A., Robert, Viscount Belgrave and Henrietta Countess Grosvenor, both by Gainsborough, R. A., Sir Thomas Grosvenor, by Sir Peter Lely, Richard, Earl Grosvenor, by H. Marland, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, afterwards Marchioness of Westminster, by Pickersgill, R. A., 1825, and Richard, Viscount Belgrave, second Marquis of Westminster, by Pickersgill, R. A. Another interesting picture is a

handsomely ornamented of the whole palace, and ranks conspicuously among the mansion chambers of England. The description given by the Rev. R. H. Morris, chaplain to the Duke, is so complete that I quote it, at the same time acknowledging my debt to his able work on Eaton Hall for many of the facts given in this article:

"This room," he says, "is justly celebrated for a series of twelve bird-pictures painted by H. Stacy Marks, R. A., which have been called an "idealized Zoo." They are placed in two sets of three, one set flanking each side of the chimney-piece, the six remaining panels being



THE LIBRARY.

on the side walls. The birds are drawn with the most wonderful accuracy, not only of form and texture of feathers, but also of expression, the result of attentive study at the Zoological Gardens. Every bird has sat or stood for its portrait."

Nowhere excepting in the zoo have so many gorgeous plumed birds been seen in a mass together, and Mr. Mark's unrivalled skill in this line has made the subject a marvelous success.

The whole is surmounted by a spirited frieze, while the groined roof has paintings of swallows, butterflies, and foliage. The shutter panels are painted in the same design as in the previous room, the fire-place is of Derbyshire alabaster, and the parquet floor is copied from the parquet, laid down by Sir Vanbrugh. The shelves and cabinets contain admirable specimens of old Chelsea and fine old Worcester china.

The chairs are upholstered in tapestry made in 1883, at the tapestry factory in old Windsor, especially for this room. The color of the wall hangings and the window curtains, in Utrecht velvet, is in perfect unison with the mass of color on the walls. It is a room at once most curious and most beautiful.

Beyond this is the drawing-room,

through a recessed window of which appears a view of Beeston Castle, that looks as if framed in a picture, while in the foreground is a well-hewn sculpture, by Dolan, of a mother rocking her baby.

On the right hand of the lobby are some beautiful old carvings in ivory that are worth a fortune. Here also is the golden torque, found in 1816 by a miner working in a limestone quarry at Bryan Shon, near Holywell, close to the reputed Palace of the Welsh Princes.

The library is the only one of the suite of state apartments that is entirely new and is the largest and most stately room in Eaton Hall. It is 92 feet long, 30 feet wide and 23 feet high, and this size is increased by a recess and two large bays on the south side, and octagonal bays on the south-west and north-west corners. The prominent features of the room are the two chimney pieces, with historic portraits.

The whole room is lined with walnut, the bookcases being eleven feet high. There are twenty-four windows, and above the bookcases are five historical pictures, painted for the first Earl Grosvenor by Benjamin West.

There are about 10,000 volumes in the

library, and a number of valuable manuscripts, among them "The Vision of Piers Plowman" (15th century) and "Henry of Huntingdon's Chronicles."

The gardens of Eaton Hall are reckoned among the most perfect in England, and lie principally on the East Front. At the north end of the longest terrace (350 feet in length) is a terra-cotta building that is filled with curiosities. At the opposite end of the terrace is a building to represent a Roman temple, which covers a Roman altar found in 1821. The centre of the terrace was originally occupied by a small theatre, but this has been removed. A little further on, however, is the Tea House, built from designs made by the Duke himself.

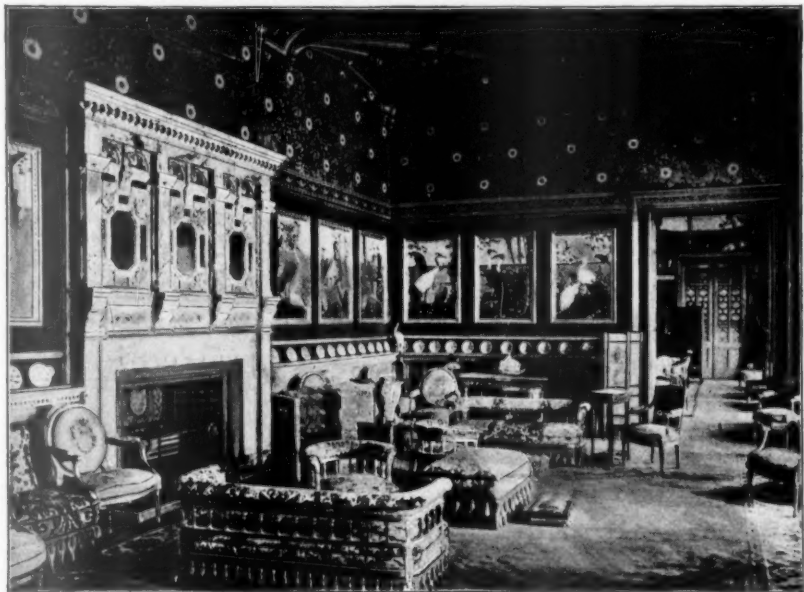
The conservatories cover a vast space, and every kind of fruit and flower is raised under the ocean of glass that has taken thousands of pounds to erect.

But while Eaton Hall owes so much to the artistic taste of its owner, and to the marvels of art he has collected, it owes still more of its world-wide fame to the stud farm that in the last hundred years has produced a greater number of noble horses, whose names are a proverb among breeders, than any other farm in England.

What does the Turf not owe to Touchstone, who lived for thirty years to perpetuate his marvellous qualities is a distinguished line of ancestors?

Touchstone's skeleton is preserved at Eaton Hall Stud Farm, showing that he had one rib more than the ordinary horse, and so are the bones of Beeswing, dam of Newminster. In 1790 Rhadamanthus carried the family colors to victory for the first time in the classic Derby. Since then the Blue Ribbon of the Turf has fallen to the share of the owners of Eaton Hall; in 1792 by the aid of John Bull, in 1794 by Daedalus, in 1880 by Bend d'Or, and in 1882 by Shotover, who also won the Two Thousand in the same year, as did Ormonde in 1866. The Oaks has gone to Eaton Hall nine times—in 1781 by Faith, 1782 by Ceres, 1783 by Maid of the Trees, 1797 by Nike, 1799 by Bellina, 1805 by Meteora, 1807 by Briseis, 1825 by Wings, and 1841 by Ghuznee. The St. Leger was won by Touchstone in 1834, by Lancelot in 1840, and by Satirist in 1841.

It will be seen that a full share of the classic races have fallen to the house of Grosvenor, and from the splendid collection of yearlings and sucklings at present



THE ANTE-DRAWING-ROOM.





COURTYARD OF THE STABLES.

at the Stud Farm, there seems to be plenty of material to win more.

Not only is Eaton Hall Stud Farm famous for its race horses in England, but Mambrino, bred by Earl Grosvenor, and through Messenger, is known to every trotting man in America.

Besides these victories, Pot-8-os claims three winners of the Derby in his progeny Waxey 1793, himself the sire of four winners; Champion 1800, and Tyrant 1702.

Mr. Chapman, who has charge of the Stud Farm, is an encyclopedia of turf knowledge, and gave me lengthy pedigrees and equally lengthy performances of the sedate and comfortable-looking brood mares that were peacefully browsing. The sight of Shotover, with a foal at foot, munching the green grass, called to mind the throngs of humanity at Epsom, when she brought the yellow and black chevrons to the front. There is more flesh on her than in those days, but the bright chestnut coat, marvelously strong back, and good quarters, are there still, and she has a foal at foot by Ormonde that should make his mark in this world. Though only three months old when I saw him he was said to be the

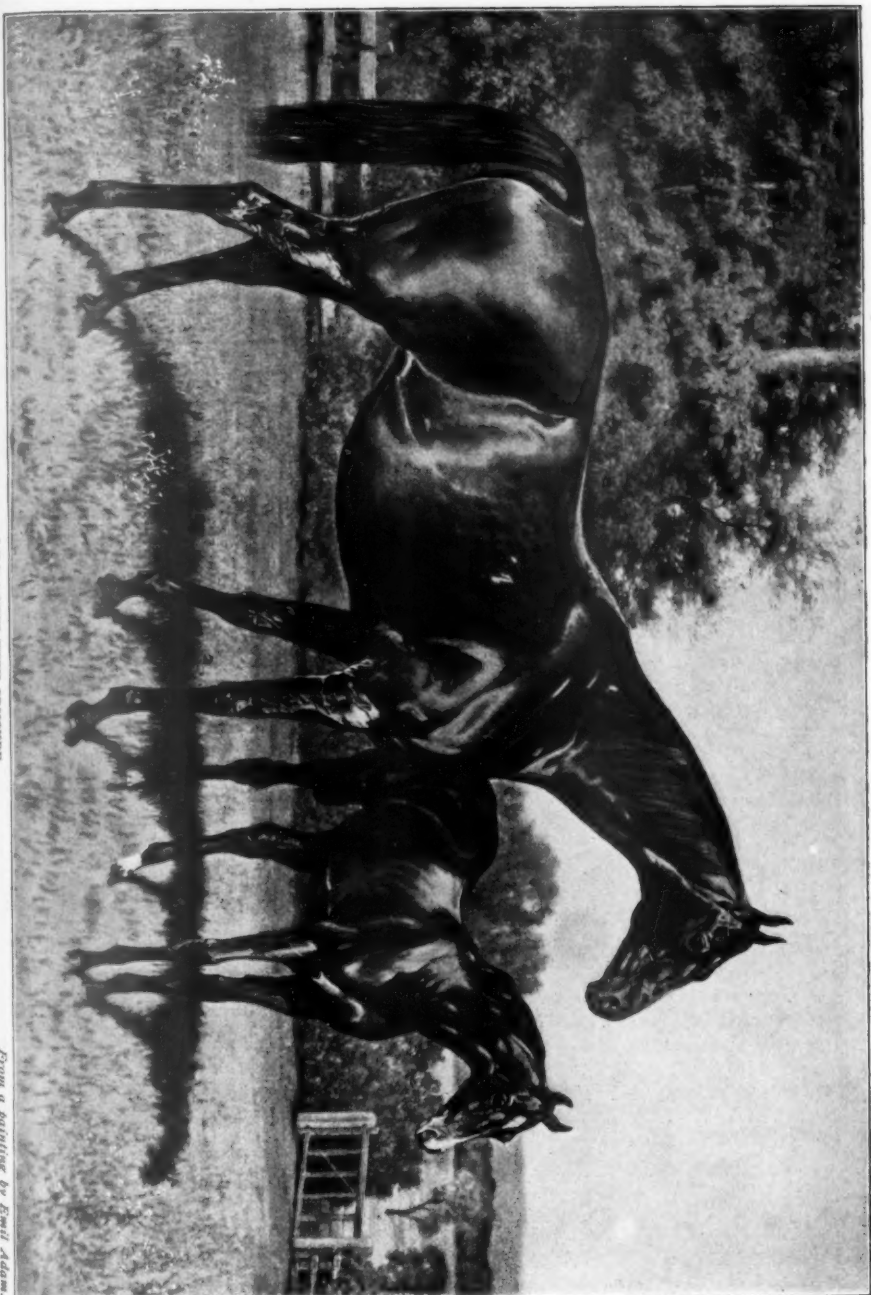
best foal in England of his size and age, and that astute judge, Captain Machet, offered the Duke ten thousand guineas for the mare and foal.

But I should refer to the Lords of the Harem. In two large and comfortable boxes in the main portion of the buildings that form a square, stand the equine heroes, Bend d'Or and Ormonde.

Bend d'Or looked a perfect picture, standing as quietly as a lamb while the boy stroked his arched and shiny neck. He is a grand horse to look at, and has not a blemish. In color he resembles his sire, Doncaster, his chief peculiarity of color being the black flecks that appear on his coat, and which he transmits to his progeny. He has upheld the honor of Eaton Hall in the stud farm as he did on the turf, which his gallant rival, Robert the Devil, did not do.

In the box opposite was Ormonde. He is as gentle as Bend d'Or, and the great race-horse stood there playing with the stick the groom held out to him. It was my last look at Ormonde, as he has since gone to South America.

After a turn round the old stables that have housed Touchstone, Pot-8-os and a half a hundred other equine celebrities,



LILY AGNES WITH ORMONDS.

From a painting by Emily Adams.

we adjourned to the paddocks wherein the brood mares were grazing.

The first we saw was Lily Agnes, the famous dam of Ormonde. She is a dark brown mare, and had a boy colt by Bend d'Or at foot. Then in a group were Jessie Agnes, a full sister of Lily Agnes, and another full sister, Lizzie Agnes, the three being by Macaroni, dam Polly Agnes. The last named had a foal at foot by Bend d'Or. Another of the group was Ruth, by Scottish Chief, dam Hilda, with a foal at foot by Peter. Ruth was an excellent race mare and was recently purchased by the Duke. Camilla, a dark brown macaroni mare, was another of the group, and she had a promising foal at foot by St. Simon. Apart from the rest stood that great race-mare Shot-over, with a chestnut foal at foot, by Ormonde. In the next field were Fenella, with a golden cross colt at foot; Freia, by Hermit; Fair Alice, by Cambuscan; Strathfleet, by Scottish Chief, with a Bend d'Or colt at foot; Angelica, by Galo-

pin, with an Ormonde colt at foot; Sandiway, a home-bred mare, with a brown colt, by Tsomomy; Farewell, by Doncaster; a mare, by Hermit, out of Lady Blanche and Rydol. It will be seen that of the fifteen the Hermit and Macaroni blood is represented in over half.

A half mile walk brought us to the yearling paddocks. These had not yet been handled at all, and were disporting themselves in their separate enclosure.

Each yearling has a grass paddock of about three acres, and a comfortable house in the corner, built in the Cheshire style. Of the dozen, eleven own Bend d'Or as their sire, and all have, in some place or another, the curious black flecks which mark their sire. Of course the horses the Duke has in training could not be seen as they are at Newmarket.

The last of the yearlings seen, a move was made for the carriage and in a few minutes we were returning along the smooth road to Chester.



BEND D'OR.

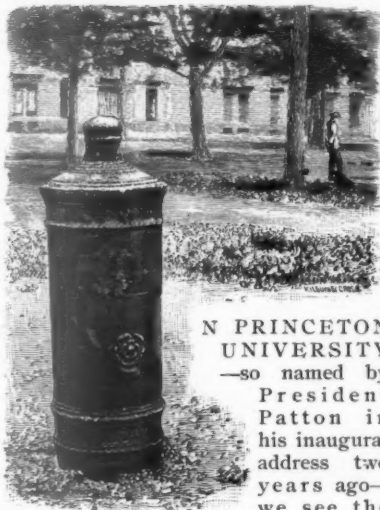
*From a painting by Emil Adam.*



ON THE CAMPUS.

## PRINCETON UNIVERSITY.

BY PROFESSOR ALLAN MARQUAND.



**N PRINCETON  
UNIVERSITY**  
—so named by  
President  
Patton in  
his inaugural  
address two  
years ago—  
we see the

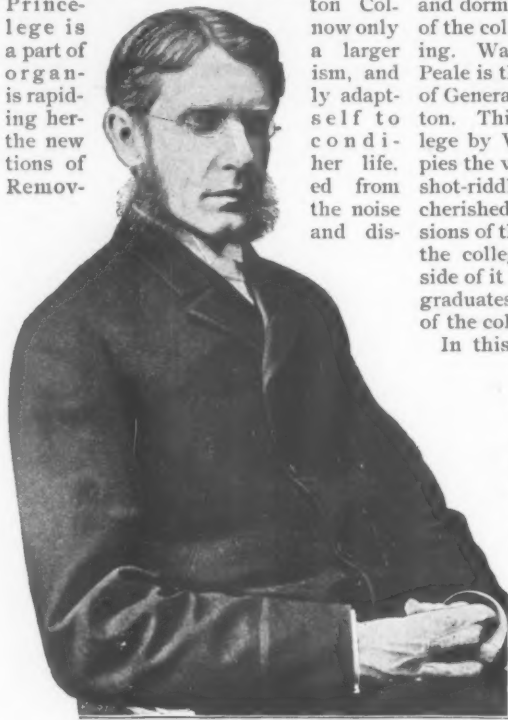
enlargement of Princeton College, and in this again the outgrowth of the College of New Jersey. The three names mark distinct stages in the development of the institution. Although from the very beginning a private corporation and not a child of the State, the revised Charter of 1748, framed by the Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the province of New Jersey, did not contemplate for the institution an influence extending very far beyond the limits of the province.

The necessity of "encouraging and promoting a learned education of our youth in New Jersey" was the primary impulse in its foundation, and, although a wider influence is distinctly mentioned, the importance of the New Jersey contingent is recognized in the provision that a majority of the trustees should be inhabitants of that province. In 1868, the year of Dr. McCosh's accession to the presidency, the charter was modified so

that the majority of the trustees might be inhabitants of other States, although twelve out of twenty-seven were still to be chosen from New Jersey. During the twenty years of this administration, the proportion of students from other States constantly increased, until at present not two hundred of the seven hundred and sixty-nine students have their homes in New Jersey. A large proportion of the undergraduates come from New York and Pennsylvania, but almost all of the remaining States from Massachusetts to California are usually represented. In all her relations with other colleges, she has appeared as Princeton College, and assumed this name as an indication that the provincial spirit was a matter of the past.

The new title, Princeton University, indicates a further change, which has already more than begun, in which undergraduate education is not the only end of our endeavors, and baccalaureate honors are not our highest academic distinctions.

Princeton College is a part of an organization rapidly changing her conditions of removal.



PRESIDENT PATTON.

ton College now only a larger ism, and ly adapt-self to con d i-her life. ed from the noise and dis-

tractions of the city, but sufficiently near to New York and Philadelphia, her situation secures to her all the advantages of the country, while those of the city are not beyond her reach. There can hardly be a question that such a situation best favors the healthy development of both student and teaching body.

The campus during the last twenty years has seen many changes, but there are several old landmarks to tell us of the early days. Foremost of all is Nassau Hall, that venerable pile which withstood the depredations of British troops and successive fires, and is cherished now as the heart of Princeton College. From its central tower in the early morning, all through the day and on into the night, a deep clear bell rings out each passing hour. We think of this one building as the mother of all the rest, and in fact it is not a hundred years since it contained the chapel, library and dining-hall, recitation rooms, museum and dormitory. All the early associations of the college cluster around this building. Washington's portrait by the elder Peale is there, telling us also of the fall of General Mercer at the battle of Princeton. This picture was given to the college by Washington himself, and occupies the very frame which once held the shot-riddled portrait of George II. It is cherished also as a memorial of the sessions of the Continental Congress held in the college library in 1783. On either side of it hang portraits of distinguished graduates and benefactors and presidents of the college.

In this building to-day there are two museums, three working laboratories, and a lecture hall. The museums contain rich collections of minerals, fossil plants, and animals, arranged as well as may be according to geological periods, and a large number of prehistoric antiquities. In one laboratory we may find Professor Libbey conducting a class in microscopical anatomy, in another Professor Scott reconstructing fossil skeletons from the fragments discovered during last summer's expedition to the far West, in the third Professor





ENTRANCE TO PRESIDENT'S GROUND.

Osborn directing the draughtsman's work as he reproduces these fossils for publication. The lecture hall, as in the older days is used by the professors of several departments.

Adjoining Nassau Hall is the library for which the college is indebted to her great benefactor John C. Green. It is intended as a student working library rather than a repository of rare works, although specially rich in books of a philosophical character and in those which refer to the late civil war. The shelves, capable of containing 120,000 volumes are by no means filled, and the reading-room facilities are small. Professors are largely dependent on their own private libraries as the fund for the increase of the college library is inadequate for their wants.

Beyond the library is Dickinson Hall, so named from the first president of the college. This is the building closely associated with the daily work of the undergraduate.

During his college course every academic student becomes well acquainted with this building. His first associations are with the central room where he meets his instructors in the Freshman year. But he soon comes in contact with Professors Murray and Hunt, Packard, Cameron and Orris at one end of the building and with President Patton and Professors Duffield, Kargé, Sloane, Ormond and West at the other.

Two or three times a year he mounts a flight of stairs to the uppermost story to be intellectually measured in Examination Hall. A few yards from Dickinson Hall is the Biological Laboratory, a charming little building, presented by the Class of 1877. It was the good fortune of that class to see four of its members professors in the college, and through them a new impulse has been given to the study of biology. This department, under Professors Macloskie, Schanck, Osborn, Scott and Libbey, Dr. Rankin

and Mr. Phillips, represented also by one Collegiate and two University Fellows, is strong in productive work.

Beyond this building lies the John C. Green School of Science; here are found the apparatus, laboratories and lecture rooms for the general scientific and technical courses. It represents a distinct department of the University and gives special degrees. Though founded in 1873, the scientific school building has been twice enlarged, and is now too small for its present requirements. The Elec-

trical Engineering department, under Professor Brackett, has recently been presented with a separate building. The Astronomical department, under Professor Young and Mr. Reed, has its lecture room in the School of Science, but has separate observatories for practical work. The large classes in Graphics, under Professor Willson, are already hampered for want of space, while the Engineering department under Professors McMillan and Smith and Mr. Harris, now comprising one-half of the students of the scientific school, are also in need of enlarged accommodations. The department of Physics, under Professors Brackett, Magie and Mr. Dodd, occupies the large laboratory and recitation room on the second floor. The Chemical department, under Professors Schanck, Cornwall and McCay, occupies no small portion of the first story, with several special laboratories, lecture rooms, and a museum illustrative of applied chemical art. But the ampler facilities long needed by this department are being provided for by a spacious new building to be erected in the near future.

We have already seen how all parts of the college organism were originally comprised in Nassau Hall. Dormitories and chapel and literary societies were here also, as well as lecture room and library. If we go from Nassau Hall to East and West College, then to Reunion and Edwards, then to Witherspoon, University and Brown Halls, we may trace the growth of the dormitory, from a large square room where three or four students live together by day and by night to the comfortable apartment where each



CLASS OF '79 MEMORIAL OF DR. MCCOSH.



NASSAU HALL.



DICKINSON HALL.

may have his separate bedroom and study.

The growth in the religious attitude of the college may also be measured to some extent by the different character of the old chapel and the new. The old chapel, still standing on the campus, is as dismal as it is commonplace. Were it not for its cruciform character, it might be mistaken for a country school-house. The new chapel, exclusively devoted to religious purposes, and itself a monument of art, has had a marked effect in fostering a spirit of reverence for all that is beautiful and good. The best memories of the past are being recorded in fine monuments upon its walls. A beautiful tablet to Professor Henry, and a fine bronze memorial to ex-President McCosh, are already there. The Henry tablet, by A. Page Brown and Louis St. Gaudens, will remind the coming undergraduate that the first electromagnetic telegraph was stretched across the Princeton campus, and that the Smithsonian Institution was planned and developed by a Princeton professor. The McCosh memorial, by Augustus St. Gaudens, will be a daily reminder of the distinguished philosopher and brilliant

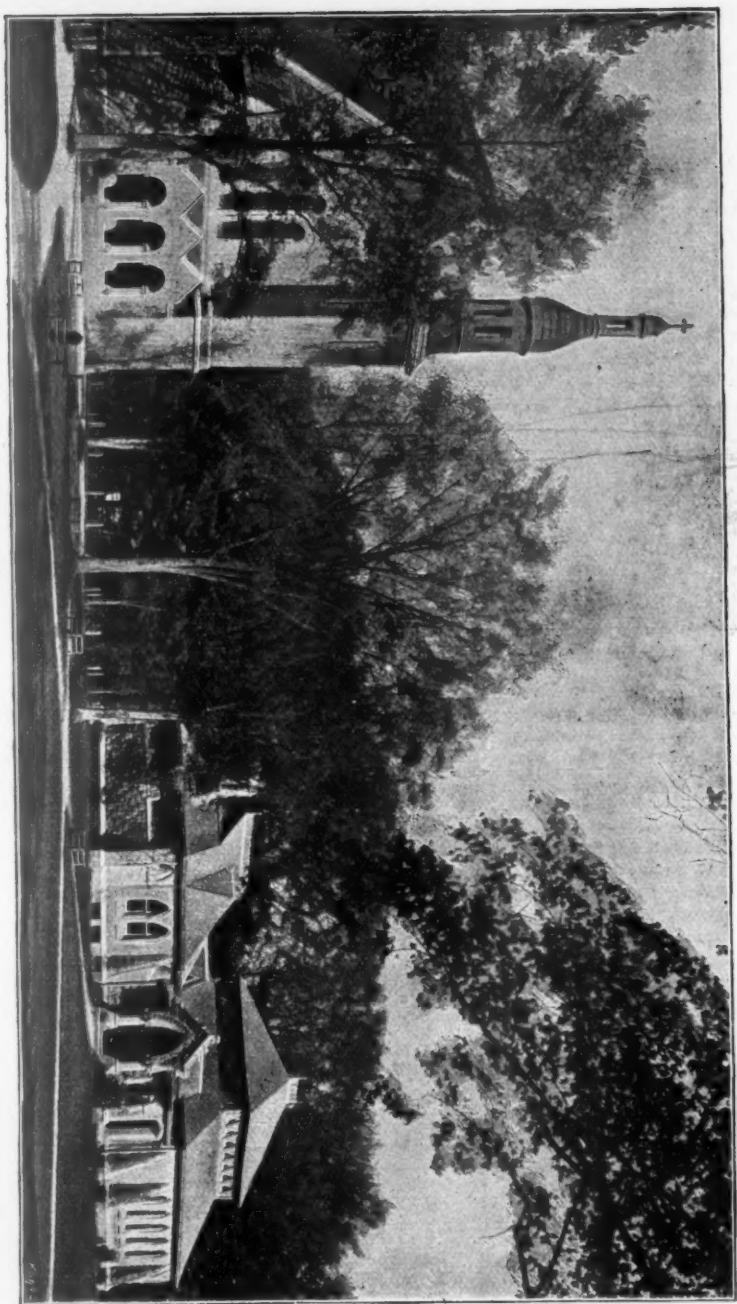
administrator, to whom Princeton owes so much of her present prosperity. Recently there have been added five memorial windows, the most important work of Francis Lathrop. The picturesque little building near the chapel is Murray Hall, the memorial of Hamilton Murray, '73, who perished at sea in the *Ville du Havre*, November 22, 1873. This building represents the students' religious organization, known as the Philadelphian Society, which now forms a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

In the southern campus is the central section of the Museum of Historic Art. When completed, it is expected that this museum will contain ample material to illustrate the general history of art. A valuable collection of pottery and porcelain is already within the walls, and a collection of casts of ancient and mediæval sculpture has been provided for by the gift of the class of 1881.

The little Ionic building not far away, and the foundations for a new



JOHN C. GREEN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.



MARQUAND CHAPEL AND MURRAY HALL.





DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.

building alongside of it, represent the student literary societies, Whig and Clio Hall. These organizations, proud to claim such men for their founders as James Madison and Oliver Ellsworth, are to-day in the height of prosperity. They stimulate independent literary work, afford excellent training in parliamentary practice, oratory and debate, and offer to their members the use of libraries well supplied with current literature. These are venerable institutions, but so planned as to fill an important place to-day in the literary discipline of nearly all the undergraduates. Whether or no their continued life is due to the exclusion of Greek letter fraternities from the college, their activity and usefulness prove them to be one of the richest inheritances which has been handed down to us from the early days. The influence of these societies is publicly felt at Commencement, when representatives of both compete for prizes in oratory and debate. To their influence also may be ascribed the continued success of the Nassau Literary Magazine, which has nearly completed the fiftieth year of its existence. The demand for a college paper devoted to news is supplied by the Prince-

tonians, which makes its appearance three times a week. It reflects not so much the literary life of the college as its general and especially its athletic interests.

There is one more building on the campus which cannot well be omitted in an account of our present academic life. This is the Gymnasium. This was the first new building erected during Dr. McCosh's administration, and it marked a brighter, healthier era in student life. It has been continually utilized, and to this may be attributed in no small measure the steady improvement in student health and discipline. It has given the needed help and stimulus to the out-of-door sports which have become so organic a part of undergraduate life. Whether or no athletic sports have been carried too far need not concern us here. But even if intercollegiate contests should be restricted or abolished altogether, there would still remain the need of a larger gymnasium and more extended facilities for out-of-door games. A neighboring school is richer in this respect than Princeton University.

There are many student interests not represented by separate buildings; some

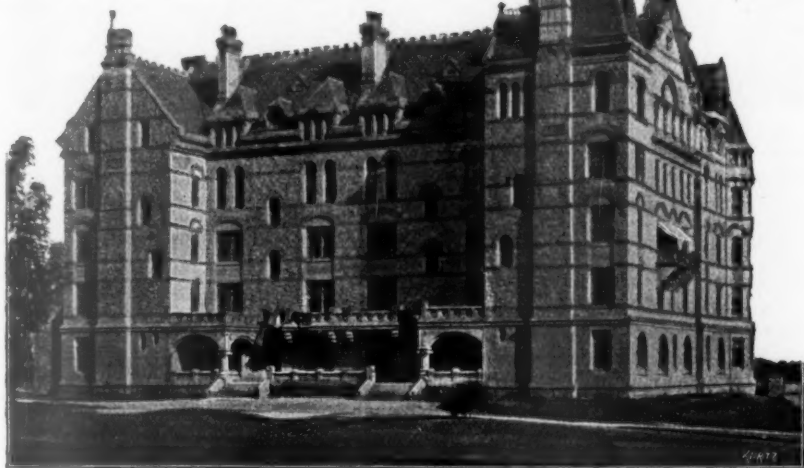
of them, like the musical organizations, deserving more serious recognition. There are glee clubs and instrumental clubs of various degrees of proficiency, one of which represents the college in an extensive tour during the holidays. It would be no small gain if musical exercises could be fostered under protecting walls of their own, and instruction in the history and theory of music could be given a place in the college curriculum. For those whose taste is artistic, yet not musical, there are the Sketch Club and the Dramatic Association, which have done good service in improving the taste for drawing, painting, and the drama. Greek letter or secret fraternities do not exist in Princeton. The social attraction of such societies finds its expression in clubs, of which the Ivy and the University Cottage clubs are the most prominent. Each of these organizations has attractive quarters, and gives occasional receptions. The three upper classes have in recent years contributed to the social life of the college by giving balls, known as the Senior Assembly, Junior Promenade, and Sophomore Reception. These are all held in the auditorium of the University Hall, and are more urban in character than the promenade concerts of days gone by, held in the open campus amid swinging lanterns. Almost every interest of college life is represented by a club. There are school clubs, hare and hound clubs, a

gun club, riding club, photographic club, and—but we stop. It is impossible to enumerate them all.

The visitor to Princeton will have received but a partial view of the attractions of the place if he has seen only the college buildings. It will not take us long to walk through the main street to Evelyn, the recently established college for women. On our way we will notice the old President's house, before which stand two great sycamores, planted by Dr. Finley in 1765. Evelyn College is located in a retired spot, where a rambling building affords shelter for a rapidly growing institution.

If we return by the new Athletic Field, we shall have an unexpectedly fine view along Prospect avenue, which is being lined with attractive cottages. We must pass then under the lofty elms of "McCosh Walk" till we reach Prospect, the fine residence of President Patton. Then wend our way through the spacious campus and on until we reach the Theological Seminary, whose substantial buildings represent the fortress of the Presbyterian faith.

Princeton's significance to the country extends far back in our national life. Her



WITHERSPOON DORMITORY.

influence was strong not only in the Declaration of Independence, in the original Articles of Confederation and in the Constitution of the United States, but in the constitutional government of various States. She has been instrumental in founding as many as forty colleges, and numberless churches all over the country owe their existence to her graduates. In the early part of this century we needed just such men as the Presbyterians, trained to independence under a republican form of government, could supply, and Princeton did her share in supplying them. The college took its character not so much from Jonathan Edwards as

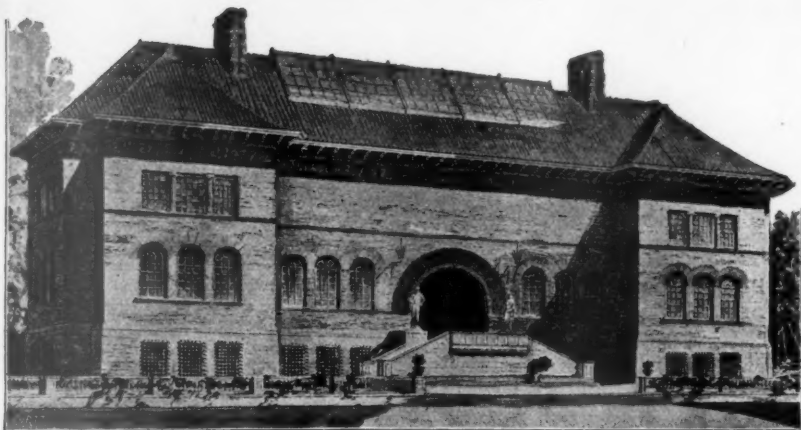
from the United States, one Vice-President, six members of the Continental Congress, twenty senators of the United States, twenty-three members of the House of Representatives, thirteen governors of States, thirteen Presidents of Colleges, three Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, twenty officers in the army of the Revolution, and many more were prominent in law, medicine, and theology. He enlarged the curriculum, established the system of instruction by lectures, re-established its material equipment, and left the college in a flourishing condition.



A CLASS IN GRAPHICS

from John Witherspoon. Edwards was president for too short a period to have influenced the destiny of the college. He gave to Princeton little more than the legacy of a great name. But Witherspoon was a strong power in the college for the twenty-six years from 1768 to 1794. He saw it safely through the stormy days of the Revolution, when Nassau Hall was used as a barracks and its library and material equipment were destroyed. The average number of graduates under his administration did not exceed nineteen a year, but an unusually large proportion distinguished themselves in public life. One became Presi-

dent of the United States, one Vice-President, six members of the Continental Congress, twenty senators of the United States, twenty-three members of the House of Representatives, thirteen governors of States, thirteen Presidents of Colleges, three Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, twenty officers in the army of the Revolution, and many more were prominent in law, medicine, and theology. He enlarged the curriculum, established the system of instruction by lectures, re-established its material equipment, and left the college in a flourishing condition.



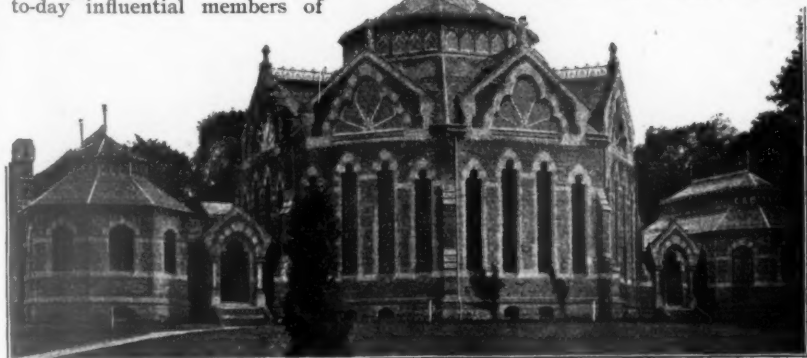
MUSEUM OF HISTORIC ART.

the number of buildings on it increased from nine to twenty-four. A corresponding expansion took place in the courses of study.

But while the strong characteristics of vigorous Scotch Presbyterians have done much to shape the policy and mould the life of the college, the institution was planted not upon Presbyterian but upon unsectarian ground. The charter, framed by a Harvard graduate, Governor Belcher, provides that "every religious denomination may have free and equal liberty and advantages," makes no mention of any special denomination and requires no religious tests of any of the officers or students of the college. Two of the earliest presidents were called from Congregational churches and to-day influential members of

the Trustees and Faculty and a large proportion of the students have other than Presbyterian connections.

The progressive character of Princeton is now as well known as her conservatism. Both qualities are illustrated in the characters of the two eminent presidents in whom we see so much of the Princeton spirit; both also are harmoniously blended in the recently reorganized curriculum. We cannot here do more than point out the principles which have governed the Faculty in its reconstruction. The subjects taught the Freshmen are all required; in Sophomore year three-fourths of them; in Junior year, one-half; and in Senior year, one third. The remaining subjects are elective, and rapidly increase



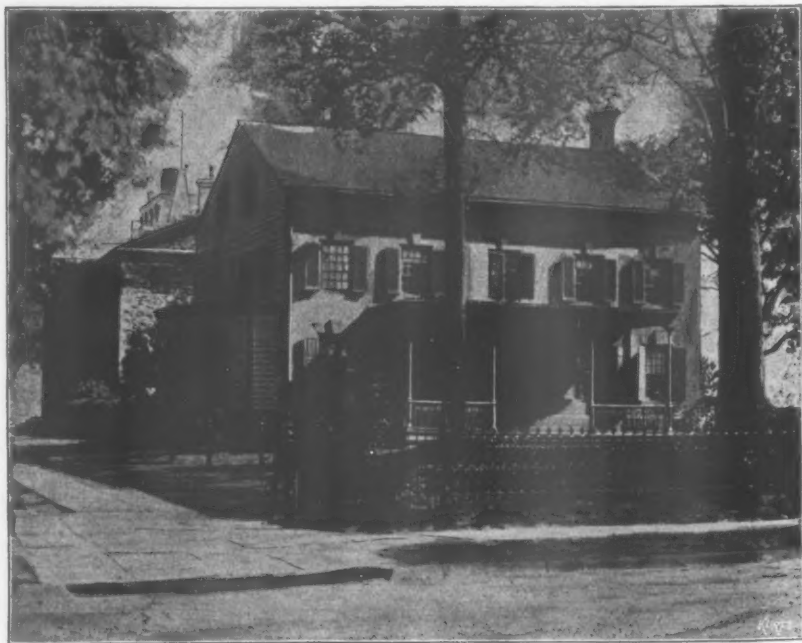
CHANCELLOR GREEN LIBRARY.

in number in the later years of the course. In Sophomore year there are ten elective courses ; in Junior year thirty-two and in Senior year eighty-one. As great pains are taken to observe as far as possible the natural sequence of the sciences and to provide general courses preliminary to the more advanced ones in the same line, the curriculum seems to be admirably adapted to the present wants of the college. Three-fourths of all the electives offered to the Junior class are now open also to the Seniors. This is a strong blow at the exclusive class system which has had an unbroken life up to the present year. Another improvement has been the encouragement of specialization by the awarding of special honors to students of distinguished attainments in departments requiring at least four hours a week during the earlier years and six hours during the Senior year. A new stimulus to the work of research and the reading of papers by professors, fellows, and graduate students has been given by the establishment of fortnightly and monthly clubs. A Science Club, Philosophical

Club, Literary Club, Biological Club, and Mathematical and Physical Seminary are already in existence. Some record of their transactions may be found in the quarterly Princeton College *Bulletin*.

One of the inheritances which is slow to disappear is sectarianism in religion. Happily its power is waning. President Patton, in his inaugural address, emphasized the unsectarian foundation of the college as a herald of the University ; and one of the trustees, a Presbyterian clergyman, significantly said : " If it be not possible for Princeton to remain Presbyterian and be a University, let her cease to be Presbyterian."

Another inheritance slowly disappearing is sectarianism in education. This shows itself in the opposition which is sometimes developed to the introduction of new subjects and the undue value assigned to the old. The recent reorganization of the curriculum was a triumph against this tendency, but the reform did not go far enough. A more liberal education should now be extended to the Freshmen and Sophomore classes. This cannot fail to come soon.



THE DEAN'S HOUSE.



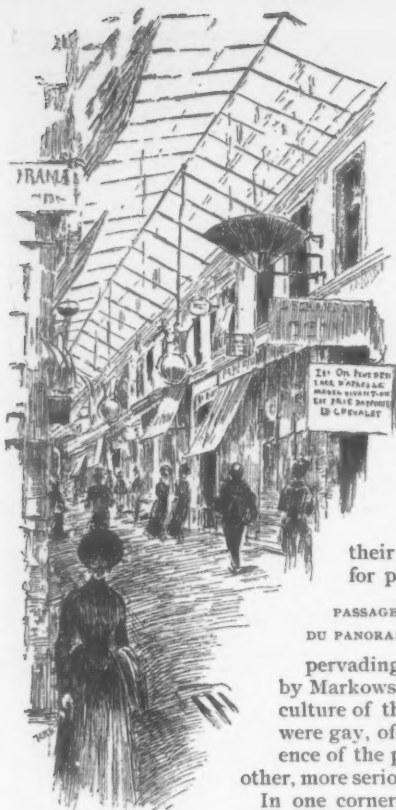


FIRST PRIZES OF W. C. DOHM, '90.



## THE ACADEMIE JULIAN.

By M. RICCARDO NOBILI.



PASSAGE  
DU PANORAMA.

A SCORE or more of years have passed, since, on a modest little door in the "Passage du Panorama," there appeared this characteristic placard :

" Ici on peut dessiner d'après le model  
" vivant ; on est prie d'apporter le cheva-  
" let."

A large hand pointed toward a dark and narrow staircase. Ascending and pushing open a small yellow door the visitor entered an immense, well-lighted room, in the middle of which stood a model, still as the pedestal on which he posed. The only furniture was a great collection of stools, arranged in regular order like the seats of an amphitheatre. Judging from appearances, one would naturally have concluded that this was a school whose pupils were temporarily absent, but soon expected to return and resume their labors. It was, in fact, a school waiting for pupils, not one of whom had ever crossed its threshold.

The quiet of the room was in marked contrast with the sounds pervading it, when devoted, as it formerly was, by Markowsky, an old Polish dancing master, to the culture of the Terpsichorean art. Those walls then were gay, often so very gay as to require the interference of the police. To the gay art, now succeeds another, more serious and more noble.

In one corner of this room a solitary artist was diligently working. The artist, who was also the proprietor of the studio, was no other than the now well-known Julian, who was making the experiment of opening an Academy of the fine arts. This silent room and those long rows of empty stools were hardly the realization of his dreams, yet, alone, he worked bravely on, filled with the hope that sooner or later, companions would come. For four long months Julian went every day to work in this atelier, waiting for students who did not come, always hoping to see that little yellow door pushed open whenever he heard a noise on the staircase. One day, when almost discouraged, and upon the point of renouncing the difficult task, the door was opened and a young man appeared. A student, passing by chance, had seen the placard and out of curiosity mounted the staircase. Overcome by the strange silence, he was turning to go away, when Julian addressed him :

" Are you going away ? Do you not find the studio very well arranged ? "

" Certainly," replied the other.

" Do you like the model ? "

" Very much."



M. JULIAN.

"The light is good?"

"Splendid."

"Have I promised on my placard to furnish you with companions?"

"No."

"Then why leave?"

Persuaded by this strict logic, the young man entered, opened his box, prepared his palette and went to work. The next day he brought with him two or three companions and the "Académie Julian" was founded.

At this time Julian was considered promising among artists, and his successes at the "Salon" were proof that



JULES JOS. LEFEBVRE.

illustration of his great school, he has abandoned painting, having built another monument to his fame, the Academy bearing his name.

For four years its tenure of life was uncertain. Many of the most successful ateliers had been closed and Julian was expecting his to meet the fate of the others, but with indomitable energy he brought it to a successful issue, and the school has grown in numbers and in reputation, until it outranks the celebrated school of Monaco. The single room is now a large building, but not sufficiently large to accommodate all who seek admission, and M. Julian has been obliged to open several other ateliers in different parts of the city as *succursales* to the "Académie" proper, which is now located in the Rue du Faubourg St. Denis,

he might have shone as a painter, but being absorbed in the admin-



LUCIEN DOUCET.

not far from the Porte St. Denis. The "Académie" is attended by several hundred pupils, of every country. Its rapid development is marvelous when it is considered that it has had no assistance from the Government. It is as strong as the "Ecole des Beaux Arts," more independent and more frequented.

To go back a step in the history of this institution, at the beginning it had no masters, but the students worked as in an artists' club, each criticizing the work of the others. One day Julian proposed to them to have masters. The proposition was received with enthusiasm, and unanimously adopted. Those whom he first requested to act as such were Jules Lefebvre, Gustave Boulanger and Carrier Belleuse, who generously accepted the difficult charge, for the glory of their art, without making any question as to compensation. Later on, came others to help them; M. Bouguereau, Tony Robert-Fleury, Benjamin Constant, Lucien Doucet, François Flameng,



TONY ROBERT-FLEURY.

Gabriel Ferrier and, in sculpture M. Chapu. With M.

Bouguereau and his work, THE COSMOPOLITAN'S readers are already somewhat familiar through the article upon that painter in the January number.

The Académie is divided into nine different "Ateliers." Of these, five are devoted to men and four to women, the ateliers for the two sexes being wholly separate. Those for men are divided among the masters as follows: Bouguereau and

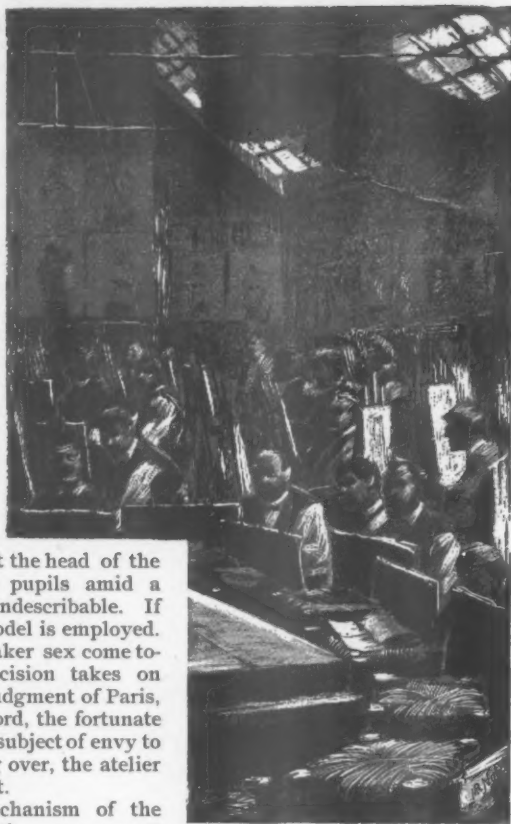
Fleury; Constant and Lefebvre; Doucet; Flameng and Ferrier; Chapu; and those for women as follows: Bouguereau and Fleury; Constant and Lefebvre, (two ateliers); Chapu. Upon entering, the student is free to select for himself the masters under whom he will study, and thereupon enters the atelier presided over by them.

In each atelier two models, of different sex, pose for eight hours daily, interrupted only for a rest of ten minutes every hour and of an hour at noonday. The manner of selecting models is interesting. The candidate disrobes and mounts the pedestal, taking many different positions.

The "massier" (a student at the head of the school), takes a vote of the pupils amid a noise and confusion that is indescribable. If the majority approve, the model is employed. If by chance several of the weaker sex come together to be judged, the decision takes on somewhat the character of a judgment of Paris, not omitting the apple of discord, the fortunate one who is preferred being the subject of envy to those not selected. The voting over, the atelier at once resumes its former quiet.

The mainspring of the mechanism of the institution, so to speak, is the "concoure."

First, comes the weekly *concoure* for design. Every week the masters select the best drawings, and these are judged monthly by all the masters. For the best a prize is given, and to others honorable mention. The prizes consist of medals and money. When two prizes have been awarded to a student during the year, he is, if again successful, awarded only a medal, the prize of money going to the next in order of merit. Second, the weekly *concoure* for composition, the subjects for which are given by the masters. Every Saturday the works are classified by the masters in the order of merit. The most meritorious entitle the authors to first choice of position about the model for the succeeding week. In addition, a number of those who stand highest in this *concoure* are entitled to take part in the monthly "*concoure* of the sketch." Third, the monthly "*concoure* of the sketch," as it is called, the sketch being of a composition, the subject for which is given by the masters and which must be completed in seven hours. For the best a prize is awarded and all the works are classified in the order of merit, the most meritorious entitling the author to first choice of position about the model in the *concoure* next mentioned. Fourth, the monthly *concoure* of painting, the painting being of a male or female figure, to be completed in one week. It is varied, sometimes the entire figure being painted in small proportions, and at others, only the head and bust of life size. For the best is given a prize of 100 fr., and honorable mention to the next. The award is made by all the masters. Fifth, the



ATELIER FOR MEN.



BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

that the works are in clay.

As a general rule the ateliers of the women are distinguished by success in the "*concours* of the portrait," and the prize is almost yearly awarded to them; but the men are prepared for and nobly sustain their defeat, retrieving their losses here by successes in the Salon, where they are found among the strongest of the younger champions of art.

The spirit of emulation awakened by the *concours* is intense, resulting in an almost feverish activity and deep and serious study. Here, truly, "*fervet opus*" and the typical lazy fellow is not to be found.

The weekly *concours* of composition is very interesting. Curious it is to see in how many different ways the same subject will be treated. After the master has made his criticisms and given his advice to the students at work, he begins the classification of the sketches. This is the moment of suspense and a little comedy is now often enacted. For example, the lamented Boulanger, one of the most serious critics, yet full of humor, standing in the midst of the students, pointing at one of the crudest of the sketches, with his finger between his teeth, as if in deep meditation, would say, "Who is the criminal?" The culprit had probably already disappeared, but if not, then Boulanger would ask his intention, always giving him afterwards good advice. Nothing can more develop the talent for composition than this exercise. The deep interest exhibited by all the

yearly "*concours* of the portrait," as it is called, open to all students of the Académie, of both sexes.

The *concours* of the School of Sculpture are the same as those of the school of painting, the only difference being

masters, the careful corrections made by them and their advice, are of the greatest assistance to the student who aspires to become an artist.

The monthly *concours* of composition is of the same character but causes more excitement among the students, because the sketches must be made *extempore*, all the different ateliers take part, and an exhibition of the works is made after judgment is passed upon them. It is a pleasure to note that envy has no place here, but the spirit of emulation alone. What the French call "*Camaraderie*" is here perfect.

Recreation is not wanting amid all this serious work. During the rests of the model, no one would recognize the quiet school of the moment before. It is now that the dramatic talents of the students are displayed. One imitates perfectly the broken French spoken by the English tourists, giving the dialogue in a "row" with the cabman over the *pourboire*, the interference of the gendarmes, etc.; another narrates the story of Barbe-Bleu in so interesting a way that it would be appreciated at the Bouffes Parisiens. Some of the prettiest comical songs, and which might have been composed by the popular Paulus may be heard. It was in these resting moments that Felicien David, the celebrated composer, sang his caballettas. David, who had a taste for painting, once pursued the evening course of this Académie. One evening he arrived while students were performing a parody of his "Desert." A procession of students tricked out with rags and fantastically dressed as Arabs moved in a long line among the stools and easels, representing a cavalcade.

Surely David never dreamed of such an interpretation of his work. One day Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy," was reproduced in the most amusing way, with a curi-



GABRIEL FERRIER.





ATELIER FOR WOMEN, (LEFEBVRE AND CONSTANT.)

ous metamorphosis of the modern dress to imitate the old. The effect of this picture was surprising, since the only materials used in making the transformation, were a few collars of paper, shaped in the old Flemish fashion, and a few ruffs of the same for the jackets and mantles of the students.

While speaking of the amusing side of the Académie, mention should be made of the collection of comical portraits and caricatures of the students, which adorn its walls. Many of these have now a real value, having been painted by artists since become celebrated, and bearing the marks of conscientious work. Painted in secret, they are secretly placed on the walls, the author being often unknown. One student who had a mania for horses, speak-

ing of them on every occasion, and often posing as a jockey on the stools of the atelier, was surprised on arriving one morning, to discover a representation of himself astride of a broom. The poor fellow took it so much to heart that the artist kindly substituted a horse, taking pains to make it a very poor one, for the broom.

The Annual Fancy Dress Ball of the ateliers for men, must not be forgotten. The students and the models mingle in a gay throng, and one might imagine that the hilarity would be excessive. Not so. All is gay and lively, but all are dignified as if attending a court ball. Perhaps the fact that each one is invested with, and expected to act, an assumed part, has something to do with this. The costumes are beautiful and correct,

and the velvet and laces are a sort of barricade against disorder. I recall but one disturbance, and that some years ago, when "Marechal Turenne" spoke disrespectfully to "Louis XIV" because the latter had stolen "Madame de Montespan" who had been dancing with the old Marechal. But no blood was spilled, thanks to two Harlequins who interfered and meantime "Julius Caesar" had the benefit of the quarrel as he waltzed off with "Madame."

At the close of the ball no elegant coaches wait at the door and very rarely cabs. The guests go as they came, on foot. And now, just as day is breaking, a motley assemblage appears, forming a long line in the middle of the street, jumbled together in the most pro-



ATELIER OF SCULPTURE.

miscuous fashion, as for instance, Henry III and Madame de Pompadour, General Boulanger and Catherine de Medici, locking arms, screaming and tramping along through the mud and snow. Some of the students, thinking it would be hardly worth while to go to bed, appear in costume at the atelier.

The lady students have also their ball, but, aside from the masters, none of the stronger sex are invited.

The most important collection of the Académie is that of the works to which



FRANÇOIS FLAMENG.

the prizes are awarded at the monthly *concours*.

Among these are works now of very great value, and for which M. Julian has been offered and refused largesums.

Among others is the work of Doucet, now a master of the Académie, who has received many prizes at the Salon, and whose work is very highly esteemed in Paris.

The atelier for women is truly a fortress of the Amazons. No soul of the other sex is allowed to pass the portals, save M. Julian, the masters, the models and the dealer in colors. Even the fathers and brothers who accompany the ladies to the door, are there compelled to leave them. How compass an entrance to this Gynecæum? Asking M. Julian if he could not aid in the matter, he said it was not possible. An attempt to bribe the color dealer met with no better success. Not being a master, the only thing remaining was to go as a model.

Among those who have been students are the Princess Ghicka, sister of King Milan of Servia; Mlle. de Charrette, daughter of the General of the French Zouaves; the daughter of Marechal Canrobert, the hero of Solferino; Madame Goutant, Mlle. Brandes, Marie Laurent, dramatist; Milles. Beaury-Saurel, Bilinska, Dumont, Guyon, Lemoine, Madame Real del Sarte, Miss Gardner and Princess Terka Jabonowska, now married to Maurice Bernhardt, son of Sara,



ATELIER FOR WOMEN, (BOUGUEREAU AND ROBERT-FLEURY.)

and the lamented Mlle. Marie Bashkirtseff, a young Russian lady of Poltava. This graceful lady, who shone and disappeared like a meteor, was considered in the Académie a real genius. Her work at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 is proof of her talent. Ambitious and clever, she was musician, linguist and artist. Strange character! Having received a medal at the Salon, she appeared next morning at the atelier with this mark of distinction attached to the tail of her pet dog. Having once heard Gambetta, she became so enthusiastic as to make a perfect imitation of him in the atelier, jumping upon the table and taking the pose and declaiming in the style of the great orator. Many of the ladies whom I have named are well-known in the Salon, as Mlle. Beaurys-Saurel, the author of the portrait of Madame Carnot in the last Salon, and who was awarded a gold medal at the exhibition of Barcelona, Mlle. Bilinska, Madame Del Sarte and Miss

Gardner, a favorite pupil of Bouguereau.

In a conversation with M. Julian not long ago since, he informed the writer that he intended to establish an annual public exhibition where all those who are or have been students at the Académie can expose their works, thus bridging over the most difficult period for the student, the passage from the school to the public. This exhibition would assume the character of a "petit Salon," and would be for the young artist a better ground in which to exhibit his early efforts, than the Salon proper, where they come into comparison with the works of the most celebrated artists of the world.

Among the forest of young heads that I saw there, absorbed in the study of their art, the greater part were Americans. Who can tell to what extent their talents, gradually developing strength under the skillful direction of those great masters, will enrich the already powerful, though young, art of America?

## REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD.

FRANCE has just contributed to the currency of uncommon events, one of those picturesque incidents, at once political and theatrical, that belong almost equally to history and the drama. There has not, in a long time, been a part studied with more attention to effect, or better played, than that of the Bourbon Prince, who, though in exile on account of the royalty of his family, took upon himself to display a devotion to France so passionate and irrepressible, that he must at all hazards seek to serve her as a private soldier.

The stroke, from the point of view of the Bourbon exile, was beautiful. The young man introduced himself to the French happily. His advisers evidently knew well the people with whom they were dealing. It was a fine surprise and a pleasing "Good morning." The naturalness of the little comedy, which, as was becoming, had a dainty touch of pathos, was delicious. Who could object to a boy seeking to step into the ranks as a private soldier? How hard and cruel of the coldhearted and commonplace Republic to balk his young enthusiasm! It looked so patriotic and adventurous for the Prince to report for registration as a soldier, and give his true name; and yet this daring exploit was attended with no grave suspicion of danger, and was not in any respect costly! There was a ride in the cars, a declaration of fierce desire to serve France, an arrest, firmly and courteously conducted, a good breakfast and dinner served from one of the best restaurants in Paris, a comfortable bed, cards and flowers and calls from friends, a wonderful flutter among the aristocratic ladies, a trial and chance to make a speech, in which the careful lines were duly delivered, abundant applause, a few tears, a solemn sentence not meant for execution, and a great deal of glory, a place among historical personages, a telegram from across the ocean in which the father of the Prince alleged himself to be surprised, and had an opportunity to refer to the love of his heart for son and fatherland.

It is almost a pity to retouch this picture, saying that a few thousand photographs, of English manufacture, of the heroic Prince with the humble ambition, were found in readiness for the interesting occasion. We may doubt whether the princely performance would have taken place, if there had not been assurance there was no peril of an introduction some cold gray morning to the guillotine in front of the "Prison for the condemned," or a few rifle shots by the light of a lantern in the ditch of Vincennes. Has chivalry, then, become cheap when it is necessary to tell what a Prince has for breakfast to make an interesting story of a royal return from exile, or have Princes so far faded that the people whom they offend by their kingly pretensions do not feel their blood is worth shedding?

The new style of the introduction of forbidden royalties is an improvement upon the old, less startling than the appearance of the First and in better form than the Third Napoleon. The Napoleonic difference was that between eagles wild and tame—the one killing his own meat, and the other preferring chipped beef. It was a pleasant touch in the Prince to advertise that he cared "to go for a soldier," and, perhaps, the sharpest answer would have been to put him into the ranks—but the fondness of the French for a spectacle, would not permit that.

Almost at the same moment the Prince took his breakfast as a patriotic culprit, served from a first-class restaurant, there was a duel with pistols between a French Marquis and a Parisian editor, in which the gentlemen were photographed in the act, and next morning found their faces and forms, as they stood up to fire, engraved with a house and a haystack included in the background, displayed in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald*. The element of ridicule is removed from the mild attempt at a *coup d'état* by the young man of the house of Orleans by his reputation as a hopeful, gritty youth, and it is fair to say that the duel, illustrated through a Kodak and an American

newspaper printed abroad, was not bloodless, and France is as full of enjoyment as she can well be, without her revenge on the Rhine and with the Eiffel tower closed.

\* \* \*

THE young Emperor of Germany is showing the possession of unusual qualities. He glories in his position as the man who has in hand the most splendid military machine ever organized. There has been nothing like it, either in magnitude or perfection of detail; whether we consider the ancient Romans or Persians, or the modern French and Russians. The German Empire extends from the Alps to the North and Baltic seas, and from France to Russia, and the armed nation is an army that is a prodigy, a monstrous array upon the equipment of which science and art, industry and discipline, have lavished all resources and exhausted ingenuity.

The young Emperor ascended the throne with the reputation of caring for nothing but the army, and has on all occasions shown his military spirit and intelligence. It was said, as he visited Russia, Austria, Italy, England, Sweden, Greece and Turkey, that he was given to display and disposed to be a wanderer; that he was so nervously excitable he had to be moving; that his incessant activities were something amazing, and must be associated with weakness, an irritability of vanity if nothing worse, but these things have measurably passed away. The latest from him is that after manifesting the keenest interest in the relations of the working people to their employers, he has proposed an international conference that the social questions may have full and fair hearing, and, if possible, a solution, at least that a compromise shall be made that may permit the healthful development of industries and protect the workers from class indignity and extortion. The Emperor has accepted as of urgency for himself and his people, the most immense and agitating questions in the world. Possibly, he has done this in a spirit of arrogance, though he has assumed an attitude of inquiry rather than authority, but there are indications of thoughtfulness, and he has made a profound impression, not merely upon his own country but upon all enlightened

peoples. It is a spectacle of the deepest concern to see the master of the conquering legions of Germany studying the welfare of the poor, proposing to put to the test forms of socialism—a strange and almost savage radicalism that has grown up in the shadow of the throne, and in the midst of the army—not as flagrant and brutal in hostility to order, but as matters that are to be debated and considered in their intimate relations to highest and lowest of the land.

This is an invasion of the domain of the Socialists by the imperial forces, and it is storming the strongholds of the Anarchists. They claim that the State should be responsible for nearly everything. Here is the Emperor, the embodiment of the State, to say "Lo, I am with you. Cease vague declamation: put in intelligible shape your wishes. We shall see how Imperialism and Socialism, the one man power and the multitude, fit into each other." The general result of the elections in Germany seems to be that the Emperor's activity has augmented the voting ability of the Socialists. It is to be seen whether at the same time their pretensions, many of which are wholly impossible, may be moderated. We presume they will not, for it is one of the Socialist characteristics that they are of obstinate and boundless conceits.

\* \* \*

It will be instructive to note the effect of the German Emperor's proposals and speculations, his concessions and suggestions, upon the Emperor of Russia, whose policy continues to be that of repression, and whose iron hand smites the Nihilist, and meets a warfare of assassination with the remorseless resolution that through the perversion of agencies under an administration that is undermined with corruption, leads to fearful massacre. The two most potential men in the world, in the power provided through a vast system and placed in their hands, are the Emperors of Germany and Russia. Upon them rests the questions of peace or war, the destiny of nations and of hundreds of millions of human beings. Both are young men of unusual personal capacity, and they are related not merely as Emperors, they are remotely cousins. They have not the same way of asserting themselves, and it is not unlikely that



the diversity of their fortunes may be as memorable as the peculiarity of their associations is remarkable. Each will be responsible for the initial development of a tremendous problem. The indications thus far are that there is nothing in Germany or Russia, that does not go to illustrate that there is a form of government safer and stronger and happier than the Imperial, and that this is true if we should regard as of the highest interest the welfare of Emperors.

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THE illness of the baby King of Spain has declared the shaky condition in that Kingdom, as the appearance of the royal family of Brazil in exile has admonished the young King of Portugal of the precarious tenure of his office. The world looking a few weeks ago through the windows of the royal palace at Madrid saw not the Queen Regent and the infant king, but the devoted mother and sick child, and Castelar, the eloquent and austere Republican, whose character and talent lend dignity to the party of republicanism in his country, has fallen in disfavor with the radicals, who associate rudeness with the assertion of the rights of man, because he sent a message of inquiry and sympathy to the palace, and expressed the hope that the mother's heart might be comforted by the recovery of her child.

Before Spain can become republican, her people must know that the equality of rights and opportunities, under which self-government has strength and good fame, have such breadth and height and generosity, that "malice toward none and charity for all" includes even the kings and queens, and their little children, for the false and dangerous pretensions of royalty are under the contemplation of an elevated political philosophy, the faults of the people themselves.

\* \* \*

THE gayeties of our National Capital have been eclipsed by the personal sorrows of those in the highest official places. The death of the beloved sister of the wife of the President has cast a shadow over the White House, and the afflictions of the Secretaries of State and of the Navy, have touched with the tenderest sympathy the deepest sensibilities of millions. The whole country has

been moved with the sincerest sentiments of kindness and respect, and in three mourning households is revealed to the vision of tearful eyes the beautiful life of loving families, with all the graces that adorn and lift up, as well as the grief that softens and subdues—the kindred ties, the hopes, common and divine, that are the inextinguishable charm and enduring loveliness of humanity.

\* \* \*

THE overthrow of the political power of the Mormons, in their sacred city, the capital of Utah, has told the world that the dark stain that has distinguished that territory, and has been coupled with slavery in the thoughts of all men and the literature of the time, is, as was formerly said (when the contest on the borders for free States pierced the heart of the country) with greater truth than was then understood, "in the course of ultimate extinction." The process looking to the inevitable, and devoutly to be wished and demanded, purification, is likely to be more speedy than is as yet comprehended.

Evidently we are hastening to the day in which our national structure shall be completed by covering the whole space between the oceans within our lines with States, and the Utah election is hailed as affording most satisfactory evidence that the apprehension of clothing Mormonism with the sovereignty of Statehood, need not much longer be entertained. Then will come New Mexico and Arizona, thus far a shade too Mexicanized to be entitled to places as stars in the national constellation. The Dakotas, Montana and Washington are already States, and Wyoming and Idaho are at the door ready and worthy. The Commonwealths are and must be largely the growth of the political material and moral conditions developed during and since the war that made us a nation. They are enriched with the glorious blood of all the old States. They are built upon the rocks of the ages, American in blood and bone and the marrow of the bones. Take Colorado, the Centennial State, for example. Her soil came to us in the Jefferson purchase and under the treaty that followed the war with Mexico. Her rivers flow into the Gulf of California, the Gulf of Mexico and the Missouri and

the Mississippi. Her population is drawn from the North and the South, and is homogeneous. They are in an atmosphere where the old sectional feelings are forgotten, and the passions that entered into the warfare of other days have faded until, if they appear at all, it is as a film of mist on the horizon, vague as a cloud hovering over the mountains. Here, and in other States under like influences, will be developed a patriotism without taint of provincialism, a State sovereignty that shall but add its lustre to the splendor of the supreme nationality.

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THE race question overshadows a great section of our country. It is intensely and immensely real, and manifests itself in a thousand ways. It will not down or away. It is shallowness to say it is not deep, and impertinent temerity to declare that it is not full of dangers. It stalks a giant, half masked, through the halls of Congress. It haunts the White House, and the Capitol from the corridors to the dome, with a perpetual problem; makes itself felt in every legislative body, looks down like a White Cap or Ku Klux sombre ruffian in robes of mockery upon the Supreme Court of the United States, and makes a plaything of the venerated Constitution itself.

A suggestion has been made in the State of Mississippi that has not attracted the attention its forcible pertinence demands. It is that the XV. amendment of the Constitution shall be abrogated. The policy outlined is that we shall fall back upon the XIV. amendment for the regulation of the right of suffrage in the States. The XV. amendment is interpreted to prohibit the operation of the XIV., which says:

"When the right to vote at any election, for the choice of Electors for President and Vice-President of the United States, Representatives in Congress, the executive and judicial officers of a State, or the members of the Legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participating in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the

number of such male citizens bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State."

With the XV. amendment out of the way, this penalty for the disfranchisement of citizens should be and would be enforced. The loss of political power in the States, with the great masses of black population, if they should elect to regulate the electoral franchise by the exclusion of the blacks, is shown in this table:

Basis of representation census of 1880,

STATES.	White population.....	Black population.....	REPR'TIVES IN CONGR'S.		
			Present.....	Without blacks.....	Loss.....
Virginia - - - -	880,858	631,616	10	6	4
North Carolina - -	867,242	531,477	9	6	3
South Carolina - -	391,105	604,339	7	3	4
Georgia - - - -	816,900	725,133	10	5	5
Alabama - - - -	662,185	600,103	8	4	4
Mississippi - - - -	479,308	650,291	7	3	4
Louisiana - - - -	454,954	485,635	6	3	3
Totals - - - -	4,552,648	4,226,407	57	30	27

We have had experience of the XV. amendment policy for nearly a quarter of a century, and in several respects it fails. It has been determined by the highest judicial authority that the existence of the XV. prevents the enforcement of the XIV. amendment, with its alternative of practical penalties and tempting rewards for the accomplishment of fairness; and as the difficulties and the dangers of the political relations of the races become more and more manifest, and as it was evident in the last Presidential campaign that the great masses of the Republican party care more for economic questions than they do for the assertion of human rights under the Constitution, it seems clear that a proposition so remarkable as that embodied in the memorial that made its appearance before the country as receiving the dispassionate consideration of the General Assembly of Mississippi, ought to be regarded as a subject demanding deliberation and worthy of statesmanship.

If the proposal should prevail that a State may, at its own expense as a political body, restrict suffrage as contemplated in the Fourteenth Amendment, the constitutional deprivation of the blacks of the right to vote, which they

do not exercise anyhow, would cost the Southern States forty members of Congress and electoral votes; and these would be restored as the colored citizens were finally in fact enfranchised. The States that would, for the sake of discriminating against the blacks, cut down their apportionment, could do it, but only those in which the race question comes in an aggravated and overbearing form would do it, and the loss inflicted for living up to the requirements of the Constitution in Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, would equal the whole representation of Pennsylvania.

Take this from the vote of the South in national affairs, and join to the Congress and Electoral College the votes of the new States, and there would be an end forever of old-fashioned sectional politics, and an amelioration of race questions, making them subordinate to the political chemistry of education and the peaceful influences of time.

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THERE is a sense in which the struggle over the rules of the National House of Representatives has been revolutionary. The shock of conflicting theories, interests and sentiments, has been attended with extravagance in language and idiosyncracies of deportment, that have

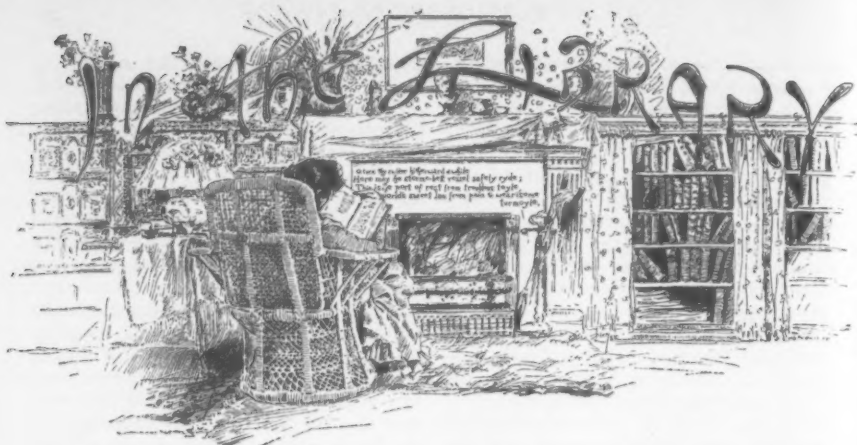
excited and entertained the people at large, according to their partisan proclivities; but as the storm blows over, the impression gains force that the general result is wholesome. Those who would most rigorously construe and restrict the duties of the Congress are not insensible that the pressure of business upon the greatest of our deliberative bodies that represents the whole people must increase, and, under systematic minority obstruction, become intolerable. It would be doing the country injustice, and an interference with the representative labor that the general welfare demands, to act upon the presumption that the less Congress does the better for all. If the wheels are to go round more rapidly to meet the exigencies of business that comprehends a continent, we must select public men with greater care, and hold them to a stricter accountability. It would not be in accord with prevalent sentiment, or the energetic character of the people, to accept sluggishly, or as part of a policy of conservatism that complacently does nothing because evil may come of action, to allow our National House to drift with the precedents of the British Parliament, wherein such is the indifference and the confusion, that the order of the day has not been reached in fourteen years.

### LIFE'S EASTER DAYS.

BY EMMA P. SEABURY.

There are more Easter days than the glad bells  
Ring out, or chanting choirs in chorus sing,  
Where snow white lilies all their censers swing;  
When resurrected hopes burst the frail shells  
Which prisoned them, evolving from their cells  
Reviving life; rare, radiant blossoming;  
With more of joy, than all the past foretells.

God gives us Easter days besprent with bloom,  
And when we seek our dead with tearful face,  
Our buried love, the friend of happier years,  
We find the stone is rolled from sorrow's tomb,  
An angel sits in grief's accustomed place,  
And glorifies with faith the shrine of tears.



### THE TITLES OF BOOKS.

IN the struggle for popularity a good title is half the battle. "The Quick or the Dead?" "Helen's Babies" and "The Fool's Errand"—the most successful of recent American books—undoubtedly owed some portion of their success to their apt and catching titles. So that, after all, when the self-important Constable persuaded Sir Walter Scott to change his original title of "Cumnor Hall" to "Kenilworth"—in spite of Ballantyne's protest that the result would be worthy of a kennel—he had some reason for his boast, "By Jove! I am all but the author of the 'Waverley Novels.'" Another British publisher was less happy. Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" is relatively more popular in America than in England. One reason may be that Smith, Elder & Co. insisted on bringing out their edition of the romance under the far inferior title of "Transformation," which in Hawthorne's words "gives one the idea of Harlequin in a pantomime." Ouida's maiden novel (if a novel by Ouida can be called maiden), originally entitled "Held in Bondage," was issued in America at about the time when the literary reaction against "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had set in. The unintended suggestion of an abolition theme caused it to fall flat on the market. When resuscitated and rechristened "Granville de Vigne" it ran through many editions. "The Champion of Virtue" was at first a failure, but under the more worldly title of "The Old English Baron" it has

lived for more than a century. D'Israeli tells us that "The Concubine," a poem by Mickie, could never find purchasers till it assumed the more delicate title of "Sir Martyn." But this only shows how taste improves. Just at present the former would be more likely to attract the public.

There is a journalist in Boston, with dramatic aspirations, who has copyrighted the names of twenty-eight plays, or rather twenty-eight names of plays, and has never written one. Whenever a good title occurs to him, he immediately takes out a copyright. Sometimes the name is coupled in his mind with a plot or a situation, but quite as often not. He recognizes the importance of a taking title, and so secures himself against the possibility of some one thinking of the same thing. Though offered the opportunity of selling one or two of his titles, he has steadily refused.

Even the ancients saw the value of titular felicity. Pliny praises the Greeks for the taste they displayed in this direction. One calls his book "A Hive," he chronicles admiringly, "by which his reader understands that he will enjoy a rich piece of honeycomb;" another "The Horn of Abundance;" still another "The Meadow;" a fourth and fifth "The Picture" and "The Violet," while the Latins, he complains, were vulgarly content with such commonplaces as "Antiquities," "Examples" or "Arts."

We cannot tell what opinion Pliny would have held of the Jewish and Oriental writers of a somewhat later period,

but to our modern ideas, they ran to ridiculous extremes. "The Bones of Joseph" does not naturally suggest an introduction to the Talmud, nor "The Heart of Aaron" a commentary on the prophets, nor "The Leaves of the Sleepers" a catalogue of Rabbinical writings. Who would imagine that "The Spring of the Just" was a collection of farces, or that "Precious Stones" and "The Confluence of the Seas" were prosy law books?

But the ancients, the Jews and the Orientals were all outdone by the western authors of the middle ages—especially after the general adoption of title-pages had given the labored ingenuity of that period a field upon which it could exert itself. For the title-page, it may be noted in passing, is a comparatively modern institution. It was not even coeval with the invention of printing. In the evolution of the manuscript into the printed book the title-page was the final complement. Information not only as to the name and nature of a book, but also as its printer or publisher, the town at which it was issued, and the date of publication was relegated to the Colophon at the end. Colophon means the finishing stroke, and the word is said to have been derived from the Colophon cavalry mentioned by Strabo, which gave the finishing stroke to a victory. For the title-page we are indebted to Italy. An edition of Virgil printed at Florence by Lorenzo (1471) and the Foligno edition of Dante (1472) each possessed a title-page. Gutenberg did not even affix his name to his work. In England the title-page was unknown until 1491, the very year of Caxton's death. Hence one of the tests of a genuine Caxton is the absence of a title-page.

But the use of Colophons continued during the first part of the sixteenth century. During the years 1510-40, while the modern title-page was still in its infancy, the amount and character of the information conveyed by the Colophon was entirely arbitrary, consisting sometimes of date and place, sometimes of place and publisher's name, sometimes of publisher's name and date. By the year 1540 the full title-page had become the rule, but it was usually disfigured by a desire for unnecessary particularity, so that it became a sort of prospectus of the whole work.

Take Lyly's *Euphues* for instance: "*Euphues and his England, containing his Voyage and adventures myxed with Sundry pretie Discourses of honest Love, the Discription of the Countrey, the Court and the Manners of that Isle. Delightful to be read, and nothing hurtfull to be regarded: Wherein there is small offence by lightnesse given to the Wise and lesse occasion of looseness proffered to the Wanton. By John Lyly. Maister of Arte. Imprinted at London for Gabriel Cawood dwelling in Paules Churchyard, 1580.*" The naïveté of self-praise is another innocent foible of the period. Authors and publishers did not hesitate to designate their wares on the title-page as "a right merrie and wittie Interlude very pleásante to reade," "A marvellous wittie treatise," or "A delectable pithie and righte profitable worke."

The fashion of wordy titles maintained until the middle of the seventeenth century. Thus the first edition of our old friend *Robinson Crusoe* was intitled as follows: "*The Life and Strange, Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner; who lived eight and twenty years all alone in an uninhabited Island on the coast of America, near the mouth of the Great River of Oronoque; having been cast on shore by shipwreck wherein all Men perished but himself. With an account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pyrates. Written by himself. London. Printed by W. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-Noster Row. 1719.*"

Of the eccentric and far-fetched titles that were in fashion during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Isaac D'Israeli and others have made collections. A few specimens will suffice. "*The Little Pocket Pistol which Fires at Heretics,*" and "*The Little Dog of the Gospel, Barking at the Errors of Luther,*" were Catholic controversial works published at Marseilles. "*Buttons and Buttonholes for Believers Breeches,*" "*High-heeled Shoes for those who are Dwarfs in Sanctity,*" and "*The Spiritual Syringe for Souls steeped in Devotion,*" were theological works. Often the titles of such books took on a certain gustatory suggestiveness. "*The Sweet Marrow and the Tasty Sauce of the Savory Bones of the Saints in Advent,*" has a horrible



fascination as of an invitation to cannibalism. Even the disappointed epicures who had sought in vain to fatten upon "Crums of Consolation of the Chickens of the Covenant Bread, cooked on the Ashes brought by an Angel to the Prophet Elijah to comfort the Dying," might still be tempted to stay their appetites with "Some Beautiful Biscuits cooked in the Oven of Charity and put aside carefully for the Fowls of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the Swallows of Salvation." What a soothing post-prandial aroma should have been distilled by "A Book of Delicious Perfume prepared for the Saints of the Lord!" And the afternoon siesta might be induced by "The Scraper of Vanity, a Spiritual Pillow necessary to extirpate Vice and to plant Virtue;" although that pillow, to be sure, is put to strange and disturbing uses. But if the epicure were not inclined to slumber he might try "Art Asleep, Husband? a Boulster Lecture stored with all Variety of Witty Jests, Merry Tales and other pleasant Passages."

By the beginning of the eighteenth century the fantastical title had almost disappeared. The early novelists contented themselves with calling their stories after the names of their heroes or heroines: Clarissa Harlowe, Joseph Andrews, Peregrine Pickle—though usually with some such prefix as "The History of," "The Adventures of," etc. Fielding's names were simplicity itself, and so were Richardson's, but Smollet affected odd patronymics—Peregrine Pickle and Humphrey Clinker, for example—which gave a grotesque air to his titles. His greatest modern imitator in this respect was Dickens, whose Martin Chuzzlewit, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickleby and other titular heroes bear names that attract attention at once and fasten themselves into the memory. For more than a century novelists kept faith with their readers, and even if they did not continue, in the old rut and baptize their books by their hero's name, they chose a title which was really descriptive and applicable; "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Children of the Abbey," "The Fool of Quality," "Annals of the Parish," "The Scarlet Letter," "Vanity Fair." Perhaps the only exception is in the quaint little

book with the quaint title, "Thinks-I-to-Myself,"

Bulwer—who, in the main, followed the old school—proved the pioneer, in "My Novel" and "What will he do with it?" of the modern fad for choosing something odd, piquant, suggestive, and only in a remote and ingenious way indicative of the *raison d'être* of the book. The titles, indeed, of current novels offer a curious field for study. Bulwer's conceit of startling the reader with a question has been followed by a few writers in "Ought we to Visit her?" "Why did he not die?" "Can you Forgive her?" "Is he Popinjoy?" etc. But a terse quotation more or less apt, is the favorite device at present. Shakespeare has been largely drawn upon—especially by Mr. Howells, who found "The Undiscovered Country" and "A Counterfeit Presentment" in Hamlet, "A Foregone Conclusion" in Othello, "A Woman's Reason" in Two Gentlemen of Verona, "A Sea Change" in The Tempest, and "A Modern Instance" in As You Like It. The latter play also furnished Thomas Hardy with "Under the Greenwood Tree," and Katherine King with "The Bubble Reputation." Hamlet gave Mrs. Alexander "Her Dearest Foe," and Mrs. Oliphant "The Primrose Path." Othello suggested to Rhoda Broughton her "Not Wisely but too Well," and to Rice and Besant "The Seamy Side," while Mary Cecil Hay went to Venus and Adonis for the absurdity of "Bid me Discourse."

"Airy Fairy Lilian" and "Rare Pale Margaret" are from Tennyson, "Far from the Madding Crowd" from Gray's Elegy, "Coming Thro' the Rye," "My Heart's in the Highlands" and "The Wooing o't" from Burns, "One of Three" and "Red as a Rose is She" from the Ancient Mariner, "I have Lived and Loved" from Schiller.

The Bible has been put to the same base uses in "A Brother to Dragons," in "An Eye for an Eye," in "Visited on the Children," in "Cometh up as a Flower," in "Unspotted from the World," in "Tinkling Cymbals," in "Far above Rubies," in "Reaping the Whirlwind." The Book of Common Prayer has been laid under contribution in "The Quick or The Dead?" and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

Popular songs have furnished their due quota, as "Love Finds out the Way," "In Silk Attire," "Auld Lang Syne,"—and proverbs or proverbial expressions have proved an apparently inexhaustible mine. A few familiar specimens will have to suffice: "A Nine Days' Wonder," "Look before you leap," "He that will not when he may," "Who Breaks, Pays," "Cruel as the Grave." Charles Reade apparently set the fashion for this in "Never too late to Mend," and twice he returned to the same source of inspiration, in "Love me Little, Love me Long," and "Put Yourself in his Place."

Many of the above titles, it will be seen, are only vaguely descriptive; their appositeness can only be recognized after reading the novel; to the uninitiated they suggest nothing. In extreme cases, as "The Wooing o't," they are so general that they would fit any other novel as well. So, too, would "Love's Young Dream," or "A Pair of Blue Eyes," or "Saints and Sinners," or "Earthlings," or "Warp and Woof," or a hundred others.

When an author returns to the old device of using his hero's or his heroine's name, he taxes his ingenuity, not indeed like Dickens and Smollet, to make it *outré* or extravagant, but to give it a high and noble sound—in this respect imitating Thackeray and Bulwer, whose Pendennis, Henry Esmond, Kenelm Chillingly and Godolphin are masterpieces of nomenclature. "Robert Elsmere," "John Inglesant," "Lorna Doone," "Aurora Floyd," "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," "Roderick Hudson" are excellent in their several ways. Sometimes he goes to the other extreme and by the severest simplicity makes his book stand out conspicuous in the crowd. "Mr. Smith" and "Mr. Isaacs" are cases in point.

Names of places as for instance, imaginary towns in which the scene is laid, or the hereditary estate of the hero, are treated in the same way, but this device is at least as old as "Wuthering Heights" which in itself is an evolution from such titles as Kenilworth and the Castle of Otranto. Wuthering Heights is excellent in its way and has not been surpassed by any of its successors, not by "East Lynne" nor "Audley Court," nor "Bleak House" nor "Barchester Towers," nor "Middelmarch." Sometimes, instead of

the name of an imaginary place a description is substituted, as "The House of the Seven Gables," "The Small House at Arlington." An excellent effect is often gained by coupling the hero's name, nickname, office, or description with the place he inhabits:—"McLeod of Dare," "The Monarch of Mincing Lane," "The Duchess of Rosemary Lane," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Lady of the Aroostook," "The Vicar of Bulhampton." Of course these are all natural evolutions from such simple germs as "The Vicar of Wakefield."

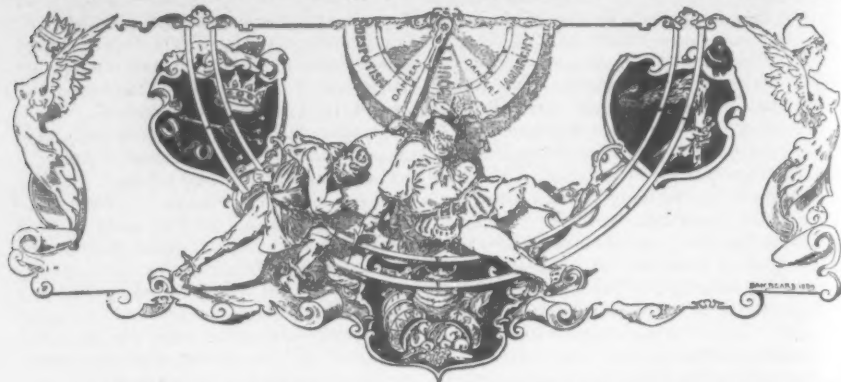
Here are some titles that refuse to be classified, and are therefore all the more excellent, which have always struck the writer as remarkably felicitous:—"An Earnest Trifler," "His Majesty Myself," "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "A Fair Barbarian," "The Gold of Chickaree," "One Summer," "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Initials," "Lost Sir Massingbird," "The Man without a Country." These are all fairly descriptive, they attract attention at once, they suggest something, they not only keep the word of promise to the ear but also to the mind. Only a little lower in rank come E. P. Roe's titles, which were always happy, especially "Barriers Burned Away," "He Fell in Love with his Wife," "A Face Illumined," and "His Sombre Rivals." One of the secrets of that writer's popularity lay in such titles as these.

Human invention has its limits. A time must come when the field for new and suggestive titles will have been explored and laid bare. When the quotations have all been quoted, the proverbs all used up, the quaint names and combinations all exhausted, what will be left for the novelist? Already we see signs of the coming famine in the thrashing of old straw, in the repetition of old titles. In England, especially, the literary papers are constantly relating how So-and-so's novel, announced under such and such a name, will be rebaptized, owing to the fact that the name has already been used. The situation is becoming serious—publishers and authors are looking round for a remedy.

It would be so easy to cut the Gordian knot! Why not stop writing novels altogether?

WILLIAM S. WALSH.

## Social Problems, by Edward Everett Hale.



### POVERTY IN BRAZIL.

ONE of the best American proverbs, invented I will not say by whom, says that "perpetual slavery is the price of liberty."

This is quite true, although it is put in rather a cynical way. It means that every one in a free nation has responsibilities which do not belong to those who are governed from above below. In the end, the government of the people, for the people, by the people, changes every fibre of their being, and comes into the detail of every-day life. Men did not understand this at first; it is not yet understood in France. But you cannot cross the frontier from France into Switzerland without feeling that you have come into a new world.

Our friends in Brazil are learning this lesson already. There is no longer an "enlightened emperor"; there is no longer a "well-meaning despot" to tell them what is to be done and what is not to be done, and to relieve them from responsibility if they see suffering of crime or want around them. The kingdom of heaven has not wholly come in Brazil, so that suffering and crime exist there, and it is not now possible to throw the responsibility on Dom Pedro. It is we ourselves who must bear our brothers' burdens.

Accordingly, we begin to feel here the impulse of the tide-wave which began to flow in Brazil on the day when the emperor was "with so much delicacy" put upon a steamboat and sent to join the little cluster of remaining sovereigns. Brazil and Brazilians are beginning to inquire what is the best thing for them to

do for the freedmen whom they have emancipated, and how men and women and children are to be lifted to the higher life which belongs to the responsibility of free men.

Here is a letter from a very intelligent source, written in one of the large cities of Brazil:

"The freedmen are often in trouble from stealing the necessities of life. Many of them have been sent away from the coffee and sugar-cane plantations by their former owners, who were not in favor of emancipation, and Italians employed in their places. Naturally they congregate in the large cities, and, not being well trained for the kind of labor that is required in the cities, many of them have a hard time. As pathetic a sight as ever I saw was a poor, old blind colored woman who was wandering about the streets, and when we asked her where she lived she said she was *free*; if she were a slave her master would take the pains to look her up, but now he did not care what became of her.

"There has been talk of opening a soup-house in this city, but the kind of charities which abound in the United States are unknown here. Understand, *no money is wanted*, and I am not asking for money. There are people enough who will supply that; but I want something more than money; I want to know about the organization of modern charities, and we shall be glad to know how they have been inaugurated and carried on.

"Everything here seems to be taking a new start, and conscientious people want to start right."

Our Brazilian friends have certain ad-

vantages which we do not have in our Southern problem, and on the other hand, they have certain disadvantages which we do not have. The first impression which one receives is that a positive difficulty arises from the ease with which men obtain the physical necessities of life. The younger General Sheridan used to say that constitutional government had never developed itself south of the parallel of thirty-three degrees north, because there were no fire-places or homes to be protected by constitutional law. When a man can sleep under a tree as well as under a roof, when he can get his daily bread by picking up the bananas which lie wasting upon the ground; when he has no winter to provide for—when a man can do all this, it really seems as if he could not be roused to the energy and activity which belong to our modern idea of manhood, and as if nature relegated him to the condition of a brute. The old definition of man is that he knows how "to stand erect, and to look up to the heavens." Because he did turn his look upward, the Greeks gave him the two names which belonged to him in their language. But the man who can pick up his daily food from the ground, and never has so much as to look to see if there is a shelter above him, seems to drop back, and the type reverts to that of one of the prehistoric ages. If all this is so, as it sometimes seems to be, those students or social order are right, who say that our first business is to give certain artificial tastes to the people who thus far have no tastes, which they do not share with an ox or a pig. These words will be read with sympathy by many a reader in our Southern States, who has seen with joy the moment when the freedmen around him had accustomed themselves to some of the higher luxuries in art or in literature of the only civilization which we have yet known. So soon as these luxuries become necessities, so soon does the work of man come in as a saving element in his discipline.

It seems, then, as if the first thing to be done in Brazil, is to show the emancipated freedman that he is capable of the higher enjoyments and the nobler life which the best men and women of the white race have attained to. It is easy to say that the schools for such people need

not teach them to read, but should teach them to use their hands. It is quite true they should teach them to use their hands; but it will prove that they will use their hands to no purpose unless they have higher desires and nobler tastes which belong to a knowledge of the world in which other people live, which belong to the memory of what other people have said and have done—which, in short, connect them with the human race, as literature connects men who can enjoy its revelations. And the first lesson, probably, to be learned by politicians, by reformers, or by other philanthropists in Brazil, is that education is more necessary for the relief of their social difficulties than any possible organization of alms-giving.

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THERE have been leaders and teachers, responsible for the conditions of just such people as are these emancipated slaves, who have really supposed that the best thing for them was to keep them in a subordinate position. It has been supposed in such schools of teachers that they would be happier with responsibilities, and that somebody else could do their thinking for them better than they could do it for themselves. But in the first place, this system is bad for the thinker as it is bad for those who are thought for. The thinker may tumble down some day by the breaking of a blood-vessel in his brain, and then those who are thought for are left utterly helpless. In the second place, events have gone too far in Brazil for any success in this theory. There is nobody who can think for these people who has the position which enables him to direct them to do as he chooses. They are free to think for themselves, or there will be no thinking at all. Let our friends in Brazil, then, freely renounce the idea that they are going to patch up any substitute for slavery, which will act on the lines of slavery by keeping the person "thought for" in any subordinate position. Let them, on the other hand, accept frankly and freely the principle of a republic, which is to raise as high as possible the average of men, to keep open the lines of promotion, and to make the man born with the least physical advantages see his way to something better than he was

born to. Let them frankly and openly make everybody in the class of freedmen understand that, as the French soldier said, "they carry their marshals' batons in their knapsacks." A practical help,—one more important than it seems at first—will be a very active system of correspondence between one part of Brazil and another, and indeed between Brazil and the rest of the world. The congestion in cities is natural, but it can be checked; and the man who cannot work upon a coffee plantation may be the man to work in a ship, in a warehouse, in a mine, or in some other industry. This century has found that it could transport Coolies from one side of the world to another, where the help of Coolies was needed. It is easier to transport a man from one side of Brazil to another than it is to bring the inhabitant of an island in the Indian Ocean to work in Cuba or in Jamaica. We cannot too strongly express the relief which will be given, as soon as one or two families find they have some new sphere of industry, that they have thus made one step upward in the business of living.

An illustration of success in this line is the Burnham Industrial Farm, too little known to the world at large. It was organized to save unruly boys—not boys who are sentenced to punishment, but boys whose tendencies are bad. Before the criminal act comes, they are taken from their homes and in a better atmosphere are trained to honesty.

Mr. W. M. F. Round, of New York City, the well-known head of the National Prison Association, is the managing director of the institution. He has visited and thoroughly examined the best institutions of the kind, both in America and Europe. At the Convention of Christian Workers, held last October in Buffalo, N. Y., he gave an interesting account of the beginning of the Farm and his visits to the celebrated Rauhe Haus near Hamburg. The family plan of this institution is carried out at the Burnham Farm. The Farm is an old Shaker settlement among the Berkshire Hills, situated partly in New York and partly in Massachusetts. There are departments for industrial training and the special aptness of a boy is considered in the selection of his work. Some of

these boys will become farmers, some gardeners, some apprentices for the trades. There are regular work hours and play times, and a system of rewards which stimulates the boys to better work and lives. There are no bolts or bars, but the boys are happy in their home. They have little wish to stray. The very freedom which they have places them on their honor and their privileges are rarely abused. It is now two years since the Farm was established. During that time it has had over fifty boys and twenty of them have been returned to parents or placed in situations with the belief that they will continue to do well. Such an institution deserves help from all people. "What shall we do with the boys?" seems here to be considered more satisfactorily than ever before.

It is proposed to organize at Burnham Industrial Farm a brotherhood resembling the Inner Mission which has sprung from the work at the Rauhe Haus. In that mission there are more than twelve hundred brothers scattered over Germany wherever there is need of their service. The difficulty in finding men whose lives were consecrated to God's services, while at the same time their natural abilities were trained to skilled work has pointed to the necessity of establishing such a brotherhood. On the first of January of this year four young men formed themselves into a brotherhood of service in saving these boys. Others will shortly enter what we may call this training school. It is desirable that they should be accustomed to manual labor as they at once begin in the active, practical routine. They will be trained for the various departments with a view to institutional work. If the intention is expressed of making this a life work, a term of six months probation is at first exacted. After this a pledge is taken to obedience and simplicity of life in the work of the brotherhood for three years. At the end of that time the members become free to go to institutions upon their own arrangements or renew their pledges for another three years, when they will then be sent under the direction of the brotherhood. They are pledged to carry their principles wherever they go, through life.



## FROM THE EDITOR'S WINDOW.

IT is a pleasure to announce that with this number, Murat Halstead, who has for years been recognized as one of the three or four great minds among the journalists of this country, will take charge of a department of the COSMOPOLITAN in which he will discuss the most important current events. Such a department has seemed from the beginning an essential feature, but the difficulty has been to place it under the charge of a mind whose studies it would be worth the while of our readers to follow. There were required long familiarity with public events, both in the United States and Europe, earnest desire for the public welfare and entire fearlessness as to the consequences of free expression. Among our distinctively political men there is a tendency to debate with each paragraph written: "How is the publication of this going to affect me?" Mr. Halstead's exacting duties made it exceedingly improbable that he could be induced to accept this position. The

result is, therefore, most satisfactory, and the readers of the COSMOPOLITAN who do not know him may pin their faith to his broad sympathy with the best interests of the country, to his truth in saying what he believes and his abstinence from purely partizan discussions.

\* \* \*

The pilgrim to the grave of Helen Hunt walks beside laughing waters which flow fast from melting snows through South Cheyenne Canon. Occasionally a narrow log pathway crosses the stream. For a thousand feet on either side, rise up smooth granite cliffs that seem of eternal endurance. Presently the gorge closes before him altogether, and only when he arrives at the other end does he perceive a cleft in the rocks to the left. Turning into this he comes, after winding, in and out, to the foot of a water-fall which for a great height leaps and leaps, and leaps, until finally through a smooth passage worn by centuries of

friction it slides gracefully into a pool at his feet—the foam and fleck which sparkle in the sunshine above, all gone, and the water once more as transparent as when but an hour ago, it trickled out from under the snows, crowning Pike's Peak ten thousand feet above.

A dizzy climb follows, up five hundred wooden steps, which hang on the side of the granite walls. Here and there are places where under leaf covered bowers, he may rest and listen to the splash of the waters and the cadences of the wind sighing through the pines far up on the mountain side. There is no human sound—only peace and quiet—and he wishes he might stop there for ever, away from the world with its fierce ambitions and petty strifes.

Finally, a pathway leads past ancient cedars and under piñon pines, out to the front of a mountain spur from which his eye may roam for more than a hundred miles over the plains and up along the foothills of the Rockies. Here it is that the grave of H. H., lies



MURAT HALSTEAD.



HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

under a poet's tombstone—a great heap of rocks piled there by the reverently admiring friends of her genius, who have come by tens of thousands to add their tributes. It is of the seasons coming and going over this far-away grave that a poet tells elsewhere in this number.

\* \* \*

There has been a flash of light from Heaven upon the figure which stood upon the German Throne, surrounded by the sullen gloom of the traditional thundercloud of battle; and man and throne stand out in dazzling prominence. The access to power of this Emperor was greeted with forebodings by civilized peoples, who thought they detected in his breast wild uncontrollable ambitions, like unto those which, in Frederick the Great, laid half of Europe desolate. When therefore he announces in unmistakable words that he has come, not to be the scourge but the friend of humanity, the world draws a long breath of relief and there goes up a "Thank God" that is well nigh universal.

War he says, in so many words, was good enough for the kings of the uncivilized centuries. "For me, I shall rule not by weight of other's arms, but by force of sincere intention; not by the lucky chance of sky, or field, or numbers, but by the good that I can accomplish." He recognizes the frightful inequalities which exist in men's conditions—by reason of the law, mainly. And he announces that the question of how to bring all men on an equal-

ity before the law, will be the task to which he will devote himself.

What an Emperor of undoubted courage, who takes up the cause of the workingmen may do, becomes the most interesting problem of the century, and the faces of all nations will be turned with anxiety towards this figure who bids fair to tower above a Frederick or a Bismarck.

\* \* \*

It seems that the discussion of the world's fair site which took place in the midsummer numbers of the COSMOPOLITAN was not without lasting benefit. In replying to Senator Farwell's argument, Mr. William Waldorf Astor took occasion to refer to the Chicago front doors which were opened by housemaids instead of the regulation man-servant who has been imported into Eastern hallways from England. Of course Mr. Astor was only speaking with a desire to enliven a somewhat heavy subject.

But Chicago is a city where an unequalled public spirit pervades all classes from the highest to the lowest. They had never considered the English custom exactly in accordance with the spirit of American institutions. A pretty housemaid, all smiles and blushes in neat cap and simple gown is a thousand times more welcome sight to the arriving guest than a stiff man-servant. And besides, the true American would prefer to be cultivating the fields, or handling bar-iron in a rolling mill, or sitting at the top of a truck behind four stout Normans, or doing anything else that involves brawn and muscle, to say nothing of fresh air, rather than smirking and bowing like a figure just out of a job in a waxworks show. That Mr. Astor's taunt did not fall upon indifferent ears was proven by the comment which was made from day to day in the great journals of this Western Metropolis and which was reiterated at lunch tables and dinner tables without number. The end of it all was that a revolution took place. The Yellowplushes who guarded the entrances to Chicago's most aristocratic mansions were given their month's warning. The housemaids were installed in their places, and now it is said you may wander up and down the most fashionable avenues, leaving your cards in endless profusion, without hav-

ing once been received by the effete manservant. On the other hand, nowhere in the world will you be greeted by so many pretty housemaids, with caps of the most attractive design, in gowns that are at once the perfection of simplicity and trimness. Thus does a great western city with sturdy American independence refuse to copy the customs which eastern towns have brought from a foreign land.

\* \* \*

THE COSMOPOLITAN has been greatly assisted in its attempt to place before the public plans for Winter Bath Houses for the poor, by the consent of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Esq., President Seth Low of Columbia College, Capt. Richard L. Hoxie, Engineer Corps, U. S. army, Richard M. Hunt, President American Institute of Architects, and Albert F. D'Oench, Ex-Superintendent Building Department, New York, to serve as a committee to select from the plans submitted those most worthy of being put into enduring form. The committee is so distinguished in character that an unusual inducement, much beyond the mere value of the prizes offered, is held out to the leading architects of the country to compete.

\* \* \*

Those who have tried long hours of labor, short hours of labor, and no hours at all, have come to the conclusion that the men who work too many hours, and those who work no hours, are to be about equally pitied. That mechanical invention has enabled the human race to shorten its hours of labor goes without saying. That the family which has a reasonable amount of time for enjoyment over and above the hours required by sleep and labor grows in goodness and intelligence over that family which rises but to labor and quits labor but to sleep, filling in any odd times that it may chance upon with brutality, is equally true.

To begin work at half past eight, to take an hour at dinner, to be free after half past five—that seems a reasonable day's work. If all men gave that many hours

to useful production, the markets of this country would be supplied far beyond the capacity of consumption. There is a recognition of these facts everywhere.

Not only the working man, but even his employer feels the truth of it all. But the employer, who, by the stress of competition is obliged to depend upon narrow margins of profit, fears bankruptcy if he subtracts two hours from the ten, which his laborer gives him, and adds twenty-five per cent to the aggregate of his wages roll. A general reduction by employers of the hours of labor from ten to eight would enable them to simultaneously advance prices, so that the consequent advance of twenty-five per cent in wages could be provided for. It is lack of concerted action among employers that has resulted in a proposal for concerted action among employees.

There are, however, many establishments in which, for one reason or another, the advance in wages consequent upon the shortening of the hours of labor could be met without great inconvenience. It would simply mean less profit, and consequently less opportunity for extravagant living to the proprietors. Perhaps it might mean in many cases the curtailment of opportunity for laudable charities or other public beneficence. Anticipating the time when eight hours will be recognized as a day's labor—to be brought about the more easily by combinations of employers, than by unions of employees—the COSMOPOLITAN has taken the first step towards placing its entire force upon an eight hours basis. By contract with the printers of the magazine, it was provided that after a certain notice, the hours of pressmen and others should be reduced from ten to eight. This contract involves the increase of prices to be paid for all labor employed in getting out the magazine, of twenty-five per cent, to correspond with the reduction of hours. The required notice has been given, and at its expiration a reform will be begun which will, without doubt, be satisfactory in results.



## THE MOURNERS ON CHEYENNE.

(AT THE GRAVE OF H. H.)

BY ERNEST WHITNEY.

There Summer cometh, shuddering at death,  
Bowling her regal beauty in her dread,  
Long bitterness of loss, and scattereth  
Dust, dust and bitter ashes o'er the dead.

Then sobered Autumn in funereal weed,  
With locks dishevelled, leaves her ripest  
sheaf,

And, while low winds a solemn requiem lead,  
She, lingering, weeps her fill of wasting  
grief.



And Winter, from the battle fields of storm  
Scarred, worn, and woe-racked, yearly bring-  
eth there  
His calm white shroud, to spread above that  
form,  
Keeping unjarred the peace he cannot  
share.

And Spring with dew-bright eyes gladdened  
with hope,  
Brings hither all the first flowers of the lea;  
And while with brow toward heaven her eye-  
lids ope,  
She softly whispers "Immortality!"







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AN INTERIOR VIEW IN FORT MONROE.

## OLD POINT COMFORT, HAMPTON AND NEWPORT NEWS.

BY BORIS GLAVE.

OLD Point Comfort is a narrow strip of land, almost surrounded by water, jutting out from the eastern shore of Virginia into "Hampton Roads"—the broad expanse of water formed by the confluence of the Chesapeake Bay and the James River.

This neighborhood was settled in 1610. It was then, as now, famous for oysters and crabs, and for its climate.

For over a hundred years the "Old Point" has been known to Southerners of wealth and leisure, as a delightful place to which to flee for rest, change and freedom from malaria. For over a century the F. F. V.'s and their kind from North Carolina to Louisiana, have gone to escape the oppressive heats of a Southern summer, and to meet pleasant people on similar errand bound. The old-time tavern at which they found warm welcome and good cheer stretched its broad piazzas seaward for many a year, from time to time, as its circle of regular guests grew larger and larger, adding here a wing and there an extension, with each addition growing more and more picturesque and more hospitable. Gradually the equable climate and wonderfully strengthening effect of its bland and

bracing breezes, attracted the attention of Northern invalids, who were forced to flee the biting blasts of their rigorous winter and yet feared the too enervating results of residence in the tropical South. The old tavern then had two seasons, for two entirely different classes.

Here alone, along the entire Atlantic seaboard, may be found that *juste milieu* in temperature, which braces up the nerveless and soothes the excited brain. Here alone, of our thousand and more miles of eastern coastline, the zephyrs from the great ocean bring appetite and spirits, without bearing harm to tender throat and lung. Malarial fever is absolutely unknown in this neighborhood. The temperature in summer ranges from 60 to 80 degrees. The average in autumn is 51; in winter 47, in spring 54.3 degrees.

## THE HYGEIA HOTEL.

Such mingled blessings could not long remain unknown to the tired and troubled of a busy continent. Each party, homeward bound from search of winter sunbeams, has told the tale of "Old Point's" charms, until a nation has borne them in delightful remembrance or pleasant anticipation.

The old hotel was demolished during the late civil war, as being in the way of the guns of the fort. The present "Hygeia" arose from its ashes in 1863, in which year the late Harrison Phœbus, a born Boniface, saw more clearly than any other had

spirit of graceful hospitality, and that rare knowledge, "how to keep a hotel." The Hygeia was "kept" as never before had seaside hotel been managed. No home comfort was spared amid palatial magnificence; no modern convenience

omitted in pleasant apposition to old fashioned solid comfort. The hotel grew from year to year, fairly forced to spread about its broad acreage of roof and its generous mileage of piazza and verandah. The Hygeia reaches out and along, in a series of distinct but thoroughly connected buildings, added from year to year as the ne-



FRONT OFFICE, HYGEIA HOTEL.

done, the wonderful advantages of Old Point as a summer and winter resort; and obtaining from our general government a grant for erecting a new and modern hostelry upon the site of the old inn with its many memories, built upon the very water's edge, within gunshot of the frowning walls of the historic fortress and within biscuit-toss of the placid waters of Hampton Roads a commodious establishment with all the devices and conveniences which modern ingenuity could bring to natural advantages; and most aptly christened it "The Hygeia." Most aptly, for where, if not here, midway between extremes of North and South, where, if not upon this spot, laved on all sides by soft sea waves, and bathed at all points by balmy breaths of health-giving zephyrs,—should be the abode of Hygeia, the Goddess of Health?

To naturally favored site and commodious building there were added a generous

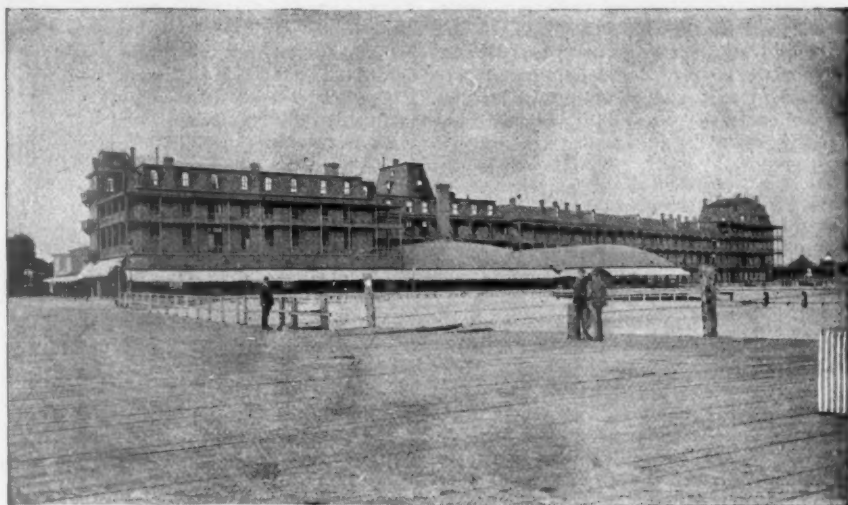
cessities for more accommodation imperatively demanded them. For this reason there is no one of them which is not in itself complete and perfect; everything is large, solid, well-planned and well-placed.



PARLOR IN THE HYGEIA HOTEL.

At present, the hotel is about one-sixth of a mile in length, and has about a mile and an eighth of porches, many of which are enclosed in glass in winter.

The foot of weary Northerner or languid Southerner no sooner touches the broad wharf, then all care ceases. A pebble-toss from the pier which overlooks



THE HYGEIA HOTEL, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.

the famous Roads upon which the Monitor and the Merrimac fought their historic battle, the broad portals of the Hygeia open upon the velvet carpeted office—a generous irregular chamber with lofty ceiling, and bemirrored walls; with its great piers in which there glow cheerful fires of sea coal, although at every hand the modern steam radiator keeps the temperature at the proper point.

This famous front office is the most noted hotel room in America, if not in the world. Through its windows of cathedral glass there is a superb view enlivened by dancing sunbeams and fleeting sails, and reflected by the great mirrors upon every hand. From the great tiled chimney-piece two celebrated terra-cotta eagles look over the assembled multitude from all over the country.

The principal dining-room is 150x60 feet, with a great domed roof, the rafters of which are strung with incandescent electric lights, and from which two huge Siemens gas lights of about 600 candle power each could throw their strong yet soft and steady light, if needed.

Adjacent to this is the dancing hall, in which the military band plays during dinner hours, and which in the evening the soft strains of Strauss or of Waldteufel furnish rhythm and melody to the dancers, civil, naval and military. This room has about 7000 square feet of unbroken floor space.

Back of this, and adjoining both it and the main dining room, (from both of which it is separated by glass partitions), is the ladies' reception room or parlor—a huge room, in which the furnishing is most luxuriant. The walls are wainscotted in polished cherry wherever they are not covered with massive mirrors. A quaint and pleasant feature is an immense triangular chimney with three open fires. Here dowager and duchess confab with Senator and *savant*; here the shy bride seeks shelter from too curious eyes; here the brilliant belle who foregoes waltzing for a season, sways with the wave of a fan her too willing slaves; and here the veteran whist-player finds foemen worthy of his steel.

Long reaches of corridors give back no sound either to tread of martial feet or to scampering footsteps of merry children. Suite after suite of commodious rooms, each with its cheerful window, fronts upon the grateful salt water which encircles this unique hostelry. *Persienne* outer doors permit the passage of soft salt breezes while affording privacy sufficient for ordinary occasions, but which may be rendered absolute by the inner solid portal of each chamber. Tier after tier of verandahs fronts upon the broad bosom of the peaceful roadstead, dotted at all times with primitive sailing boats, and upon which there is generally riding at anchor, a grim vessel of war; while from

time to time some ocean-steamer seeks refuge from the impending storm; and almost hourly coastwise steamers round up to the great pier, discharge and take on their cargoes of passengers and freight, and leaving a train of black smoke behind them, disappear in the offing.



THE LATE MR. PHŒBUS.

This is the only hotel in the world which has no undesirable rooms. Those which do not open upon the water front, command a charming view of the moat and great walls of the fort and their parked enclosure, with deepest green of live oak, winter and summer. It is remarkable that the most notable hotel upon the Continent is flanked by the largest and most picturesque battlement in America.

The extensive verandahs are in winter enclosed in glass so that the guest can sit therein and observe with ever increasing interest, the constantly changing and always beautiful panorama.

The great building is four stories in height, and can comfortably accommodate one thousand people without any tax upon its resources or crowding of the guests. Its furnishment throughout is regardless of everything but the health, comfort, pleasure and convenience of visitors. From every room electric bells or speaking tubes communicate to the central office the wishes of the occupants; ordinary bath-rooms, both public and private, are on every hand; hot and cold baths, of both fresh and sea water, can be had at any time; the ventilation is of the most scientific and thorough character, and the drainage made thorough, safe and sure by every expenditure and precaution that can be brought to bear upon this important subject. To the baths just mentioned there has been added a complete series of Turkish, Russian, thermo-electric, magnetic, sulphur and vapor baths, equal in variety and extent to the most extensive metropolitan establishment; so that the invalid can find every remedial advantage of climate and treatment with which art can supplement science. The *cuisine* is in the hands of a *chef* of reputation and experience, who is ably seconded by a corps of competent assistants. There are two swift-running Otis elevators to save

steps to the old, the infirm and the lazy. The electric lights which brighten the principal apartments are from dynamos belonging to the establishment; and the gas which is used in such profusion is made upon the premises.

Even a manicure establishment is here in all its completeness, so that the belles may keep their ringed white hands in perfect shape and beauty, all the better to use them to beckon their too-willing prey to sweet destruction.

A well-equipped livery supplies every description of carriage—except, perhaps, the ordinary stuffy, closed hack, common in cities and in districts where nature is less charming. There may be some of them here, but they are never seen, for every visitor wants to be out, as much as possible, in the air and sunlight.

To insure the absolute purity of the water supply a long pipe-line leads from a source about one thousand feet distant from any possible source of contamination. Typhoid could never find a lodgment in any part of this establishment.

Everything goes on smoothly and properly. There is no hurry and scurry, no gradually tapering off of service and supplies, by reason of the approaching close of the summer's or the winter's work; there is no break, no jar.

The Hygeia enjoys the distinction, and the nation enjoys the fact, that it is open all the year round. The summer season is really one for health only; that of the winter is nominally so, for there is a madder whirl here than in many a crowded city.

March is the gayest month of the twelve; October, although one of the most charming, the only one when there is the slightest break in the continuous stream of visitors; and this comparative lull is only by reason of business interests taking home the papas who foot the bills.



The Hygeia is one of the few hotels in F. N. PIKE, MANAGER. this country, in fact in the world, which has two missions,—the social and the sanitary. In the first, art has aided Nature; in the second, Nature has aided art. A glance at the local columns of almost any newspaper of prominence in America will show some memorandum

of pleasant occurrences, *rencontres*, brief visits or extended stays of distinguished personages, at the Hygeia. Here many a silken love-knot is tied; here many a question of import to the church, or State, or nation, is quietly settled in the huge office or along the great verandahs.

To the sleepless a stay at the Hygeia is a sure cure. This is the place to which the physician sent his patient who on complaints of insomnia, and on being questioned about his case, said, that he could sleep well enough all night, but he could not sleep all day too. The lapping waves, the soft soothing breezes, sing lullaby to the aged and the overworked in a manner irresistible.

The broad, flat beach winds about for miles, its well packed sand and smooth firm shingle offering good walking, riding and driving, while the bathing is unexcelled. The beach has a floor of fine white, hard sand; the water is clear, clean and pure. It is quite noteworthy that although surrounded by water the Hygeia is entirely free from dampness.

There is no other seaside hotel in our country, or any other, which has such frequent communication by rail or steamer; nor where the constantly varying succession of steamboats is so great and so interesting. From the capital of our country and that of the State of Virginia; from monumental City, Norfolk, and the Cape Charles steamers are constantly rounding to at the wharf, so that it would be at no time dull, were that cause, alone, the only one of enlivenment.

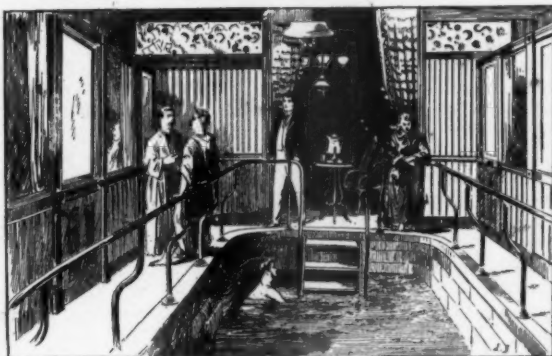
In these steamers the guests at the Hygeia may take short trips to such points of interest as quaint old Norfolk, or to Portsmouth, across river Elizabeth from the latter, and having a famous navy yard; or up the James, passing and touching points of interest to strangers as well as to veterans of the late war. The Chesapeake Bay and the James River open wide their smiling portals and woo the stranger to enter and enjoy the sun, the air, the view, and the memories, and to consider the wonderful future at hand for all this district.

The quaint Fortress, with its memories and history, lies back of the hotel, its

moated walls reminding one of almost mediæval times; its grassy slopes affording pleasant strolling places for the civilian, and its broad campus, green at all times, and varied by the dark live-oak (which here finds its most northern limit), serving as a rich background for the jaunty uniforms of the officers and the bright costumes of the lady guests at the hotel. The chatter of children, the *tara-tara* of the bugle, blend with the dulcet strains of love and the gruff tones of the veteran exchanging notes with old companion or former adversary.

The platoon of awkward recruits, drilled by an impatient "non-com." affords amusement to the veteran and wonder to the layman. On every hand, shoulder straps, brass buttons, blue cloaks lined with red; equally on every hand, the dusky-eyed Southern maid, soft of speech and dangerous of glance, or the merry blonden Northern beauty, just as distractive to peace of mind. A wonderful game is at all times played; and hearts are ever trumps.

Every morning at 8.30 there is guard-mounting; every evening, a half-hour before sunset, dress parade; and in the



PLUNGE BATH, HYGEIA HOTEL.

summer months, there are daily open-air concerts by the government band. In July there is sea-coast firing every afternoon.

The original fort (such as it was) was built in 1630, and the present one in 1817. There are eighty acres enclosed by its hexagonal outline. Its granite walls are thirty-five feet high, and its granite-faced moat is from seventy-five to one hundred feet wide.

The Home for Disabled Soldiers is at the entrance of Hampton Creek, the prin-



principal building having been the noted Chesapeake Female College. Here about 1,500 veterans are comfortably housed and cared for. The grounds and building comprise a city in themselves.

The National Cemetery is next to the Home, and between that and the Normal School. There is an imposing granite monument. There are more than 6,000 bodies here interred.



MAJOR E. P. LEE.

The Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute is for the instruction of negroes and Indians in the arts of usefulness and peace. About 600 of the former and 125 of the latter are well taught many trades and industrial pursuits.

Both sexes are received.

On the road from the school to Hampton we pass the former residence of President Tyler.

In 1813 Hampton was captured by Admiral Cockburn and Sir Sydney Beckwith, and given up to pillage.

The principal point of historic interest is old St. John's Church. The present building was erected between 1658 and 1660, in the place of an old one, built about 1620. It is now (since the burning of the old church at St. Augustine, Florida), the oldest church on the Continent which is still used for worship.

There are churches of all the principal denominations; a fine Masonic Hall, and any number of good stores, particularly those devoted to dry goods and furniture. The crab-factory, spoken of at greater length in another place, is well worth visiting. There is a new foundry, an organ factory, a mattress factory, a grist mill, a brick yard, and several saw and planing mills; an electric light plant has been established and was upon a paying basis before a wheel turned around; the charter for a street railway has been secured, and surveys made; the enterprise only delaying by reason of a slight difference of opinion as to the right through the Government reservation. The oyster and fruit canning industries, and the manufacture of fish oil, are also prosperous.

There are about 3,000 inhabitants.

The *Hampton Monitor* is a bright weekly, which has recently changed hands, and is now owned by Mr. Cum-

ming, and edited by him, with the assistance of Major Baker P. Lee, formerly editor of the *Richmond Despatch*, and now one of Hampton's brightest intellectual and social ornaments. Major Lee is the foremost orator of the State he loves so well, and for which he predicts a future which will eclipse even its lordly past and magnificent present. Mr. Cumming is also owner and editor of the *Newport News Advance*. Both papers are full of fresh and interesting general and local matter.

This is a cash section; the Hygeia Hotel spending about \$190,000 a year for supplies, the Soldiers' Home \$280,000, the Normal School and Huntingdon Industrial Works about \$125,000, and the dry dock, grain elevator, etc., at Newport News about \$600,000; to which may be added over \$150,000 from the fish, oyster and crab industries.

The land in this vicinity is steadily advancing in value, and the street railroad will do much to still further increase values. The new bridge contemplated across Hampton Creek will, of course, enhance the value of property in West Hampton.

The soil of this favored peninsula is light, and well suited for culture of melons and truck, the early pea crop being of special importance. Asparagus grows wild. There luxuriates in the marshes a species of reed, which makes admirable fodder for beef cattle, and which should be cultivated in order to develop its many good qualities. The native population is home-abiding, and recovering as rapidly as possible from the ravages of war, which were especially destructive in this neighborhood, since the entire town of Hampton was burned down by Magruder at the outbreak of the war, and all the trees which were spared by the flame met their fate by the chopper's axe at a time when this was the base of supplies to an army of 75,000 men.

One curious feature of the landscape is the "Virginia Creeper," a conveyance consisting of a light, shakily two-wheeled cart, in the shafts of which there is yoked a funny little steer, guided by ropes attached to his horns—when he has any. The engraving (from life) gives some idea of this characteristic vehicle, but cannot convey any impression of the grotesque movements of the picturesque animal itself.

If the past of this quaint vicinity is interesting, and its present no less worthy of study, its near future is one of special promise. The united navies of the world might ride uncrowded in the marvelous roadstead. The creeks and inlets reach far into the land, giving easy water communication to every form of industry.

As regards accessibility, Old Point and Hampton, or those who wish to reach them, have nothing of which to complain; for railroad and steamboat from all quarters bring there living and other freight with great regularity and frequency. The Cape Charles road from New York, via the Pennsylvania Railroad and its Delaware division, carries passengers and mail to the end of the eastern shore peninsula, whence a steamer completes the journey to Norfolk and Portsmouth, touching at Old Point. The Bay line of steamers carries those who wish to come by way of the Monumental City, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad those from the West as well as from Washington and intermediate points—and there are numerous lines of coastwise steamers which ply to and from Norfolk and Newport News, and other coast points, all touching at "The Point." There are three mails a day each way, and good telegraphic communication is afforded from the office of the Hygeia. The Adams Express office is across the street from the Hygeia, and the post-office about a block down.

#### CRAB-CANNING.

A novel and unique industry is the packing of devilled crabs, which was established eleven years ago by the firm of McMenamin & Co., and which has already won a national fame. Here, each day during the crab season, about fifty car loads of crabs, each car containing ten bushels of squirming crustaceans, all males, and all selected by reason of their weight and general good condition, are put up by a process which unites with the ordinary system of hermetical sealing, a special method which is guarded sacredly.

Our illustration shows the manner in which the crabs are taken by the fleet of boats that are kept busy supplying the establishment. These boats are waited on by a steam tender, which makes hourly runs to the factory. This insures the arrival of the crabs in the freshest

possible condition. They are immediately cooked in immense steam chests, and passed on to the pickers, who, in linen caps and sleeves of spotless white, deftly extract the meat into white porcelain bowls. Thence it passes on to the packing rooms, where it is deliciously seasoned and put up in one and two-pound tins, in which it will keep good for years.

These tins are packed in cases holding two and four dozen, and a case of the natural shells accompanies each case of cans.

They make a most delicious *entrée*—can be served in their natural shells, or in any one of a hundred other ways. Mr. Jas. J. N. Hearne, chief steward of the famous Midland Hotel, of Kansas City, says of them that while he has been engaged in the hotel business all his life he has never found any edible article to give such general satisfaction as these; that "they are delicious, and when in the hands of a skilful cook can be offered in a hundred



CRABBING ON HAMPTON CREEK.

different ways, all equally appetizing; are good devilled, hot or cold, as a salad, as a sandwich between slices of dry toast, or made hot and served with poached eggs; or as a mayonnaise with hard-boiled eggs and a few olives and capers."

Mr. Chas. J. Britz, proprietor of a well-known lunch-room in Jacksonville, Fla., says that he has used them for three or four years, and always finds them of uni-

form good quality and condition; and that they make excellent salad, soup, devilled crabs or croquettes, and are very serviceable and convenient when meals or orders have to be got up at short notice.

Served hot at least once a week they make a grateful change in the ordinary family *menu*. They are delicious for lunch, and make a royal supper dish. They have a flavor sufficiently individual to stamp them distinctly, without being a marked departure from the popular taste.

Every family, whether it entertains much or little, should keep these on hand for regular use and sudden emergency.

They are endorsed by the United Cooks' and Pastry Cooks' Association; and have been awarded medals of honor and excellence at Berlin, London, and Aalborg; and if this does not sufficiently attest their merit, a copy of the *Hotel Quarterly*, giving testimonials from sixty leading hotels, will be mailed to any address.

There is scarcely a hotel of any note which does not use this prepared crab-meat, because the crabs are bought at the factory, by the million, at a lower rate than they could be purchased in smaller quantities by any one establishment; because, also, the expense of packing the meat is less by reason of special inventions and facilities, than it would be in any city or large hotel; and because, further, the canning method enables any sudden call to be met at once, and without the danger of the meat spoiling as would be the case if there were kept on hand any considerable quantity, in expectation of a demand which might or might not come.

Messrs. McMenamin & Co. publish a newspaper of their own, the *Hotel Quarterly*, which with its circulation of 25,000, reaches hotels and restaurants all over our broad land. The devilled crabs and the shells are kept by every first class grocer, and sold at prices which makes it pay better to use them than to buy live crabs and be bothered with extracting their meats.

#### OTLEY.

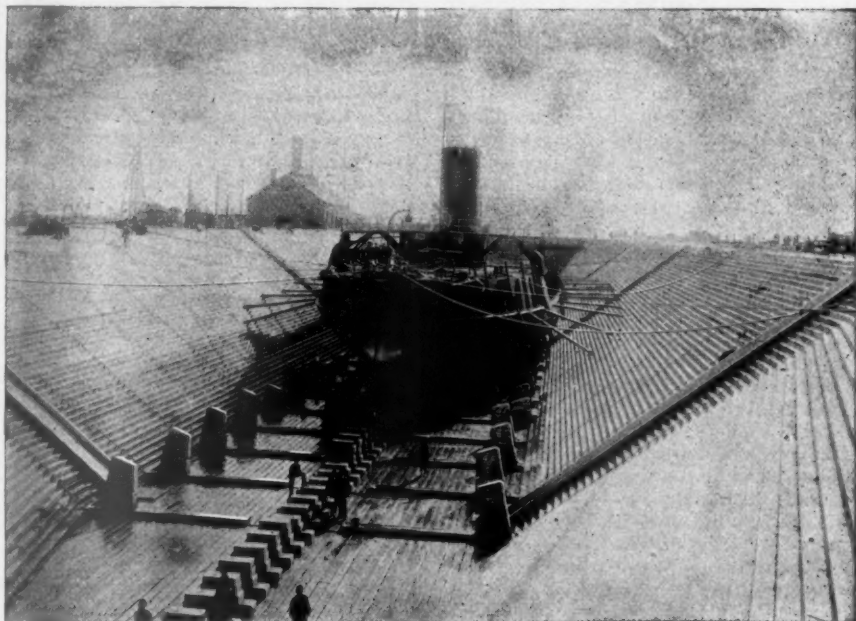
On the avenue which leads from Fort Monroe to Newport News, about half-way between the two places, and one mile from Hampton, is situated "Otley," the farm property of the late Daniel Cumming. This property is most admirably located

on the north side of the well-known and beautiful harbor of "Hampton Roads," fronting on that sheet of water nearly half a mile, commanding, towards the east, a fine view of the Hygeia Hotel, at Fort Monroe, Va., and of Fort Calhoun (the Rip Raps), with Chesapeake Bay in the distance. Towards the South, from seven to ten miles across the "Roads," are plainly visible "Sewall's Point," and the mouth of the Elizabeth River, upon which are situated the twin cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, while towards the West looms up across the water, the immense grain elevators, at the rapidly growing city of Newport News. Otley is immediately on the line of the projected turnpike from Hampton to Newport News—which will pass through it. It is beautifully located and is admirably adapted for sea-side villa residences in a section free from the rigorous climate of the Northern States, and from the tropical heat of the South, for any who desire to settle in a moderate climate and engage in business in a thriving part of the world. From the banks can be seen, at all times, the passing ocean steamer, or the coasting steamers or sailing vessels.

Railroad and steamboat communication with all the cities of our country is frequent and rapid. The water front affords an unrivalled situation for a road-house, hotel, or large dwelling house, and excellent villa sites. The bluffs on the water side are from eight to fifteen feet high. This magnificent farm property is now in the hands of the executor, Mr. W. J. A. Cumming, nephew of the late owner; and is offered for sale to close the estate. This opportunity for investment is too good to be allowed to remain unimproved.

#### NEWPORT NEWS.

Taking the Chesapeake and Ohio branch at Old Point, or at Phoebus, we are soon in (or at) Newport News—the wonderful new city built upon that splendid harbor in which the hugest modern leviathans of the deep might ride at anchor without grounding or crowding. Here, by sheer foresight and enterprise, there has been made to spring up a city that already numbers over 6,000 people, mostly adults. Newport News is the county seat of the county of Warwick. The remarkable rapidity with which it has grown in the few years of its exist-



THE GREAT DRY DOCK AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA.

ence destines it to become one of the largest seaboard cities in the country. Its advantages as a commercial centre are numerous, affording excellent facilities for transportation to the inland cities of the North and Northwest, connecting that section of the country directly with the South, thus making its position as a port of entry invaluable. The railroad divides the town into two portions, one of which is devoted to the temporary shanties and barracks of the hundreds of workmen who have not yet settled, and the other of which is laid out with broad, well-graded streets, upon which substantial buildings are going up very rapidly.

Close to the railroad depot the huge elevator, with a capacity for storing 1,500,000 bushels of grain, looms up, overshadowing the great ocean steamers which are loading with grain at the elevator pier. The elevator is the largest in the United States, and at this time is nearly filled with grain awaiting transport. It is so well constructed and managed that the inspectors who visit it in the interest of various insurance companies invariably say they have no suggestions to make—that everything is

perfect in connection therewith. Long lines of grain cars, waiting to be rapidly discharged into the capacious maw of the grain depository, bring here the cereal treasures of the far West and Northwest. Beside them, upon the long reaches of parallel tracks, stand train after train of coal cars, each of which in turn will discharge its cargo of bituminous fuel, dug from the bowels of the earth hundreds of miles away. The coal piers stretch out into the bay, far enough to permit several of the ordinary ocean or coastwise colliers to lie there.

Newport News is one of the most important coaling stations on the Atlantic coast, and as such is noted for the excellence of its coal and the promptness with which ocean steamers are supplied with bunker coals.

At the other steamboat pier there lie two local steamboats, bound up the James or other wide Virginia river; but had we come an hour sooner we should have seen the great Brazilian mail steamer, the *Advance*, sheer off with a roar, bound for Para and ports beyond, on the other side of the equator. What a contrast to the little sailing vessel which brought Captain John Smith here, 284

years ago! How the gallant adventurer would have stared at such a monster!

But there is less difference between the shakily vessel which brought the gallant captain to these fair shores and the present huge hulk propelled by steam engines of many thousands of horse power—than there is between the green meadows and impenetrable thickets of that day and the present bustling town. The electric light which swings overhead in the depot is in marked contrast with the fat pine knot by the light of which the gentle Pocahontas or the fierce Powhatan found their way about their log cabins or their frail wigwams. It is everywhere a land of change; of wonderful change, of magical change, the gallant captain would say.

But the sea air, balmy though it be, makes us abominably hungry, and we must hie us to restaurant or hostelry to satisfy the inner man.

Taking the capacious stage—rather a smart vehicle, think we, as we stow ourselves away upon its cushioned seats—we are driven to the Hotel Warwick, a substantial brick structure on a wide street of business buildings. The hotel is large enough to be commodious without being cheerless. Its cosy office and comfortable reading room would invite us to rest and chat, were we not suffering from the pangs of salt-air-inflicted hunger. We find a spacious and well-lighted dining room, and what is more and better, discover that there is a steward who understands his business, and a cook who does the steward justice. No better *menu* have we found for many a week.

The inner man satisfied, our next visit is to bank to refill our depleted pocket-book. We find the bank a well-equipped institution with a capital of \$25,000, and doing business at a profit, although less than a year old. We learn incidentally that the deposits average about \$70,000, and that the payments of the various industrial establishments in the new city run about \$20,000 a week, and still rising.

From the bank to the office of the land company is but a step. We find here that ordinary lots have averaged in price about \$650 for plots of 25x100 feet; but that they will from this time on command a minimum of \$800 to \$900. The lots are going rapidly, and the rate of sale is increasing each month.

The land at Newport News is steadily

advancing in value, not the result of a speculative boom but the outgrowth of a prudent policy that makes the purchase of town lots a safe and good investment.

Five religious denominations have their several places of worship, and the Young Men's Christian Association has established itself in large and convenient rooms. There are here a Masonic Lodge, Red Men, Royal Arcanum, United Workmen, and Oddfellows. There are several schools, a brass band, etc.

Numerous hotels and boarding houses afford good accommodation to the many new arrivals who daily seek their fortunes in the growing and inviting town of Newport News, Virginia's splendid seaport town.

In addition to the many advantages of Newport News above enumerated, this city is fortunate in having two live, fearless, and independent newspapers—the *Commercial*—the editor of which, during the past six years, has discussed public men and measures with a vigor and impartiality rarely excelled; and the other, the *Advance*, more recently started, bidding fair to give the older rival a good race.

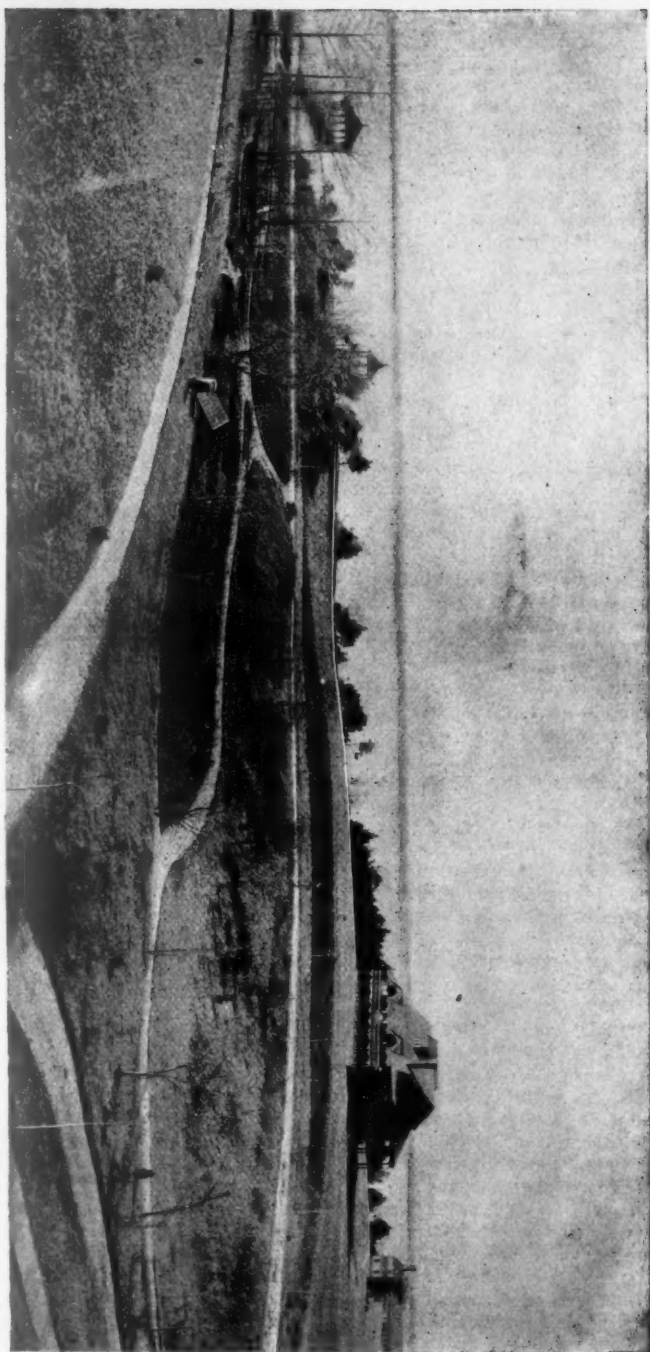
Newport News has one of the finest harbors in the world. Within the past six years its growth has been phenomenal. It is the terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, making it the seaboard port of the said road, which now constitutes a part of the great transcontinental system extending from Newport News to San Francisco, Minneapolis, New Orleans, and all the great cities of the West. A statement of the year's business shows that even now, although a very young city, it outranks some of the older ports as a commercial center. Exports to the value of over \$7,000,000 annually are being made from this port. The waters of Hampton Roads make the finest roadstead in the world, and one-half of it has been, by Congress, added to Newport News, being much nearer this than any other port of entry on the Atlantic coast.

The streets of Newport News are wide and well-graded; the engineers of the company having taken the work well in hand from the very first and established "data" so that there shall never be any inconsistency in their plans.

Passing row upon row of brick dwellings in process of erection, and of others newly built and occupied, we reach the



PARK AND CASINO, NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA.



busiest scene upon the Atlantic coast—the dry dock and ship yard. Here a great coffin-shaped excavation 600 feet long, and from 90 to 100 feet wide, has been made with infinite pains, at the very edge of the bay; thousands of piles have been driven down, thousands of barrels of concrete filled in to form a lining, and upon this hundreds of thousands of feet of great timbers have been framed in to form a basin, the walls of which are strong enough to support the City of Rome—which this great dry dock, the largest in America, is capacious enough to take in for repairs. There is at present in the dock an immense iron vessel, the *Kimberly*, late of Glasgow, which was wrecked on the coast, lower down; and which is now undergoing extensive repairs and thorough re-fitting. This great vessel looks like a small boat in the huge cradle. At one side of the dry dock there will be a marine railway for smaller wooden vessels; and on the other there will be eight sets of stocks and ways, upon which there can be built and from which there can be launched as many iron vessels, from 300 up to 500 feet in length. The shipyard covers about sixty acres, and has over 1,800 feet of water-front.

Several large shops have already been completed and are in full operation, but the largest of all are being erected, among which may be mentioned the shipfitters' shed and mold loft, 306 feet long and sixty feet wide, two stories high; a machine shop 300 feet long, 100 feet wide, wings of which are two stories; also a boiler shop of same dimensions. All these buildings will be of brick and iron, constructed in the most substantial manner, and will be fitted with all the latest improved machinery, surpassing in size and capacity anything in this country.

The financial and general business matters of this company will be attended to by the president, Mr. Calvin B. Orcutt, who is also president of the Old Dominion Land Company, and whose office is at No. 1 Broadway, New York.

The Newport News Ship Building and Dry Dock Company, whose plant is nearly completed, will be the largest in the country, and the beauty of the whole thing is that there are already orders booked for several very large iron vessels for coastwise lines of steamers.

There are now employed in the erection

of the buildings about the ship yard, over 200 workmen; and in building dwellings and grading streets about the town, about 150; besides which the grain elevator employs 25, the coal piers 100, and the railway 250; all of whom are paid here, and nearly all of whom spend most of their earnings for clothing, sustenance, and houses for themselves and their little ones.

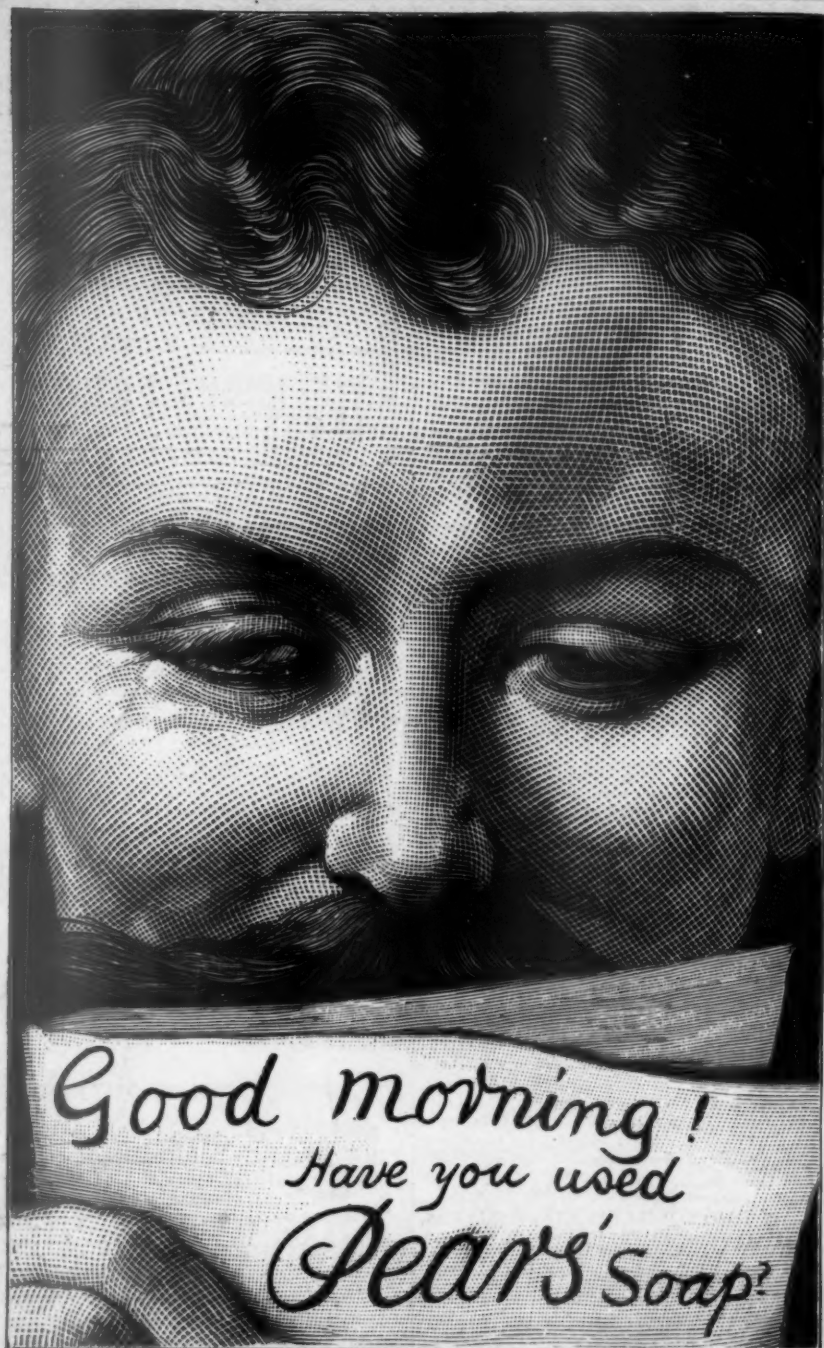
The Newport News Milling Company does a large and profitable business, which is steadily increasing.

A sash and door factory is now in course of construction, and as the building trade is very brisk here, and the future promises to be still more so, there can be no doubt that this, the latest industrial undertaking in the city, will be a financial success.

One of the oldest industries here is that of the Warwick Iron Works and Foundry, where the largest castings can be made.

Three building and loan associations are doing a thriving business here, and, while helping materially in building up the town, net the stockholders a large return on their investments. During the past two years the Loan and Improvement Association has declared a dividend at the rate of 16½ per cent. per annum. In 1888 the profits of the Building and Loan Association were 7½ per cent., and last year 11½ per cent. per annum. It is scarcely necessary for us to observe that both of these associations are safe and profitable, and are desirable sources for investment. The city can also boast of a light and water company, a cemetery company, a street railway company, and last but not least the Old Dominion Land Company, under whose wise and judicious management Newport News has attained its preëminence as a seaport, and is steadily drawing trade from Baltimore and other places remote from the sea coast. No vessel will go one or two hundred miles up a bay and a winding river when it can be loaded within a few miles of the ocean, and thus save valuable time and avoid the risks incident to shallow and tortuous streams, which must be constantly dredged and carefully buoyed.

The foregoing briefly sets forth the past and present of Newport News, Virginia's most promising seaport. Who can predict its future, nature and man having conspired to make it famous?



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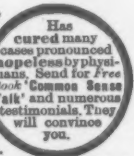


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THIRD. The successful drawings to become the property of THE COSMOPOLITAN, and the right to first publish any drawing to rest exclusively with THE COSMOPOLITAN.

FOURTH. Any competitor to submit, if he wish, drawings for any one, two, or all the competitions, and to be eligible for any one, two, or all the prizes.

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[N. B.—This programme has been published in the *Cosmopolitan* of February and March. Special circular will be sent on application.]

#### Specifications for Public Baths Competition.

The drawings shall exhibit a public bath constructed of stone, iron, or equally enduring material.

The structure is to be located on a plot with light on two sides, not exceeding 200 ft. x 200 ft., any part or all of which may be utilized, and provision to be made for baths in both summer and winter, adapted to the necessities of both sexes in a population of not less than 100,000 people. A letter of explanation must be submitted with the drawings, setting forth the probable cost of maintenance, the number of attendants needed, and any details not apparent in the drawings, but the price of a single bath should not exceed seven cents. The practicable nature of any plan of operation will be considered in determining the award.

#### Specifications for Public Laundries Competition.

The drawings shall exhibit a laundry interior for the requirements of one hundred and fifty families of five each.

The floor space shall not exceed 100 x 25 ft.

Written explanations on separate sheets may accompany the drawings.

#### Specifications for Tenement House Co-operative Kitchens Competition.

The drawings shall exhibit a kitchen interior for the requirements of twenty families of five each.

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January 1, 1890.

Premium Receipts in 1889, . . . . .	\$3,739,410.82
Interests receipts in 1889, . . . . .	1,781,556.02
Total receipts during the year, . . . . .	5,520,966.84
Disbursements to Policy-holders, and for expenses, taxes, &c., . . . . .	4,605,230.50
Assets January 1, 1890, . . . . .	34,805,819.00
Total Liabilities, . . . . .	29,060,727.42
Surplus by Ct., Mass., and N. Y. standard, . . . . .	5,745,091.58
Surplus by many States, . . . . .	7,450,000.00
Policies in force January 1, 1890, 70,985, insuring, . . . . .	110,669,718.94
Policies issued in 1889, 9,873, insuring, . . . . .	20,190,098.00

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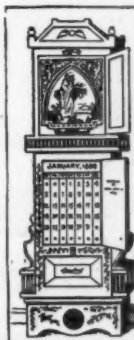
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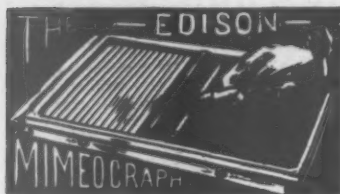


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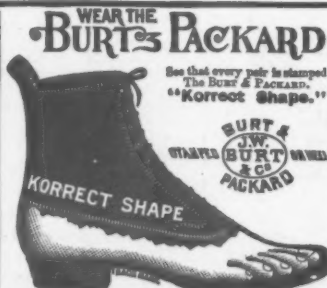


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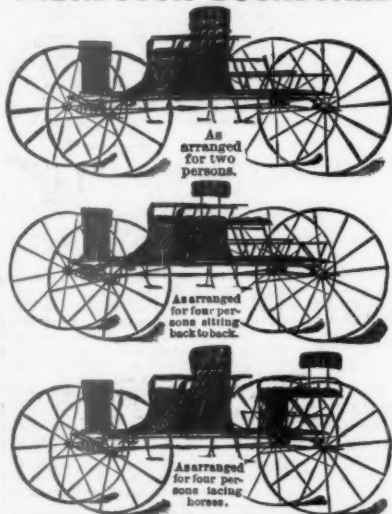
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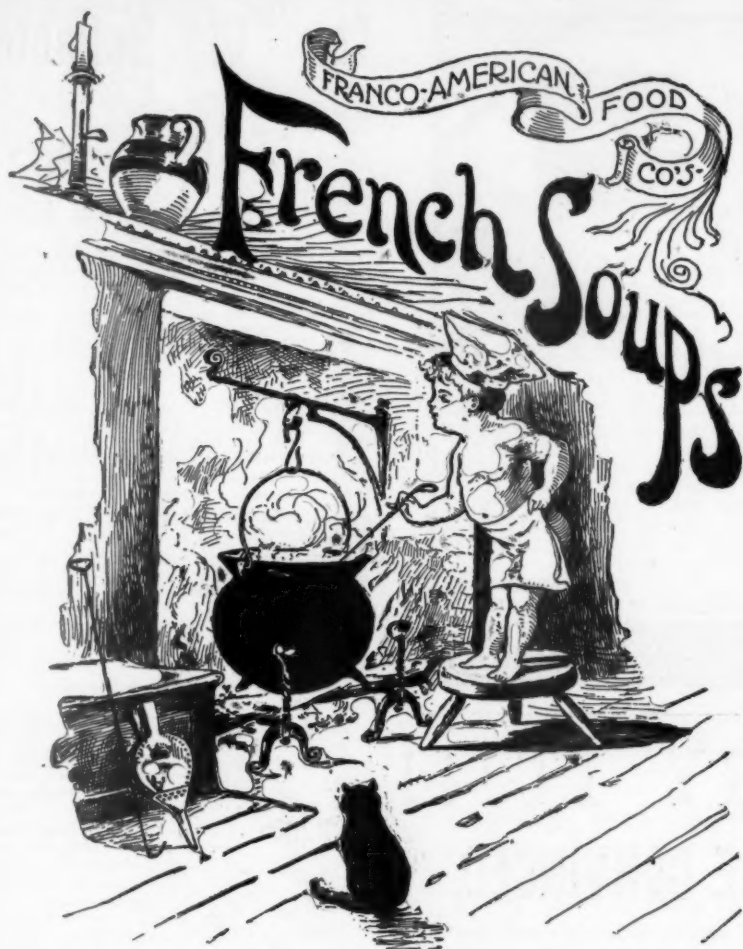
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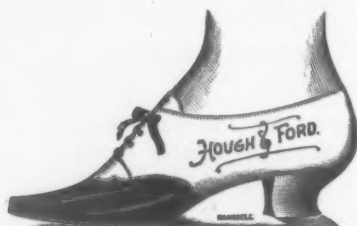
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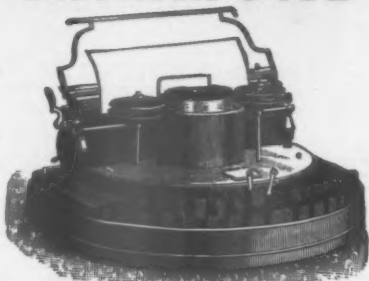
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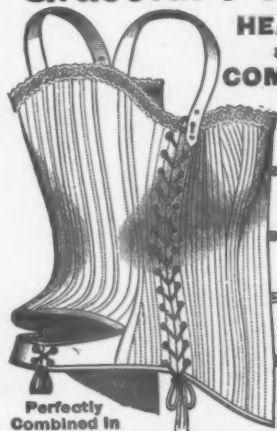
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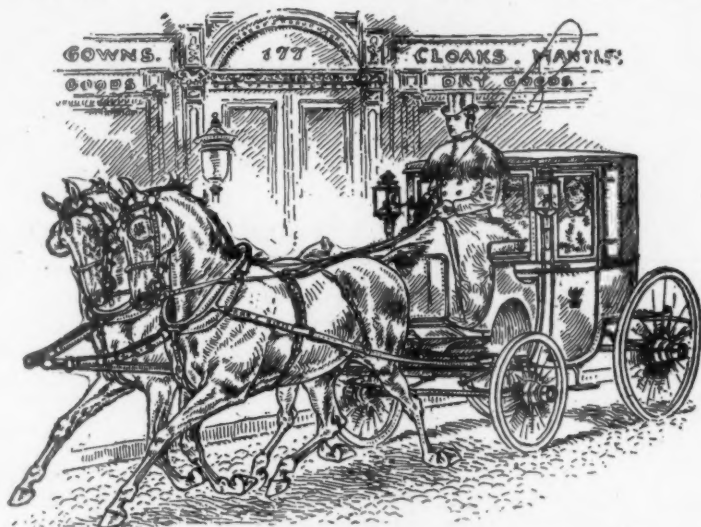


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